

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF
PRISCILLA
COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND
1813 - 1870



D

352

.8

W53A31

CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



Date Due

~~NOV 21 1961~~

~~Interclass Loan~~

PRINTED IN U. S. A.



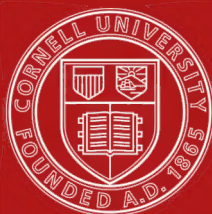
CAT. NO. 23233

Cornell University Library
D 352.8.W53A31

Correspondence of Priscilla, countess of



click



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF
PRISCILLA, COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND



Lady Burghersh and her Son George Fane
From the original painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence P.R.A.
in the possession of Lady Margaret Spicer

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF PRISCILLA, COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND

EDITED BY HER DAUGHTER
LADY ROSE WEIGALL

WITH PORTRAITS

NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY
1909

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

PREFACE

IN consenting to the publication of this selection from my mother's correspondence, I do so with the hope that, in adding its quota to the already large amount of information made public by means of letters and biographies of the period, it may also help to throw a new and true light on much that has been misconceived, especially in regard to the formation of the German Empire. The letters are chiefly those that were written between intimate friends and relatives, and are therefore free from the restraint necessary to official letters, while they at the same time reflect the official mind during some of the most important episodes of the Victorian era. The letters are arranged chronologically, and, except for a short epitome of the current events of each chapter, they are left to speak for themselves. Knowing and respecting my mother's strong aversion to publicity concerning herself, no detailed account of her private life has been attempted; but I feel that, to the sympathetic reader, her own letters will sufficiently reveal those womanly characteristics which, allied to an unusual intellect, were the secret of the great affection she inspired and the influence she possessed.

But it may be convenient to give here a few particulars already familiar to readers of the small volume of 'Letters of Lady Burghersh during the Campaign 1813-1814,' published in 1893.

Priscilla Ann Wellesley Pole, born in 1793, was the youngest daughter of William Wellesley Pole (afterwards created Lord Maryborough), second son of the fourth Earl of Mornington, of musical celebrity (whom he eventually succeeded), and brother to the Duke of Wellington and Marquis Wellesley. Her mother was Catherine Elizabeth, twin daughter of Admiral Forbes and his wife Mary Capel, daughter of Lord Essex. From earliest childhood she had the advantage of living among wide interests and in a brilliant political society. Her father, as well as his celebrated brothers, was constantly in high office, and his house one of the meeting-places of the official people of the day; many foreigners, especially many of the French *émigrés*, being also frequent visitors. A careful education had developed her natural abilities and fitted her to appreciate these advantages, so that when, at the age of eighteen, she married Lord Burghersh, although so young, she already had the habit of society, a perfect knowledge of French and Italian, and a good general idea of the leading questions of the day. My father also had from early days moved in high military and political circles. The son of John, tenth Earl of Westmorland, and Sarah, daughter of Thomas Child (their marriage having been a Gretna Green romance), his first recollections were of the magnificence of the Court at Dublin during his father's tenure of office as

Lord Lieutenant. At the age of eighteen he joined the army as an Ensign, and accompanied the Duke of Wellington as A.D.C. during the Peninsular War, until he was invalided home early in 1811, the year of his marriage.

It only remains for me to offer my thanks to those representatives of the correspondents who have given their consent to the publication; and to Mr. G. E. Marindin, for his very kind assistance and advice in preparing the book for the press.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. 1812—1817: EARLY MARRIED LIFE—FLORENCE	1
II. 1826—1840: LONDON AND WALMER	31
III. 1842—1847: BERLIN	54
IV. 1842—1847: BERLIN SOCIETY	103
V. 1847—1851: THE REVOLUTION OF 1848	113
VI. 1852—1853: VIENNA	160
VII. 1854: JANUARY TO AUGUST—SOCIETY IN VIENNA	186
VIII. SEPTEMBER, 1854, TO DECEMBER, 1855: THE CRIMEAN WAR	237
IX. 1856: RETIREMENT	276
X. 1857: APETHORPE AND LONDON	304
XI. 1857—1858: ENGLISH POLITICS	330
XII. 1858: PRUSSIAN AFFAIRS	349
XIII. 1859: THE SARDINIAN WAR	379
XIV. 1861—1863: LONDON AND WIMBLEDON	422
XV. 1864—1870: THE GARIBALDI INCIDENT	447
INDEX	472

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	TO FACE PAGE
LADY BURGHERSH AND HER SON GEORGE FANE <i>Frontispiece</i> From the original painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., in the possession of Lady Margaret Spicer.	
PRISCILLA, LADY BURGHERSH - - - - - A bust by Bartolozzi.	32
JOHN FANE, LORD BURGHERSH, AFTERWARDS ELEVENTH EARL OF WESTMORLAND - - - - - From the engraving by M. Colnaghi of picture by Sanders.	54
• APETHORPE CHURCH, 1553 - - - - - From a water-colour drawing by B. Rudge, 1846.	80
THE EAST FRONT, APETHORPE, 1623 - - - - - From a water-colour drawing by B. Rudge, 1846.	96
THE PICTURE GALLERY, APETHORPE, 1623 - - - - - From a water-colour drawing by B. Rudge, 1846.	120

CHAPTER I

1812—1817: EARLY MARRIED LIFE—FLORENCE

THE earliest letters in Lady Westmorland's correspondence are those from Count Pozzo di Borgo, a Corsican nobleman, who had from early years been an enemy of the Bonaparte family. When the French revolutionary troops entered Corsica in 1796, he was exiled, and, leaving the island with Sir Gilbert Elliott (Viceroy during the English Protectorate), he spent the next three years in England and Vienna till 1799, when he entered the service of the Czar Alexander as a diplomat. After Tilsit (1807) Napoleon demanded his extradition, but Pozzo di Borgo made his way via Constantinople from Russia to England, and so escaped. He re-entered the Russian service after the Czar quarrelled with Napoleon, and for many years was Russian Ambassador at Paris.

Whilst exiled in England he had become intimate with Lady Burghersh's family, and took great interest in her and her sisters.

His first letters to Lady Burghersh were written a year after her marriage, while she and Lord Burghersh were with the latter's regiment, before he was appointed English Commissioner attached to the headquarters of the Austrian army in 1813. Lady Burghersh accompanied her husband through the campaign of the allied armies during the winter of 1813 and 1814, and her graphic description of the state of the Continent at that time, and the perils she underwent, have been elsewhere given.*

After the allied armies entered Paris, Lord and Lady Burghersh stayed there, where they were joined by her mother and sisters. In the autumn Lord

* See 'Letters of Lady Burghersh,' published 1893.

Burghersh was appointed Minister at Florence, where they arrived in November, 1814. During the sixteen years she remained in Italy, Lady Burghersh made many friends, chief amongst them being the Empress Marie Louise and Madame de Staël.

Her first child was born in 1816, and at its death, six months later, Madame de Staël overwhelmed her with kindness, and her letters at that time show the real affection she had for Lady Burghersh.*

Count Pozzo di Borgo to Lady Burghersh.

LONDON,
December, 1812.

If anything can diminish my regrets at leaving you both, it is the consciousness of your perfect happiness, which I trust will never suffer a cloud. You owe it to your good dispositions and the delicacy of your sentiments, which will always preserve you from the follies of youth. God has given you ideas of right and wrong far beyond those of your years, and He will guide you along the path of life which has begun so well. Take a little care of your health ; you are not fitted for violent exercise, and too much activity agrees neither with your manners nor with your constitution, which, without being weakly, is nevertheless inclined to be delicate.

I thank you for all the interest you have taken in my lot ; I have no idea what shape it will take. This journey is undertaken to put me in good humour with myself, and to carry out what my friends expect of me ; but I am surprised at no longer feeling myself all the motives which formerly led me to attach a much greater importance to what might happen to me.

I hope to receive my final orders in the course of next week, and to leave the week after. You will have news of me wherever I am, and there is, perhaps, no

* It is much to be regretted that Lady Burghersh's own letters from Florence have not been preserved.

one in the world whom I shall have more pleasure in hearing news of. God grant it may always be good news. Be happy !

Your very devoted

POZZO DI BORGO.

Count Pozzo di Borgo to Lady Burghersh.

[During the closing of all the ports under the French, the only means of communication between England and Germany or Russia was by Sweden.]

STOCKHOLM,
February 17, 1813.

DEAR LADY,

My journey has been safe, but rather uncomfortable, owing to not having made arrangements beforehand—which is generally my way.

I have been received with open arms here ; a few old acquaintances, and a certain amount of curiosity about me, have got me in touch with all that is most distinguished in this country. I had never seen the Prince Royal,* but, as he is brother-in-law of Joseph Bonaparte, he lived in more familiar intimacy with them than any other of their Generals, and knew all our history, and mine in particular, better than I did myself, for I have already forgotten more than half of it. I had half a day's conference with him, and am dining with him the day after to-morrow. He is a very interesting person who has passed through all the difficulties of a stormy life. He professes the best possible sentiments, and has, in truth, given every possible proof of them since he has been here. His position is already a great one, and may become still greater. I am leaving for St. Petersburg on the 20th,

* General Bernadotte, chosen as Prince Royal of Sweden, afterwards King.

and shall probably get there in a week. I shall then be able to judge my situation, and what my fate may be; in any case, I shall never make it worse by exaggerated pretensions or imprudences, and I shall think of fighting against injustice, animated by hopes of the welcome awaiting me should I once more be obliged to rejoin my friends in England.

Madame de Staël is here. 'Pozzo has arrived'—quick—a note asking to see him! when he appears, 'Dear Pozzo!' followed by an embrace fit to stifle a giant. After recovering her breath, 'Good gracious! how strange for us to meet at Stockholm, you driven out by Constantinople, and I by St. Petersburg! it is interesting—it is romantic.' This sentiment then gave place to praise: 'I have been told so-and-so about you and Madam—and everyone says so-and-so,' a regular chorus of praise in the presence of about twenty people in the room! At last I begged for a truce, and we joined in the general conversation. She told me the Emperor had talked about me, adding that Bonaparte had been more violent against me than anyone else at Erfurt, and, not knowing at last what more to say, had asked if I pretended to belong to a better family than himself! There is a little Italian book called 'The Prejudices of Small States'—the nobility are assembled to decide what arms they shall take; a shoemaker, Acibotte, wishes expressive ones, and suggests, 'An ass surmounting a pair of boots.' This absurd farce is really recalled to my memory by Napoleon's pride of birth—the master of the whole world disturbed by the possibility that one might have come from a little better family than himself in the tiny country where he and I were born!

My passage across Sweden interested me very

much ; there is nothing like the aspect of this country, which looks like a bit of the earth petrified as a support to the rest. Time and the action of rain and the atmosphere have caused depressions in the great masses of granite, which have become a succession of little valleys, and on the slope of the hills protecting these little valleys the houses of the inhabitants are perched among the rocks, and protected by little fir and pine woods from the biting winds. They are generally painted red, with an appearance of cleanliness I had never yet seen in the North. The people are free, and one might guess them to be so, seeing them erect, well clothed, and fairly insolent ! Stockholm is very picturesquely situated around a lake formed by the sea, and on islands connected with the town by bridges. The palace stands on, and completely covers, one of these islands, and dominates the whole surrounding country. It is very fine, very large, and the architecture is good. There are some monuments of the greatness of Sweden, which now exists only in recollections of their great history. It is a question whether reminiscences of lost treasures are more calculated to console or to sadden one, but ambition and the heart are not alike in their judgments. Vanity consoles itself with thinking of former satisfactions, and sentiment grieves over the loss of them. If anyone were to see this letter, he would laugh at me for talking of Sweden, which everyone knows, as if I had just discovered it ; but I am not writing my travels, only recording my impressions for the benefit of my friends—be sure this friendship will always survive all changes and be affectionately cultivated by me.

What are you doing amidst the agitations of

London life? Visits, routs, operas, amusements, bores, pleasures, impatience, compliments, criticism, all these belong to your age, and you should take your part in them; but at the same time think of your health—three days with a heavy cold is too great a fine to pay for the success of a party, or even for the notes of Madame Catalani's voice! Keep up your intercourse with your books and in your home—I have no fear of new acquaintances, because I know that your own family are enough for your heart; others are simply like the shades of a magic-lantern to you—passing before you and leaving no impression behind.

Adieu, my dear lady. I enclose this in a few lines to Lord Burghersh. My respects to your parents, my love to your sisters, and to you—all that is affectionate. God bless you!

Count Pozzo di Borgo to Lady Burghersh.

ST. PETERSBURG,
March 6, 1813.

DEAR LADY,

You will be glad to hear of my arrival here without accident—and one may indeed be thankful, when one thinks of the difficulties of the journey at this season!

I avoided Torgau by crossing the ice on the Gulf of Bothnia. It is a scene not without interest; it had been raining for two days, and there was half a foot of water on the surface of the ice, which gave this immense space the appearance of a liquid sea; every now and then we were stopped by little deeper bits, which had to be passed by wading like ducks; but the best moment was that in which I found myself across this infernal region of Boreas after seventy-two English miles of it!

Society here has received me with open arms, and

I was told that my return and the impression that things were going well coincided. I have not yet seen the tenth part of the people whom interest or curiosity would lead me to look up.

The first word the Minister spoke to me was to say that I must rejoin the Emperor with the army,* His Majesty having left that order for me, in case of my arrival.

This is an event which rather raises me out of my insignificant existence. I am still ignorant as to what may be the result of this journey. I shall use what efforts I can to do good. I am, therefore, leaving again to go beyond the Vistula, wherever the Emperor may be.

Madame de Staël asked me if I had any correspondents among ladies in London. I told her yes, without mentioning your name. At once she wanted a letter for this lady, but, in spite of her importunity, I refused it, because I do not wish her to try to take possession of you on her arrival; you are too young and too delicate (if I may use the word in a moral sense) to become intimate with a female giant; nevertheless, I will ask you to receive her kindly, if she tries to make your acquaintance, and get Mrs. Pole† to treat her well. She is very extraordinary and very amiable. She is going to publish some books which will be very interesting; but intimacy with her would be too much for a person such as I believe you to be.

My love to Lord Burghersh. I regret that the time of our political correspondence is over, but, in this country, even the most nimble of tongues is tied. Remember me to all yours. Be happy and keep your health.

Ever your devoted friend.

* In February, 1813, Prussia had finally joined Russia in opposition to Napoleon. The Emperor Alexander's headquarters were at Kalisch.

† Lady Burghersh's mother.

*Count Pozzo di Borgo to Lady Burghersh.**April 2, 1813.*

Kalisch, whence I am writing to you, is a little town between Warsaw and Breslau. The Emperor's* headquarters have been established here the last six weeks, and I have been here three.

Your letter of February 8, the only one I have received since I left Yarmouth, reached me to-day—a solemn day, being that of the arrival of the King of Prussia and the meeting of the two Sovereigns. You ought to have received two of mine—one from Stockholm and St. Petersburg.

My journey here took a fortnight, though I did not stop to sleep a single night. The terrible cold, the ruined condition of the roads and post-houses, the villages still encumbered with dead bodies, made this expedition anything but agreeable! The Emperor received me with much kindness, and ordered me to remain with him. At present I have no fixed employment: I do what little good I can when occasion arises. I wait, and am very much bored. Life at imperial headquarters becomes very monotonous after a time, and, but for a few old acquaintances I have found here, the day would seem endless.

Have you ever heard of Baron de Stein?† He is a well-bred man, a former Prussian Minister whom Bonaparte wanted to roast alive! After many persecutions, he is now the Emperor's right hand in German affairs! We were well acquainted with each

* Alexander of Russia.

† The Prussian statesman who brought many reforms into that Government, and contributed largely to the regeneration of the country.

other, and had the honour of sharing the same enmity. Is it not strange that we are now both together to fight our persecutor? Count Hardenberg* has arrived from Vienna; he, too, is one of the little circle of *intimes*, and I was very glad to talk to a man so well acquainted with a town which must always interest me—from many reminiscences and regrets.

I expect the next two or three days will be taken up with incessant reviews; to-day's was really very fine, 3,000 Cuirassiers and 10,000 picked Infantry. I wish we may march soon and disperse the Conscripts, who are still holding out on the Elbe. I hope this will soon be the case, especially as we have already considerable bodies of men in several positions on that river. There, my dear lady, is the little I can tell you in return for all the good things you tell me, for which I thank you with all my heart, especially for what you say of your health; take care of it now, and you will keep it always. You will have seen by my former letters that I gave you good advice—as a good papa might do—but the merit is yours in having adopted it beforehand, but give me credit for having thought and for thinking of it.

If you have been reconciled to the Corps Diplomatique by the amiability of the Portuguese Ambassador, I congratulate Monsieur Palmella, and am not jealous, for Nunez had certainly discredited the profession. The 'Duchesse' among English ladies was like a mushroom in a flower-bed—why be bothered with it? Miss Emily† may show the Sicilians that there are sirens outside their own country. . . .

* Another Prussian statesman.

† Lady Burghersh's sister. She married Lord Fitzroy Somerset, afterwards Lord Raglan.

You want me to tell you about my travelling companion; he has a reasonableness in little things which fidgets me, and an insipid sweetness which ends by sending me to sleep; but in essential matters I think he has great merits, and probably the state of his health has something to do with giving him that spirit of minute exactitude which, as you know, is not mine; add to that the ordinary society of a frigate in the North Sea in the month of February, and you will see he is not really to be blamed. I must tell you about Prince Koutousoff, who treats me well, so that is a reason for seeing him in a favourable light.*

He is an old man with much cleverness, and his mind wonderfully fresh. If he were a little younger he might well be given a little more authority, and would be quite in his place. His conversation is too lively for his age, but he shows much penetration and sagacity. I have had some very interesting conversations with him, but I do not keep a journal; that, as you know, is one of my rules. . . .

You have given me great pleasure by telling me that the news of dear Wellington is good; the dear Empress told me she had read the news of Salamanca with tears of joy and admiration. I hope he is now in a condition to act and finish the affair—now or never!

Adieu! I regret my friends in England, and your circle beyond all; this you know. I shall take advantage of every occasion to see you again. My best love

* ' Marshal Koutousoff had rendered brilliant service in earlier life, but was now old, broken, and sickly. His infirmities and his old wounds prevented his getting on horseback. Of undoubted bravery, shrewd intelligence, and elaborately polite manners, he was sometimes lacking in firmness, and shrunk from energetic measures. He was taken ill at Breslau a few weeks later, and had to be left there. The news of his death was received on the arrival at the headquarters at Dresden ' (Nesselrode Memoirs').

to Lord Burghersh ; I should like to write to him, but could not make my letter interesting without being indiscreet. My respects to your parents, and all the kind things you can think of to your sisters. Be happy—that is my constant wish for you, with which I end all my letters.

Count Pozzo di Borgo to Lord Burghersh.

CARLSCRONA (SWEDEN),
May 12, 1813.

MY DEAR LORD,

You will be surprised to receive a letter from Carlscrona when you must imagine me to be elsewhere ; however, my journey may not be unknown by you. I have made it on business, and hope to have done no harm. We leave to-morrow for Stralsund—the Prince Royal and the rest of the Swedish troops who were to cross. I left the Emperor's headquarters on April 23, and hope to be back there in ten days. We have had here to-day vague accounts of a serious affair between the Prussian army under Blücher and that of the Viceroy Beauharnais—said to be to the advantage of the former : God grant it may be so !

In crossing Prussia to get here I met Jackson,* General Stewart's secretary, but I had the bad luck to miss the General himself, crossing him in the night without knowing it. I hoped he might have brought me some letters from you. A courier, sent me from Dresden since my arrival here, has also brought me nothing. Lady Burghersh treats me as badly as you do : since her letter of February 8 I have heard

* Sir George Jackson, author of the well-known diaries, who became Minister at Berlin in the next year (1814). He was brother to Francis Jackson, who was Minister at Berlin in 1812-1816.

nothing of her, except a report that she had been ill. You ought to exercise your conjugal authority so as not to be always needing the doctor in the house—this happens too often. You will find this letter very dull, but there is the disadvantage of being near to and mixed up in affairs; one may no longer allow oneself anything; when one is free from responsibility, one is at least a master of one's own opinions.

How are matters going in Spain? Is your hero, as I fear, still much hampered by the Don Quixotes? They are the only enemies unworthy of him in that country.

Since I left you I have never had a single day's rest; this situation, which gives me no definite work, but sends me from pillar to post at any moment, may be flattering, but is neither convenient nor really useful. (If indeed that second condition is worth considering.) I do my best, and we shall see! Meantime life goes on, which is not to be regretted so long as one tries to put it to a good purpose. Remember me to all my friends; I regret their society, and console myself with the hope of having kept their esteem. If I knew the world less well, I should say their remembrance of me, but in a town like London memory does not trouble herself about absent friends! Be, however, yourself an exception to this rule. I deserve it for the good I wish to you all.

Count Pozzo di Borgo to Lady Burghersh.

STRALSUND,
May 20, 1813.

You may have heard from General Stewart that I had left the Emperor's headquarters for Sweden, whence I returned here three days ago, having

accomplished the object of my journey, though not without difficulty. I leave here to-night to rejoin His Majesty, whom I hope to find still in the neighbourhood of Dresden. Colonel Cook has yesterday given me your letter of April 9. What has become of all your other letters? I have written to you several times, and do not deserve reproaches, and be sure I am not ungrateful. I like to confess to you that, having renounced, at great cost to myself, all the stormy affections and passions of earlier days, I am still capable of feelings of true friendship and interest in others, which are sweeter and more unselfish, though not less true. No one in the world has inspired me with a more sincere interest of this kind than yourself, and I congratulate myself on having gained a new interest in life when so few remain to me; therefore, be well persuaded that I do indeed need your friendship, and that I have no greater pleasure than to see you deserve and obtain the approval of all good and noble souls—unless it is the pleasure of seeing your perfect happiness. I do not know when I shall have a chance of being again in London and seeing you.

It is very natural that Lord Burghersh should wish to be taking part in all the great events of the day. I have refrained, as you know, from giving any opinion on that subject, because I know that you would never be able to bear his absence without being miserable; everything is so unsettled, and there is so little security anywhere, that you could not find a single place abroad where you could safely establish yourself. The mistake of a single General may force an entire population to emigrate at a moment's notice. If Austria really declares herself against France, Vienna,

Berlin, or Dresden, may be fairly peaceable abodes—at least for a time—and you might establish yourself in one of these places even if he had to go in for camp life ; but at the present moment it would be impossible to make any plans while everything is uncertain and confused.

I have had a thousand invitations from Vienna to go and see my old friends there, but circumstances were not very favourable, and I have not tried to overcome them.

You will wish for some particulars of my personal situation ; with the best will in the world I cannot give you a clear account of it. I am in the Emperor's hands, a sort of odd man ; to-day I am ordered to do so-and-so, and I do it as best I can, to-morrow something else, and then for a long time nothing. This way of living from hand to mouth takes away all the stability which steady work and the combination of ideas with practical measures founded on them give to one's conduct of affairs. One does what one can, but with more steadiness the results might be very different. One's life is passed in taking half-measures, and in the vexation of being unable to remedy them I resign myself to my destiny. Some accident may some day put an end to me, and my story will end as most other people's does. While waiting thus for the end give me your good wishes, and believe that I deserve them in return for all the good I wish you ! Remember me to all your family who deserve the respect and gratitude of the world. I am just starting for headquarters. I must not go to sleep, or I may fall into the hands of the French who are wandering round ! But I shall keep awake, and nothing will happen to me. Be happy.

Count Pozzo di Borgo to Lady Burghersh.

PETERWALDAU,*

August 12, 1813.

I only received your letter of June 22 a few days ago; it was about two months since I had had any news of you—I have no right to complain, but I should blush to be indifferent. If by winning battles we can open up the Continent to you, I shall be very happy to see you appear on it with Lord Burghersh under suitable conditions; but I abstain from expressing any wish on the subject, lest any such proposed change should interfere with your happiness. In any case take as little as possible on yourself; it is better to follow than to lead, when it is a question of coming to a grave decision—under your circumstances especially.

I expected to hear that Madame de Staël would excite much curiosity in London. She belongs neither to the sex one loves nor to that one esteems; she talks and writes like a man, and has all her life acted like a woman, which of course means great egoism. But as she is extreme in everything, those who like her society will be enchanted with her; others, on the contrary, will take a horror of her, and dread to come across anything like her at home. The good qualities, the faults, the weaknesses, the cleverness, and the talents, of Madame de Staël subdivided and distributed might have formed a whole population of amiable and attractive women, but all united in one have produced a sort of monster: when one considers her in her entirety, she really confounds the strongest imagination and frightens the boldest people; but if one can catch her on the side on which she really shines, she

* A castle in Silesia, where negotiations were being carried on between the allies, Great Britain, Russia, Prussia, and Austria.

is wonderful! Have you seen her? Has she mentioned me? She has always treated me kindly; do not accuse me of treachery for talking so impartially of her. The fact is, one judges her more than one cares for her, although she has all her life desired the reverse. . . .

Having done my best to avoid a Peace and bring Austria over to us, I am leaving to finish the campaign with the Prince Royal of Sweden; in three days I shall be in Berlin; on the fourth day, God only knows where! When blows begin, one cannot tell where they will strike; it will be a terrible massacre without exaggeration! Six hundred thousand men will fall on each other in a space of thirty square leagues.*

The Emperor is going to Prague; he has treated me very well, and I have tried my best to serve him faithfully. I should like to go with him, but, all things considered, it is perhaps best I have a separate commission. A Court is a very slippery place, and I can only live there after my own fashion, which is not always that of the inhabitants of that country. Whatever happens, I am not afraid of going into retirement; I still have resources in myself, tastes I can gratify, and some happy reminiscences of the past; with all this one can contemplate the end of one's journey of life without boredom—that terrible bugbear of so many has no terrors for me.

You see that, having begun by being satirical, I am finishing up with an idyll. Do not laugh at me! The time spent in writing this letter is amongst the best I have had here.

* The Treaty between Russia, Austria, and Prussia was signed at Töplitz on September 29.

Couriers, despatches, Councils, troops, Austrian dormice, French rogues, Bonaparte the Archfiend—do you think that these, and many other things I dare not mention, are very amusing? Well, if you were not convinced of it beforehand, congratulate yourself on the good you have done me in giving me the chance of writing to you, and of saying with all my heart, May God bless you!

Soon after this letter Lady Burghersh started on her adventurous journey* during the winter 1813-1814. No letters have been preserved during 1815, her first year in Florence, and memorable for the Battle of Waterloo.

Count Pozzo di Borgo to Lady Burghersh.

PARIS,
August 26, 1816.

I received yesterday your letter of the 8th of this month. If our correspondence had not been so long interrupted, I need not have explained that I am not losing a moment in answering it; you might have guessed this otherwise.

I took the warmest interest in hearing of the blessing God has given you in letting you safely become a mother, and that of a beautiful child who thrives before your eyes through your own devoted care. This event will complete your domestic felicity. You know that, as a true old friend, I have always told you that it is in your home alone that you will find real happiness; everything outside is no doubt agreeable, and has its worth, but home happiness is the only thing that is necessary and indispensable.

The story you tell me about what I wrote you at the time concerning Madame de Staël must have sur-

* See p. 1.

prised you. I will explain to you how it is that what I said about her in that letter has become known. That letter was dated from the old castle of Peterwaldau, in the mountains of Silesia; it was sent on the very day on which we had just received the news that Austria had broken off the negotiations of Prague, and had joined the allies against France. Our joy was excessive, and our first care to let this great event be known in England. Count Nesselrode* and I had only one rickety table between us to prepare these despatches; the secretaries and their chiefs were all fighting each for a corner. Amidst all this turmoil of talk and of writing I was determined to send you a letter, and, as I was found fault with for seeming to be occupied with private correspondence, I thought I would surprise and make them laugh by reading them the account I had just written you of our heroine. Nesselrode wrote it down to send to his wife, and Bolguhoff did the same to spread it in apparently a less charitable way. It is in this way that my sketch has become known to a few people, but no one has ever heard that it had been drawn originally for your benefit.

Your great-uncle† has returned from London very well; he is leaving in a few days to settle at a country house near Cambray, where he will, I imagine, at once hold the review of the Corps d'Armée under his command. The Emperor‡ has just given him a diamond sword ornamented by a laurel wreath in emeralds, which is one of the most beautiful things of the kind ever seen. The inscription gives the date, and in memory of the Battle of Waterloo. His kindness

* Russian Prime Minister. † The Duke of Wellington.

‡ Of Russia.

and friendliness towards me are extreme, just as my respect and attachment to him are unbounded.

Your sister and her husband* are settled here; she has grown a little thinner, but the regularity and delicacy of her features still maintain her in her place among the beauties. Lady Worcester† came over with her husband and your uncle, but in a sadly altered state; she is only a shadow, and it will take her time and a long rest to recover. We have also here some charming cousins‡ of Burghersh's, and Mrs. Fletcher and her daughters, who are very handsome and much admired. English women triumph over the Parisians; the number of them is extraordinary. There is news of Lady Bagot,§ who appears to me to find American society vulgar and dull.

I can easily imagine your manner of life in Italy; one gets tired of seeing sights, and longs for something to listen to and discuss as well. Do not, however, give yourself up to a desire to get away from it; there is nothing so bad as giving way to a vague sense of discontent, instead of fighting against it. In a little time Lord Burghersh will get leave if he asks for it. I thank you for what you say about my personal position; it is not without difficulties and anxieties, having been one of those who most strongly advocated that there should be Light. I should like to see it continue to shine, and to enlighten the world; but we have by no means come to that, though perhaps we are on

* Lord and Lady Fitzroy Somerset.

† Daughter of Lady Ann Fitzroy, and niece of the Duke of Wellington.

‡ Mrs. Arbuthnot and her sisters.

§ Lady Burghersh's sister, married to Sir Charles Bagot, then Minister at Washington.

the road that may lead us to it. Next to fulfilling my present duties, my prominent thought is to retire, though I cannot, and indeed would not, come to any decision at once. I look forward to that epoch as my deliverance. The world gets tired even of good reputations. Competition is so great, and the incidents that may harm us are often beyond anything our own prudence can foresee; and I should like to avoid all such trials while my chiefs still approve of me, and my friends still retain their affection and esteem for me. Such are my intentions. Providence will deal with them according to what is right.

All your relations dine with me to-morrow; you will be silently missed! Thank you again for your kind remembrance of me. Say all that is affectionate from me to Lord Burghersh, and be persuaded of all my wishes for your happiness.

Madame de Staël to Lady Burghersh.

COPPET,
July 18, 1816.

Your letter, my dear lady, has been to Paris, and has come back to me here. I had believed that you had entirely forgotten me; I blame Mr. Phelps, I blame Lord Burghersh, I complain to the whole household of this mistake! Perhaps Mr. Fane* has also something to do with it. My heart beat with joy at a report that you might possibly come here on your way to meet your mother; but it has all come to nothing, and I do not know when I shall see you again. Monsieur de Rocca† is much the same, but a new incident has arisen to influence our places.

* Lady Burghersh's baby, Arthur Fane, born February 12; died August 29, 1816.

† Madame de Staël's second husband.

I believe my daughter likely to be confined, and I shall certainly have to be with her in Paris, therefore, towards the latter part of the winter, if I do not go there earlier. From thence I shall return here, and shall go to Italy again in a year's time, if another year is granted me in this world. What will you be doing then? Do you know? and might I join you at Florence when my daughter is away from me? What you tell me of Madame de Lascy's health grieves me very much; be kind to her—it will be a good deed worthy of your kind heart. Albertine* insists on finishing my letter; answer us straight here.

[*Continued by Duchesse de Broglie.*]

Be good enough, my dear lady, not to betray my secret. I owe this event, apparently, to your good wishes. I would gladly exchange all the English we have here for the sake of a week spent with you. I regret the climate of Florence—one felt happier there than elsewhere. English people are so delightful among the Florence glow-worms; but when I speak of English people there, I really only mean you, for you were the only one I really cared for. Pray present my most respectful greetings to Mr. Fane, and I would recommend myself to his gracious favour. Love me a little, and write me a line to myself; otherwise you will create friction between the mother and daughter.

Monsieur Rocca to Lady Burghersh.

COPPET,
July 24, 1816.

I hear, my lady, by your last letter to Madame de Staël, that your health is much better, and I hasten to

* Albertine, Duchess de Broglie, Madame de Staël's daughter.

say how much pleasure this news has given me. We had left you unwell and regretting England, whilst we were regretting Florence, where you were remaining. It was only just then that my own health allowed me to enjoy the air of Italy, and to realize all the charm of that country, especially when to its natural advantages is added that of being inhabited by English people, and such English as Lord Burghersh and yourself, in whom are combined with the dignity of your nation the cleverness which distinguishes your whole family, and your own particular gifts.

Geneva and the neighbourhood are full of English; there are something like 1,200 spending the summer here. The only ones I know amongst them are My Lady Hamilton, Colonel Sydenham, and Lord Byron. Colonel Sydenham is most unfortunate and very suffering; a wound received at Waterloo has deprived him of his nose! He does not like to be seen, and his face is covered by a black veil. Lord Byron has been very coldly received here, both by the natives and by the English. No one visits him, though there is much curiosity about him. He has been twice to Coppet, where we have received the great poet very cordially. The first time he met here Mrs. Hervey, a friend of his wife's mother, a little old lady of sixty-eight, full of cleverness. She nearly fainted at the sight of Lord Byron, which seemed to distress him very much, and he was much agitated. He affects in his manner, his looks, and his way of speaking, a sort of sweetness and sadness, melancholy and depression. He greatly praises his wife whenever she is mentioned to him, and whenever he meets little children he stops to caress them, and says with a sigh, 'Mine is prettier than that!' If he was all that he tries to seem now,

he would really be very fascinating. He has lately written a poem on Switzerland, and has placed the scene at the Castle of Chillon, on the shores of the lake. I believe it is a continuation of his 'Childe Harold,' in which Childe Harold, from being an Atheist, has become a Pantheist, which is at least a first step towards heaven.

Lord Byron has promised to bring us, in two or three days, the manuscript of this poem.

Mr. Brougham has been here with Lady Caroline Lamb's sister-in-law and Mr. and Mrs. Clifford; they are all going together to join the Duchess of Devonshire next month at Florence. We are expecting directly Lord and Lady Lansdowne, who are also going to Italy. That is all our news here. I should like to hear some news of you, and also of Mr. Fane, in whom I have been much interested ever since I saw him out in the park at Florence with you and his nurse. Remember me to Lord Burghersh, and believe me,

A. G. DE ROCCA.

*From Madame de Staël, on the death of Lady
Burghersh's baby.*

COPPET,
September 12, 1816.

I have no words, my dear Lady Burghersh, in which to express my sympathy with you. For God's sake go home to your mother, and come through here on your way. Do not stay in the place where you have suffered so much. At your age you are sure to be a mother again several times, but that does not make your present grief less. The terrible shock you have experienced must leave its traces on you.

Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! how I pity you and how I love you! and I do not forget Lord Burghersh in my profound pity for you both. I have a thousand recollections of the short life of your child, but if I live I shall see you consoled—there are such treasures of love in your heart that Providence will surely protect them and compensate you for this cruel trial. Your health positively requires a change, and it is a duty you owe yourself not to get into a state which would make you unfit to have more children. Come here, I implore you; and if you delay any time, go to Paris, where you will find Lord Wellington; and perhaps I may count myself something, for indeed, when I see you, my heart will go out to you as warmly as if I had known and cared for you all my life. My daughter is much affected at your loss. I seem to have always before me your charming face bathed in tears. Dear and charming creature, I weep with you and press you to my heart. . . .

Duchesse de Broglie to Lady Burghersh.

DEAR LADY BURGHESH,

I have been cruelly shocked by this terrible news. I am already able to understand, to some degree, all that you must suffer—that poor little creature was so lovely.

I should like you to leave Italy, where no one is in sympathy with your sentiments, for all those Italian women have so little real feeling. There can be only one irreparable sorrow, and that is to have no close and intimate relations. I am sure that, in your case, your mother and your husband will comfort you, but

I should like at this moment to see you surrounded by all those who love you. I dare not speak to you of my affection for you, I have too little claim on you, but I do long to embrace you and to tell you, now from my innermost soul, I grieve with you. How those who have the happiness of being closely connected with you must love you, when you are able to inspire those who have only known you a short time with so deep an interest in you !

A thousand tender loves to you.

Madame de Staël to Lady Burghersh.

PARIS,
1817.

I hear exactly how you are, my dear lady, from your sister, who tells me all about you ; but I should like to hear from yourself whether you are returning to Italy, and, if so, whether you will come by Paris and Switzerland. Let me hear your plans as regards this ; there is nothing I am more anxious about.

My own health is very bad ; as soon as I can I shall go to Coppet to rest. I am expecting my daughter's confinement every day, and I dread that emotion. Have you any happy prospects for the future ? You may confide in me.

The Duke of Wellington is giving a great many entertainments, to which people are most anxious to go. I went to one, but my poor daughter is no longer fit to encounter the crowd there to-morrow. The Duke has made himself very much liked. He is behaving as a generous conqueror, but still it is sad to be conquered.

Madame Edmond de Perigord* makes up to him in

* Afterwards Duchesse de Dino, and later Sagan.

order to get him to replace her uncle, Monsieur de Talleyrand, in power, but the Duke does not seem to intend to mix himself up with any of our internal affairs. [*End missing.*]

From A. W. Schlegel, on the death of Madame de Staël.*

COPPET,
August 14, 1817.

I have just received your touching letter of July 18, and the date of this will explain to you the involuntary delay in my reply. I had left Paris on July 17 with Madame de Staël, to accompany the remains of my immortal friend to her father's grave here. You ask me for details, my lady: alas! it would be a long story of desolation, 'a tale of woe' more than a letter could contain. The blow that has struck us was not unexpected by me. For six months past I had been anticipating the loss of my illustrious patroness, and had only been partially reassured by short intervals of improvement. It appeared that several grave maladies at once were attacking that noble life; as soon as one alarming symptom disappeared, another took its place. In spite of the previous decline of her health, the innate vigour of her constitution sustained a long and painful struggle against death. The terrible agitations of her past life, especially during the ten years of her exile, the prodigious activity of her mind and spirit, ended in breaking down the more delicate part of her organization, the nerves which control movement and sensibility. But before the vital organs were quite paralyzed, the irregular actions of the nerve centres produced the most violent

* A distinguished German litterateur and friend of Madame de Staël's.

spasms ; after five weeks, during which the malady had been apparently stationary, a terrible crisis, accompanied by the most alarming symptoms, announced the approach of the final catastrophe. She felt this herself, and sent for me to her bedside several times during the night, declaring she had not half an hour to live. During the next few days she solemnly took leave of us, and told us all her last wishes. She survived four weeks longer after this.

The approach of death no doubt produces terrible sensations unknown to us in life, but that limit once passed, softer sensations are experienced. Her soul, though still imprisoned in her failing body, seemed already to breathe the purer air of the happy heaven in which the weary traveller, so long battered by storms, was to find eternal rest. She had overcome the worst enemy of humanity, Fear. She liked to fancy there might still be a future for her in this life, for she much regretted leaving her friends. She was often sufficiently relieved to be able to enjoy the attentions of her friends, and even a few social distractions. On the eve of her death she had a violent attack of suffocation, caused by the paralysis having reached the lungs. Relieved towards evening of this last suffering, she fell asleep to wake no more. No sigh, no convulsive movement, showed the actual moment of departure. 'There broke a noble heart.'

It would be vain to attempt to describe the grief of her children, who, each in their own way, are models of filial piety. Madame de Broglie has from her childhood had a passionate devotion to her mother, whose soul has been reflected in that of her daughter. Having lost everything myself, I yet had my heart still further wrung at the sight of that poor distracted

orphan, so early confronted with the greatest of all mysteries. Kneeling beside the inanimate form of her mother, speaking to her as though she could still hear, and imploring a word or a look of love! 'The rest is silence.'

The time came at last for parting even with the coffin, but Madame de Broglie's grief and her veneration for her mother's memory will endure as long as her own life. She is much altered, but I hope her health is not seriously affected, though even her confinement in the month of March only kept her a very few weeks from nursing her mother day and night, and though she has since had three months of constant fatigue and constant alarms. Miss Randall,* whom you saw in Paris, had shown marvellous devotion; throughout the illness she never left her friend; sat up at night, and in the strength of her affection found all the most ingenious devices for comforting and relieving her.

On July 28 the mortal remains of your illustrious friend were deposited at the side of her parents in a marble tomb, in the presence of a large assembly. It was a solemn moment; all felt the departure of a kind and most [*illegible*] spirit from this sad earth of ours. I can see from my window the shrubs surrounding the tomb, which gives me a melancholy pleasure, but we shall have to leave in a few days this place, now so solitary. We are called to Paris by affairs connected with Madame de Staël's last wishes, only Monsieur Rocca has to leave us and go to Italy. His health is always delicate, and the shock it has experienced may make it worse.

You have heard, no doubt, that Madame de Staël in

* The English governess of Madame de Broglie, who remained in the family all her life.

the latter parts of her life, and finally by her will, acknowledged the marriage which had united them so long ago. Monsieur Rocca will take with him to Italy the little son, who will now be his chief comfort. This interesting child is delicate, but has a charming face and is very promising. He has been loaded with kindness and affection by his brother and sister.

Having now replied to all your questions, allow me, my lady, to ask after your own health and your general condition. The short time in which I saw you in Coppet has left a great impression on me. I have been intending all the winter to write, but have never ventured to do so. Just after your departure from Paris I felt it would be impossible not to allude to the subject of your grief, and I feared that to do so would only renew it. Afterwards, during Madame de Staël's illness, I kept delaying, in the hope that I might be able to give a more satisfactory account. I had seen you in Florence radiant in beauty, grace, youth, and happiness; when I saw you again you were pale and bowed down by grief, and the accounts of your health we have since received have only too much confirmed our apprehensions. Pray let me hear if the beneficent action of time and of nature have enabled you to recover from your cruel shock.

I need not tell you that your friend, in the midst of her own sufferings, was occupied by the thought of yours with the most tender solicitude. She had always been especially attracted to you; she thought you amiable in your happiness and irresistible in your affliction.

Madame de Broglie desires a thousand messages to you. The sight, or even the recollection, of those who loved her mother still upsets her very much, and this

will go on for a long time, for who that really knew her mother did not love her?

I would beg you, when you have the opportunity, to offer my respects to the Duke of Wellington, and also express to him in the name of my late friend our eternal gratitude for all the friendly interest he showed her, and for the daily visits, which were a great comfort to her. Such compassion well becomes a hero.

I shall never forget the intense feeling in the expression of his noble and manly face the first time he saw her in her illness. He thought her convalescent, as had been reported. I had warned him he would find her very ill; but he was nevertheless very much shocked, and on leaving expressed to me in a few broken words his fears for her life.

Pray present my respects to Lord Burghersh, and remain, etc.,

A. W. SCHLEGEL.

CHAPTER II

1826—1840 : LONDON AND WALMER

LORD AND LADY BURGHersh returned to England in 1830, and on the change of Government that year Lord Burghersh resigned his post at Florence. In those days, when parties were more sharply defined than at present, it was not considered loyal for a pronounced Tory like himself to serve under a Whig Government, even in a diplomatic position. For the next ten years they lived in England—chiefly in London—with yearly visits to Walmer (to the Duke of Wellington) and other places. In 1835 Lord Burghersh went to the waters of Barèges, in the South of France, for his health, and in the winter he was shooting at his father's at Apethorpe and other places; but Lady Burghersh rarely accompanied him, as she disliked leaving her children to governesses and servants; and in those days country-house visits meant a long journey, and consequently also a much longer stay than is usual now.

As a natural consequence of their long residence abroad, they lived a good deal in these years in the society of the Diplomatic Corps in London.*

The French Ambassador up to 1834 was Prince Talleyrand. This extraordinary personage had commenced life as a priest, and as Bishop of Autun had sat in Louis XVI.'s first States-General, and taken the oath to the Constitution. He celebrated Mass at the federal gathering on July 14, 1790, when Louis XVI. took the oath to the Constitution; he afterwards renounced his Orders, emigrated to America, and returning to France, served Napoleon, who created

* Lord Burghersh had founded the Academy of Music in London in 1822, on the model of the Italian academies, in which he continued through life to take the liveliest interest.

him Prince and made him Great Chamberlain. At the Restoration he went over to the Bourbons, represented France at the Congress of Vienna in 1815, and attached himself to the English alliance, and particularly to the Duke of Wellington. From 1830 to 1834 he was French Ambassador in London. Though his moral character was not to be admired, he seems to have had some amiable qualities, and to have been full of wit. His niece, Madame de Dino, who lived with him, became a very great friend of Lady Burghersh.

Lord Melbourne and his brother, Frederick Lamb (afterwards Lord Beauvale), were also on intimate terms with Lord and Lady Burghersh, and from her position she became during those years a sort of confidential intermediary between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Melbourne. Lord Burghersh's means were limited after the loss of his official income, and Lady Burghersh devoted herself during these years chiefly to her young children. This retired life and absence of all pretensions to a social or political rôle made her all the more welcome to her uncle, the Duke, and Lord Melbourne, as a perfectly safe confidante, and the considerable part she played in their confidence was absolutely unknown to the world at large.

The Bill alluded to in the letters of 1835-36 appears to have been a Municipal Reform Bill which excited a great deal of feeling. The 'Precedence' question of 1840 was the question of the precedency to be given to Prince Albert on his marriage. The Tories objected to the Queen's wish that he should have precedence over everybody, including the heir to the throne. The matter was compromised by his having precedence over everybody except the Prince of Wales; but it caused a great deal of feeling at the time, and the dispute was, of course, painful to the Queen.

Count Pozzo di Borgo to Lady Burghersh.

PARIS,
July 25, 1826.

The report as to my marriage is absolutely without any foundation; there has never been any question of



PRISCILLA, LADY BURGHERSH.

A bust by BARTOLOZZI.

To face page 32.

anything of the sort. The public imagined it, and will not let it go; it has a better opinion of me than I deserve, which is all the more reason for keeping on my guard against the most seductive as well as the most cunning flatterers. However, all this has not been for nothing, as it has brought me a fresh proof of your interest in me which touches me as much as if I had to share it with the imaginary being whom your fancy has already associated with my life and my future happiness.

In spite of the interruption of our correspondence, I have not ceased to inquire after your health, and have heard of your sufferings since I saw you on your way through Paris.* I was looking forward to seeing you again here, when Lord Burghersh arrived and told me of your fresh illness, and we had some anxious days. The doctor's first letter was inconclusive and confused, which is always the case when they do not know where they are; but your own letters since, and the few lines from the Duke [of Wellington] enjoining Burghersh to continue his journey, have relieved our uncertainties.

When you are able to start, if you have to rest, let it be in Paris: there is nowhere one can be more to oneself, and after London it is the town which offers most resources of all kinds. You must have been very much touched by the affection the Duke has shown you. Those great men are not so far removed from us in their feelings as they are in their intellects, and when the occasion arises they show themselves tender, affectionate, and careful; and so in taking part

* Lady Burghersh had had a severe illness at Apsley House. Lord Burghersh was obliged to leave her there, to return to his post at Florence.

in the common life they are better satisfied with themselves, and we become more attached to them by the high value we set on their kindness. After this long tirade, give him my respects, and add that I rejoice at the success of his St. Petersburg journey and the good it has done to his health. . . . Put an end to your '33,000 and one disgrazie.'* Be as sound in body as you are in mind, and continue to me a little of the kindness and friendship I have enjoyed ever since I have had the happiness of knowing you.

Prince Talleyrand to Lady Burghersh.

1834.

DEAREST LADY BURGHERSH,

I have heard through Lady Clanricarde that you have been confined, and have a daughter, as you wished, and are well; and it seems to me, with some reason, that I should have had this news from yourself. Though I am past the age of illusions, I had nevertheless given way to this one. I should like to hear of your going to Naples as Ambassadors, that you would pass through Paris, and that on your way to Italy you would come to Valençay; but I am afraid I may be again deceiving myself.

You will have heard that I have sent in my resignation; it is true that it was sent to the King on November 13. My health, my legs worse than usual, the death of an old friend—all these together have combined to make me take this step. Life in Paris enters little into my future plans. I shall stay a good deal at Valençay, and a good deal at Rochecotte. I shall not go much to any watering-place. Where is the use of waters to such an old body as mine?

* 'Misfortunes' (quotation from 'Figaro').

Alava* would have acted more wisely if he had come to the same conclusion as I have. He leads too active a life. . . . [*Unfinished.*]

January 4, 1835.

I have been ill enough to make writing difficult. I am told that I am better, and am willing to believe it in order to ask for news of you, and of what is to become of you. Are you going to Berlin? (the newspaper says so). Are you going to the South? The latter seems to me what you would prefer, both as regards your tastes and your health. Our news from London consists only of conjectures, but I am too old to be satisfied with mere imaginary predictions. I want to learn, from those friends on whose good judgment I can rely, what I am to believe, and what I am to say to all the eager inquirers Paris is full of.

I have just been reading the clever and honourable words of Mr. Peel,† and that is the point I have arrived at. Can you help me to see a little into the future?

Alava is here for a few days, and is staying with me; you will find him younger and livelier than ever. His warm heart and his intelligence are all alive. He will be in London next week—that is, January 10. Tell me something of the Duke's health. Nature exhausted herself in 1769, when she sent him into the world; to-day we have no man—at least, on this side of the water—of his calibre, or even anything approaching it. Our King is almost the only one of our governing men who has any really great intellectual superiority.

I intend leaving Paris about the middle of January,

* A Spanish General who had served with the Duke of Wellington.

† This probably refers to the Tamworth Manifesto which Peel issued after his sudden summons to return from Rome to form his first Ministry.

probably about the 15th or 20th. I want to get into the country. The exciting life in Paris does not attract me.

I have heard nothing of the Hollands; I suppose they are much agitated. Here we are still without any Ambassador in London. I fancy Monsieur de St. Aulaire, who is now at Vienna, has the best chance. He is not yet in Paris, but his wife expects him on the 9th or 10th. I shall hear of you through Monsieur de Bacourt,* who is to arrive shortly. Adieu; much kind remembrance, and my compliments to Lord Burghersh.

Lady Burghersh to Lord Burghersh.

LONDON,

Sunday, July 19, 1835.

MY DEAREST,

I begin to-day for to-morrow's post. I got yesterday morning your first letter from Barèges of Saturday, the 9th, so it is just a week coming. It makes my heart sink to think of the distance, but I trust in God that I shall have nothing but good accounts, and that it will completely succeed. I am myself a great deal better, though I have not quite shaken off the cold, and therefore I have not yet been out; but I hope to take a drive to-morrow, and be able to go to Walmer Tuesday. I am very much vexed to have been stopped, because the last four days have been much the finest and warmest we have had this year, and I grudge losing them. The emetic did wonders for Ernest, and has entirely relieved the chest; and as that is the only thing that made me uneasy, I have decided they shall all go on Tuesday with Mr. Hood,† whether I am able to go or not.

* A French diplomat and literary executor to Talleyrand.

† The tutor.

They have all been properly prepared with 'black doses,' and I make sure the change of air will set them up.* Prit† never was better; but there are no signs of teeth.

The Duke of Wellington paid me a long visit yesterday. He stayed nearly two hours, and as we were alone (excepting the first quarter of an hour, when mamma was here), I hope he found me agreeable. Nothing can be so kind as he is. He talked a great deal on all subjects. You know pretty well his opinions; but I was particularly struck with the mildness of his manner and expressions when talking of Peel, lamenting his peculiarities and his 'woeful want of spirit,' but without any asperity, and saying that, after all, great allowance should be made, for the difficulties of conducting the Government since the Reform Bill are enough to appal and weary most people. I don't think he himself knows whether Peel would come to the point or not if called upon, but he has no doubt should he do so and dissolve (as he must), on meeting again he would find his numbers very much increased, notwithstanding which, he says, very great difficulties would still be found.

He told me a conversation he had had lately with the King, which was curious to me, as it tallied exactly with what Fred L.‡ had told me the day before. The King told the Duke that he had a great regard for Lord Melbourne, as he 'always found him a gentleman,' but that his hatred and bad opinion of all the rest was such that he never would see or speak to them, and that he desired all communications to him

* After whooping-cough.

† Her daughter Rose.

‡ Frederick Lamb, afterwards Lord Beauvale.

might be made through Lord Melbourne. John Russell in particular he said he would never speak to. Fred had said to me that he believed the King so abhorred his present situation that, if he could not get the Tories to come forward, he believed he would rather try Radicals at once, so as to get rid of the Whigs. I asked the Duke, and he said no ; nothing, he was sure, would ever induce him to hear of one of them. The Duke has not yet looked over your papers, because he told me they had not yet decided how they should treat the matter in the House of Lords. He wishes to wait to see what is done in the House of Commons, and then he shall consult F. L.* and call a meeting of some of his principal people and decide how to treat the Bill;† and if they determine on trying to amend it, then he will consider your plan.

I had a note from F. L. (supposing I was going out of town Friday), and he says: 'I can't say anything to you about B.'s papers, as it is not yet decided if we shall allow the Bill to be read a second time; but as soon as I have anything to tell you I will write to you at Walmer.' I have begged him also to write to you straight.

Monday.

I go on with my letter to-day, for the common post, and shall write again to-morrow through the F.O. to tell you (I hope) that I am off to Walmer. I am now going out, and the day is so fine and warm that I have no doubt if it is fine to-morrow I shall be able to go. I am a good deal pulled by my cold, having had some fever, and I think the change of air will do me much good. . . .

* Frederick Lamb.

† On Corporation Reform, and introduced by Lord Melbourne's Government, which had succeeded Sir R. Peel's.

The children all desire 1,000 loves and messages, and Julian 'will have his love sent alone and not mixed up with the rest,' and he thinks you had better write to mamma every day, as it will make her happier. God bless you, dearest!

Lady Burghersh to Lord Burghersh.

WALMER CASTLE,
September 8, 1835.

DEAREST,

You will be glad to hear that I have to-day received the kindest letter that ever was from the Duke, saying that my staying on here with my family will be the greatest pleasure he can have, and it is impossible that any children of mine can be any annoyance to him. He says he has not asked anybody here. He will let me know as soon as he knows himself when he shall come. This, as you may believe, has made me very happy—both as a proof of great kindness in him, and as an essential advantage to the children to remain here instead of going back to London in this fine weather; and the cordiality of his letter prevents me from feeling any of those scruples which you know I am apt to have at the idea of forcing myself and children on anyone. Papa went back to town this morning, and thinks he shall return with mamma the end of the week to take possession of his house. This will, of course, be most agreeable to me. I was pleased with his kindness to the children, and the notice he took of them all, as being such good and agreeable children, or (as he expressed it) 'the best-conditioned children he ever saw.' He also took very much to George, and was very kind indeed to him. It is a great delight to think that everybody likes them. There is a great deal of intercourse with the boys and

Sir H. H.'s* family, and Sir Henry himself has taken the most particular fancy to Julian, whom he says is 'the most charming child he ever saw.' I really think the sea-bathing agrees very much with George; certainly, it has never caused any of the effects (head-ache and cold feelings) which it has done formerly, and he delights in it. I received yesterday your letter of the 30th. Your foresight and correct judgment of Peel and his line of conduct are so extraordinary that I read it to papa, and he and I agreed that you must have second-sight, for you exactly hit the motives and actions which actually happened. You will know by the post which carries this the result of last night, and whether the Bill passed, which seemed doubtful, although the general opinion was that it would pass. I shall not know till to-morrow.

Lady Jersey has written to tell me about the daughter of a man Lord J. is very much interested about, and wants to get into the Academy of Music. I have sent her a letter to Mr. Hamilton, which I believe is the best thing to do. Lady J.'s tone is all conciliatory. She says Peel's behaviour has caused some discontent, but she hopes it will soon be done away with and not make any division. . . .

There is nothing in the *Times* to-day worth sending you, except a report of a meeting of the *Radical Parochial Association of St. Giles's*, which is so amusing that I will fill up my sheet by copying it out, to save you paying the double post if I cut it out and enclose it :

'Mr. Rogers in the chair. The Society, in reading the minutes of their proceedings, noticed that certain expenses (£3) had been incurred in convening the

* Sir Henry Hardinge, afterwards Lord Hardinge.

recent meeting upon the Corporation Bill and advertising the resolutions adopted on that occasion. Mr. Newberry, one of the Association, a staunch Radical and no friend to the Bishop of London, whose palace the good man is always quarrelling with, rose and spoke as follows :

“Mr. Chairman, I don't see how this here Bill can do any good to the country at large ; it's all werry well to a few shop-keepers or those that want to get a seat in the Council, but it's not a bit of use to nobody else.”

‘A Member (with much warmth): “Why, it will give us the appointment of the Magistracy.”

‘Mr. Newberry (with much good humour): “Ah! to be sure. Git your own Magistrates, yes—why, what's the difference? Suppose a friend of yours is carried afore Sir F. Roe. Why, if he's a hinnocent man, he'll dismiss him—no Magistrate can't do more ; and if you was for to choose yer own Magistrate, mayhaps may be you'd pick out a stupid sort of a chap what lived next door to you because he was your neighbour. It's all as I said, all werry well to the shop-keepers, but not to nobody else. Some people says the Lords has made the Bill bad—why, it was in a prime state afore it went to the Lords! People was to have a three years residence. As to the Lords mangling it, why, it was mangled afore it went there, and these here precious Whigs let it be so, because they didn't want it to pass. As you know it won't do, what's the use of spending the £3 to call a public meeting to tell the people how this here Bill was going on? It's all a farce! If these here Whigs was sincere, why didn't they bring this here Bill forrard at the first part of the Sessions? No! no! they let 'em

have all the supplies, and then they come with this 'ere Bill. If you want to put the saddle on the right horse, put it on Sir John Russell, and not on the Peers. The Peers have got just what they wanted, and nobody won't get nothing while these pretty little figures, 800,000,000, stares us in the face, and wheat's 3s. 10d. per bushel."

'It is singular that nobody ventured any observation on Mr. Newberry's statement of fact.'

I hope this will amuse you. I am in great anxiety for another letter from you, to know if I have done right in directing to Bordeaux. I think I must be right, but wish you had given explicit directions.

We are all perfectly well. God bless you, my dearest! I need not have written so small, but miscalculated the length of the paragraph. I cut off some of this sheet to make it lighter.

Visit of the King and Queen of the Belgians with Princess Victoria to the Duke of Wellington at Walmer.

Lady Burghersh to Lord Burghersh.

WALMER CASTLE,

Monday, October 5, 1835.

MY DEAREST,

The party being over and the Royalties gone back to Ramsgate, I have just time to write you a few lines. First I must say that mamma passed a very good night, and continues to go on very well indeed, thank God!

Everything went off very well indeed to-day. The day was beautiful. The Duke desired me to do the honours as if I was the lady of the house. The King and Queen* arrived exactly at two in the same carriage

* Of the Belgians.

with the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria. The Duke and I went to meet them on the drawbridge, and brought them to the outside staircase to the ramparts (where nearly all the company were already assembled), the lower battery firing a salute. The scene was beautiful: the whole of the beach in front of the castle and the roads leading to Deal and to the village filled with people; all the colours hoisted at the different places along the coast, and on the ships, of which, fortunately, there were quantities in the Downs. The only drawback was that we were disappointed of getting a band from Canterbury, so that there was no music. After walking about the ramparts and speaking to the company, the King and Queen went with the Duke round the garden; but as Princess Victoria had a little cold she was afraid of going out, so I stayed in the drawing-room with her and the Duchess of Kent, and baby* was brought in and behaved like a little angel, and was much admired. She was sent for again afterwards to see the Queen. As the crowd outside were eager to see Princess Victoria, I asked the Duchess of Kent if she thought she might come out for a moment to show herself, and I fetched my ermine tippet for her, which she put on, and came out on the rampart and was very much cheered. The luncheon was very handsome, and the table did very well laid in the two rooms for forty people. The Duke took the Queen, and had the Duchess of Kent on the other side. Leopold† took me and sat opposite the Duke, with Princess Victoria on the other side. I must say nothing could be so cordial and kind as his reception of me, and all his conversation at table. He said he always considered you and me as his oldest and best friends, and

* Rose Fane.

† King of the Belgians.

that all the most interesting periods of his life were associated with recollections of us, and that he felt 'not only affection and real interest, but very great gratitude to us, who had been real and kind friends to him when he was in different situation,' and a great deal more of the same kind. He inquired a great deal about you, and asked if 'you could not be tempted to take Brussels on your way home, as nothing would give him so much pleasure as to see you there.' I told him I would write to you what he said, and that I was sure, if you possibly could, you would go to see him, as you had often wished to do it, but that you might be obliged to return to England straight (which I said to leave you a loophole to do what you like). But he said so much that I think you had better write to him whatever you decide to do. The Queen is very like her mother,* and still more like the old King of Naples (Nasone), and therefore not handsome; but she has an agreeable countenance and a nice fresh complexion and very good manners. She speaks English perfectly. When they went away, the Duke and I went down to the entrance again and put them in their carriage, and the mob cheered very much, and as soon as they drove off they gave 'one cheer more for His Grace.' Louisa† looked uncommonly pretty, and was beautifully dressed and much noticed, and George also. There were nearly 100 people. Mary and her daughter Caroline came from Margate; Emily and Fitz, the Cadogans, Macdonalds, Lady Aldboro, the Ellisons, etc., from Dover. All the Deal Castle people, and the Delawars and Hardinges from here.

I have not time for another word, but that I got

* Amélie, daughter of Caroline, Queen of Naples.

† Louisa Fane.

to-day together your two letters of 29th and 30th from Bordeaux. God bless you, my dearest!

Lady Burghersh to Lord Burghersh.

MY DEAREST,

Monday, January, 1836.

I found the Duke on Saturday evening, and stayed an hour and a half with him. He was particularly amiable and cordial to me. He told me he was not sure if he should be able to leave town yesterday or not, so I called again yesterday and he said he was delighted to see me, and when I got up he proposed to walk through the Park with me, which he did, and then came home with me; so I have had a deal of conversation with him, all of which I thought very satisfactory. His tone is very different from what it was at Walmer, both as to Peel and to his general impressions at the state of things, which are now certainly not desponding. He told me of his interview with Peel at Bretby,* and said he found him *very cordial*, very anxious to pull well with him, and that he really believed their opinions now completely agreed in every particular. I think his reasons against having an Amendment† in the Lords are quite unanswerable. Whether the House of Commons will move one will depend on what Peel hears when he comes to town. The *upshot* of all the Duke said is that he feels confident the game is in our hands, and that all he wishes is to keep people *patient*, and not to spoil things by being in a hurry. Indeed, his very words were: 'We are in a revolution, but I now see the end of it. Perhaps we

* Bretby, Lord Chesterfield's house near Burton-on-Trent, where the Duke and Sir R. Peel had recently met.

† To the Address. The Duke of Wellington in the Lords and Sir R. Peel in the Commons moved amendments to the clause for applying the principles of the Municipal Corporation Act to Ireland.

may have a little difficulty with our own people, but I don't think we shall—I am sure I can command the House of Lords,' etc. From all said, I infer that he thinks it would be wiser to wait to attack the Government upon some legislative measure, but that he would not be averse to a *coup de main* if circumstances should make such a thing to be practicable.

He showed me his answer to Matuscewitz,* and I could not help telling him, when Fitzroy† showed me M.'s letter, I said to him that, though a very well-written letter, it gave me but a bad opinion of his, M.'s judgment; for that, instead of denying the despatch,‡ he ought to have hung his justification on the date and the impossibility of his then forming any opinion of the Duke, except from what was told him by the L.'s. (Fitzroy was also struck at my opinion and the Duke's so exactly coinciding.) The Duke's letter altogether is admirable. He told me to tell Pozzo§ of it. We talked a great deal about all the Russian business. There are many things I can't write, but that will amuse you to hear when we meet, both of what passed with the Duke and me, and also with Hardinge, who talks to me very confidentially, and who consulted me beforehand as to Peel asking the Duke (to Drayton). But this, of course, is not to be breathed to a soul (least of all to the Duke), as all the grace of the thing would be lost if not supposed to be spontaneous. But it is curious how I, living so retired a life in my chimney-corner, should somehow get mixed

* A Russian diplomat.

† Lord Fitzroy Somerset.

‡ In 1835 the diplomatic world was much agitated by the publication in London of a pamphlet called the 'Portfolio,' containing extracts from despatches found in the official archives during the Polish insurrection, containing many highly indiscreet revelations.

§ Then Russian Minister in London.

up with many important secrets. I suppose because, thank God! I keep out of tracasseries. I am glad I have had the interest of talking with the Duke these two days, for my heart is very sore about those dear little boys;* I had no idea it would have been so hard a trial to me. I know it is for their good, and I certainly rejoice that they are well placed for their sakes; but it is a dreadful wrenching away from them. I shall hear from them this evening. I have no doubt they will be as happy there as at any school, and I think Francis will have no regrets; but I know Ernest has so feeling and affectionate a heart that I am certain the separation from me and from home will cost him a great deal. Julian certainly is the most charming little fellow that ever breathed. Such a mixture of feeling and sense! I can see that he is thinking of his brothers all day long, and tears come into his eyes very often at anything that refers to them, and yet he talks like a little man, of the advantage to them, etc. Poor Moore,† who has plenty of feeling and no sense, has never ceased crying since they went, and is quite ill, which distresses me much for her, poor creature! Of course she misses them at all hours of the day and night.

The Duke talked to me a great deal, and in the kindest manner, particularly as regards your conduct to your father, which he says is quite extraordinary. 'In short,' he said, 'I believe that B. is as much attached to me as anybody, and that I have as much influence over him as anybody. Well, I am convinced that, if I was to propose anything to him, or advise him to do anything unknown to his father (much less if he thought his father would dislike it), I'm certain nothing would induce him to do it. I am sure he would throw

* Her sons gone to school.

† The old nurse.

me over, if it was even a question of displeasing his father, and I consider this the stronger proof of his extraordinary attachment and deference for his father.' However, he continued, he was only supposing a case, for nothing, he thought, could be wiser than your conduct to him. He told me he had invited Lord W. to dine with him on the 3rd.

I enclose a letter from Lady Jersey, which I again opened, thinking it was meant for me. She refused going to Peel's before there was any idea of the Duke's going there, and so did Lord Rosslyn, which, I have no doubt, they both now regret. If you go there, be careful what you say about Pozzo, for she has written to him several times to ask what he thinks of the Portfolio. He did not answer her at first, but to-day he told me that, having received another letter pressing him, he had answered: '*Que voulez-vous que je vous dise sur des publications scandaleuses et frauduleuses excepté que nous sommes dans le siècle des scandales!*' He is so determined not to give an opinion that he will not look into the archives here, where he knows he should find the despatches, in order that he may be able to say with a little more truth that he knows nothing about them. Mr. Arbuthnot has written to me to tell you he should be happy if you would sleep at his house on your way to town (supposing you to go to town from Apethorpe or the neighbourhood). He did not know where to direct to you. He very kindly sent a turkey to Ernest and Francis.

The Duke meant to stop at Fern Hill to-day on his way to Strathfieldsaye, and to sleep to-morrow night at Middleton to divide the journey to Peel's.

You will be sure to let me know where to direct to you. God bless you!

Count Pozzo di Borgo to Lady Burghersh.

PARIS,
August 16, 1837.

Your elections occupy much everyone I see ; their importance is both local and European. They confound the most experienced politicians, who dare not calculate their results. It is generally thought that the political apathy you speak of will [*illegible*] nobody, and they will persist in sailing the ship, or rather the plank, which is bound to be wrecked. The direction taken by so desperate a course makes the boldest tremble under the circumstances, all the more as these who are venturing on the experiment do not know the consequences of such a course.

The marriage you speak of is worse than, in these times, a man should venture on. Be it said that the corruption of the heart, when it reaches a certain point, takes away the intelligence even of those most gifted. I have not seen Madame de Lieven ;* she fled from England, and arrived at Abbeville. She thought herself dying ; sent an express to the Austrian Secretary, Thun, who was then at Boulogne : 'Come, sir, and receive my last sigh.' The gentleman starts, and finds the dying lady has left for Paris. The same message to Pagherport : 'Come with a doctor.' Just as they are preparing to start, the lady appears in the Rue de Rivoli ! There are saner people in Bedlam ! However, she is now installed—receiving, arguing, and very much bored with herself.

Prince Talleyrand to Lady Burghersh.

PARIS
(Probably 1837).

It is a long time since I have recalled myself to your recollection. I have often wanted to do so, but I was

* Formerly Russian Ambassadress in London.

unwell, and liked to be alone, and all that makes one rather cross—and crossness is a bad state of mind in which to write, especially to one of the people one likes best and appreciates most—and then, what could I write about? I know nothing of what is going on in the world; everything is diminishing, and my eyes are no longer strong enough to read the very small print of to-day. I do not read—I only reread—and thus I saw in an old book that Leibnitz used to say that ‘there is for every age a degree of ambition which Nature itself tells us we cannot exceed.’ I have attained the age when one is good for nothing, and I obey the dictates of Nature, and so I take no part in anything that is going on. I even hear it all only a little late.

Lady Burghersh to Lord Burghersh.

Friday, January 31, 1840.

MY DEAREST,

. . . I have a curious story to tell you to-day. Just as I was sealing my letter to you yesterday, a letter was brought to me from Lord Melbourne with ‘Immediate’ upon it. I can’t send it to you, because the Duke has not returned it to me, but this is the tenor of its contents: That he wished very much to see me; he was in the greatest embarrassment and anxiety to know what the Duke intended to do to-night upon the Precedency Question. Could no arrangement be come to with the Duke to avert most serious and fearful consequences—such as should not be caused by such a question?

This is as nearly as I recollect it. I sent it directly to the Duke, and wrote with it that I thought I had better see him as well as hear from him, before I

answered Lord Melbourne. He came directly. He said : ' This puts me into a very great embarrassment. Lord Lyndhurst and most of the other principal persons in the House of Lords are gone out of town (having a holiday to day), and without consulting them I cannot enter into any sort of negotiations or understanding with Lord Melbourne. If Lord Lyndhurst was in town, I would consult him directly, as I think myself that an arrangement might be come to which would satisfy the Queen, and be just to the Royal Family also ; but then I don't know that I could carry the House of Lords with me, so very strong is the feeling against the Bill, and it is impossible for me to hint at such a thing to Lord Melbourne without the knowledge and consent of the party. Indeed, it would be highly disagreeable to the party, and probably very imprudent, if I should lend myself to any communication with Lord Melbourne out of the House of Lords ; and it is a matter of great consideration and prudence how far you may go in talking or writing to him—as from yourself—about my intentions and views. At the same time, I should be very sorry to give Lord Melbourne any reason to suppose that I am indifferent to wounding the Queen's feelings, or that I am actuated by any motive but justice and anxiety for her ultimate welfare,' etc.

I told him that I was rejoiced to hear what he said. Knowing the importance of his not giving in to Lord Melbourne, and that I certainly felt rather averse to having much to do with him—as I thought his conduct last year had not corresponded to his professions to me—still, I thought it was better that I should convey to him (as from myself) anything that could tend to allay the Queen's anger against the

Duke, and keep the Duke clear of anything like an understanding with him. We had a conversation of an hour and a half, and I thought him most wise in all he said—extremely mild, but very much determined to stick by the party. I was pretty well in possession of the case—as he had the day before entered into it very fully—and told me of his correspondence with the King of Hanover, and of all the difficulties that surrounded the question, one of which is that the two Dukes (Sussex and Cambridge), having written their consent to the Queen, now say they understood it was for her life only—and the Bill makes it for his, which they won't consent to. We agreed upon the answer which I wrote to Lord Melbourne, and which was this :

That I had seen the Duke, and learnt from him that, though he had not seen any of the Lords since Monday last, his notion was to pass the second reading of the Bill this day, and to make such alterations as might be found necessary in the Committee ; that my own impression was that he was very unwilling to do anything to embarrass the Government ; but that he appeared to me to consider that the question at present stood upon very awkward grounds. I added I should always have pleasure in seeing him if he called.

The Duke considers his note to me as indicative of a falling to pieces, and that the fearful consequences he alludes to means that she might send for any other person than him (the Duke) when the Ministry resign. My own opinion is that they will hold on, whatever happens, till after the marriage.

The Duke's intention in passing the second reading to-night is to show that he does not want to delay the

Bill, and to give time for him to consult with his Lords. His idea of an arrangement would be to grant him the precedence during the Queen's life only, and always with the exception of the Heir Presumptive or Apparent. But he said he should not adopt it unless he found a general satisfaction amongst the Peers, and he knows there are two divisions of his supporters, both, for different reasons, equally violent against granting the precedence.

CHAPTER III

1842—1847: BERLIN

IN 1841 the Tory Government came into power again under Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Burghersh was appointed Minister at Berlin. In the same year he succeeded his father, Lord Westmorland, who died in December; and as it became necessary for Lord and Lady Burghersh to remain in England for some months to settle their affairs, it was not until August, 1842, that they set out to take up their residence permanently in Berlin, where they were to remain for nine years. *En route* they stopped at Cologne, where the King of Prussia and a great gathering of German royalties and statesmen were assembled for a festival in honour of the restoration of Cologne Cathedral, and from thence went on to stay with the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (whose acquaintance, as well as that of his brother Leopold, they had made in Germany in 1813) at a shooting-lodge in the Thuringian Hills, finally arriving at Berlin on October 1. The first letter from there is to Mr. Hood, the tutor with whom George and Julian Fane had been left, who remained an intimate friend of the family throughout his life.

Lady Westmorland came to England every summer during her mother's life, and her letters to her husband during these visits are full of the social and political talk of the day, and throw many curious sidelights on the inner working of political wheels, which just at this period were much complicated, both at home and abroad.

In Prussia, King William IV., on his accession (1840), had promised a Constitution to the country; but there were many difficulties in carrying out this project, owing to the strong Conservative instincts of the



JOHN FANE, LORD BURGHESH, AFTERWARDS ELEVENTH EARL OF WESTMORLAND.

From the engraving by M. COLNAGHI of picture by SANDERS.

To face page 54.

aristocracy. Baron Bunsen, the Prussian Minister in London, and a favourite with the King, was known to be urging him in the direction of advanced Liberalism, to which the Prince of Prussia (afterwards Emperor William I.) and most of the Court party were opposed. This explains Baron Bunsen's conversation with Lady Westmorland. In 1847 the Constitution was granted, and the first Prussian Parliament met in Berlin.

Other letters from London in 1845 deal with Queen Victoria's first visit to Germany, in August, 1845, when she stayed with the King of Prussia on the Rhine, on the way to Coburg. She had seen the Prince of Prussia in England in 1844, but this was her first meeting with the Princess.

In 1846 the agitation about the Corn Laws reached a climax. Sir Robert Peel carried the repeal in the teeth of the opposition of his usual supporters. In revenge they drove him from office by supporting the Radicals in defeating an Irish Coercion Bill. The anger of the old Tories was very deep against him for his praise of Cobden, whose attacks on the landed interest had caused very great resentment. Mr. Gladstone—as appears by his biography—shared this disapproval.

Lady Westmorland to Mr. Hood.

BERLIN,
October 16, 1842.

I continue to read the Sunday's service, and my congregation is always joined by my lord as well as the secretaries, which gives me great pleasure. They act as clerks with the assistance of Rose. Both Rose and I begin to pick up a good deal of German. I have got a master, and have taken a German nursery-maid for her.

October, 1842.

[*First part missing.*] . . . the death of my dear uncle, Lord Wellesley.* I never doubted the truth of the

* Marquis Wellesley, the Duke's eldest brother.

report, on account of his great age, and as I had heard that he was unwell, though my parents were not alarmed about him. The next day (yesterday) confirmed the intelligence, which grieves me sadly, for I loved and revered him, and he was ever most kind and affectionate to me. Besides which, I cannot bear to think of the first beginning of the breaking up of all those brothers, who are now all so far advanced in life ; and I know it will be a severe blow to my father and mother, who were both excessively attached to Lord Wellesley. This event, of course, has prevented my going out or seeing anybody.

I passed ten days with the Duke of Coburg,* partly at Coburg, and partly at his different hunting-seats in the neighbourhood of Coburg and of Gotha, and we paid two visits to Gotha with him. I was charmed with all his possessions, the beauty of the country, the kindness and hospitality of the Duke, and the familiar and friendly footing he is on with every class of the people.

We were on Sunday with him at Oberhoff, a small hunting-lodge of the highest part of the Thuringian Mountains, where we had gone for a chase on Saturday, and we went to the little village church, the congregation entirely composed of the peasants of the village. The service (in German) is like the Scotch service. I could not understand the whole sermon, but I could follow a good deal of it, and I was much pleased with the manner of the priest and the demeanour of the congregation. The Duke said the sermon was excellent, and very well adapted to the congregation.

* Father of Prince Albert.

The King of Hanover to Lady Westmorland.

HANOVER,
January 9, 1844.

DEAR LADY BURGHERSH,

As you informed me in your last letter, which I received this day week, that you proposed accompanying your worthy spouse to pay a visit to the Duke of Coburg, where I did not choose to spoil your pleasure, and the various amusements at his Court, I postponed replying to your kind and friendly letters till I conceived you had returned back to Berlin. I therefore now venture to obtrude myself upon your attention, and I do so the more as, alas ! I fear I have little hopes of getting to Berlin at this moment. Unfortunately, the obstinacy, weakness, not to say ill-will, of the Duke of Brunswick has given me much to do here, and, between ourselves, the Government at Berlin has allowed itself to be duped by the Duke's Government. All this has given me, gives me, and will give me, much to do, and absorbs not only much of my time, but causes me infinite worry and pain ; in short, the pleasant prospect I had given myself of going and passing three or four weeks at Berlin with my friends, and relaxing myself from my irksome and constant attention to business, I fear I must give up, and believe me I do it with regret ; but I cannot at this moment leave this place, especially as I am under the necessity of assembling my States here—probably next month. All this, as you may suppose, worries me very much, and does not contribute either to comfort or happiness. This being the case, I hope you will, whenever it suits you and Burghersh, come and see me here, when I will try to do my best and amuse you in this doleful place ; for you must not suppose we are

as gay or as amusing as Berlin, where you have Italian operas, French plays, and a grand ballet, to feast both eyes and everything else. I hear at Gotha you had a ballet and everything delectable for mind and body ; here we are but poor and miserable creatures, and figure not to yourself anything extraordinary ; but at least one thing you may depend upon, a most hearty welcome, and Burghersh will find his rubber at whist every evening.

I have excellent accounts of my sister Mary,* and also a more favourable one of Halford. The papers state that Lord Lonsdale is unwell ; I trust it is no consequence. My best regards to Burghersh, and let me hear from you very soon again, and inform me of all your amusements at Gotha.

Yours faithfully.

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

[Whilst delayed at Brussels by bad weather, Lady Westmorland paid a visit to King Leopold and Queen Louise at Laeken.]

BRUSSELS,
Friday, June 21, 1844.

MY DEAREST,

I have decided to wait here till to-morrow, then go to Ostend, and (if the weather favours) to go over from there on Sunday morning with Captain Smithett. The King and Queen both strongly advised me to do so, saying the vessel (which they have crossed in) is so very superior to the other packets. I am not sorry to delay going over, for yesterday it blew a hurricane here ; rained all the afternoon, and was as cold as November. To-day it is better weather, but still stormy.

* Duchess of Gloucester ; died 1908.

I was most kindly received at Laeken. There was no one but the two Ladies-in-Waiting, and a few men, none of whom, except Van Pratt and Sir Leyton, I knew.

The King looks remarkably well, and both he and the Queen were most amiable and kind. I am to go back there this morning and take Rose. The children are all much improved, and very handsome children—the little girl lovely.

The King told me the news from England, of which I knew nothing—I mean about the Sugar Question.* He said Peel's management was admirable and his power immense, 'and thank God for it. Long may he preserve it for the blessing of England! He is the only man who can govern that country now,' and a great deal more in the same strain. He had received a long letter yesterday morning from his niece† upon this subject, expressing the same feeling, and saying she had been 'in perfect agony' at the idea of P.'s being beat. She has the most entire confidence in him, and not only that, but a sincere attachment has taken the place of the dislike and prejudice she once had against him.

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

BRUSSELS,
Saturday Morning, June 22, 1844.

MY DEAREST,

Having time before the train goes to Ostend, I write again. We really passed a very pleasant day at Laeken. We went at one, and did not come back until five. As soon as I arrived, the Queen sent to the

* The Ministry had been defeated on a motion in favour of giving preference to Colonial sugar, but this vote was rescinded on the 17th by a majority of twenty-two.

† Queen Victoria.

King, telling me he had said he should leave all his business to pass the time with me comfortably. They took us all through the gardens to the children's garden, where we found a luncheon prepared under the trees, and the King and Queen and I sat there, while the children and Rose played about. The weather had quite changed since the morning, and the afternoon was beautiful.

The King was excessively communicative and agreeable, and altogether I never passed a pleasanter time. They were both very kind, and desired a great many messages to you, and hope you will stop to see them on your way to England.

King Louis Philippe is to go to England in September, but the King and Queen from here will not go to meet him. The King charged me with a letter for Stockmar. He told me he wanted to send it by a sure hand, as it related to the late visit.*

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

Thursday, June 5, 1845.

MY DEAREST,

The adjourned debate† in the House of Lords yesterday spoilt our dinner and concert a good deal, as neither the Duke of Wellington nor the Duke of Cambridge could come to dinner; and as the Archbishop‡ (though he seemed uncommonly well) did not go to the concert, Lord Cawdor was the only Director present. There was also a disappointment—Madame Hasselt Barth (who had pleased very much, I hear, at the rehearsal) having been taken ill, and could not appear. Pischek sang most beautifully. I never

* Of the Emperor of Russia to England.

† On the Maynooth Bill.

‡ Harcourt, of York.

heard Beethoven's 'Adelaide' sung with so much feeling and effect. I was much disappointed in Miss Birch. She screamed—was several times too sharp—and she loaded 'Vengo a voi' with all sorts of frightful *floriture*, so that one really hardly recognized the beautiful melody, which the Duchesse Laute used to sing so well. She sang in the English glee better. The room seemed full. The Duchess of Cambridge was highly pleased with my sending her your report of the Grand Duchess, which was the first account she got of her, and she sent my note on to the Duchess of Gloucester. I saw the Duke of Wellington yesterday morning in high spirits, and very much pleased with the debate and his own speech, and with reason, for everybody says it was admirable; and I am sure you will admire the high tone he took in giving the reasons for thinking this the time to offer conciliations. It would have been better if Sir R. had taken the same line. The Duke was quite fresh and well yesterday, though he had had no dinner of any kind, either Monday or Tuesday, thinking it better not to eat before he speaks, and fancying it too late to eat at night. I hope he won't overdo this abstemious system.

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

Monday Morning, July 7, 1845.

DEAREST,

My dinner yesterday at the Palace was very satisfactory. I went with the Duke. After dinner the Queen took me aside, and talked to me nearly the whole time till the gentlemen came in, almost all about her journey. She asked if Lord W. would not come with the King to the Rhine. I said yes, and she said, 'I am very glad, and pray tell him that I

shall be delighted to see him.' She then said, 'I hope you will be there, too. It will give me great pleasure to see you both there.' She also said, 'I am sure you will feel as we do, and often think of the poor Duke,* who would so much have enjoyed our visit to Coburg;' and then she went on into a long talk about him, and our visits to him, and the places we had been at together, and talked of him with the greatest feeling. I should infer, from the manner in which she talked to me of who was to be at Coburg and Gotha, naming the King and Queen of the Belgians, the Grand Duchess Julie, and how they were to be lodged—she and Prince Albert in grandmama's summer palace with her, etc.—that she intends us to be there, but I can't be sure. Queen Louise asked me if we should, and I said, 'We depend on Her Majesty's orders.'

I had spoken to Leopold the other day in confidence about the Princess of Prussia, and told him how she had written to me that she could not go to Stolzenfels, because the King did not wish to have *nous autres* (meaning, I suppose, the Princesses), and that, as the Queen would not receive any visits at Gotha and Coburg, she was afraid she would not have any opportunity of seeing her. Leopold, who is a great admirer of the Princess, said he would speak to the Queen, for that it would be monstrous for her to go to Germany and not make the acquaintance of the most accomplished Princess there. Last night the Queen, when she took me aside out of the circle, said to me, 'I want to speak to you about the Princess of Prussia. I know she is a great friend of yours and a very charming person, and I have always made sure of seeing her at the King of Prussia's château, but I hear she is not to

* Prince Albert's father, who died in 1844.

be there. I told her then exactly what the Princess had written to me. She said, 'Will not the Prince of Prussia come with the King?' I said, 'Yes; I heard he was to be there.' She said she thought it very odd that the Princess should not come with him. What could be the reason? I answered that it was not the custom for the Princesses to go with the King and Queen on their journeys, and that perhaps, as there was not much room, the King had not asked her, and that she was herself so unassuming and so considerate to others more than herself that, great as her desire was to see the Queen, I was sure she would not put herself forward unless the King invited her. The Queen said, 'Well, I don't know what to do, for I must see her. I particularly wish it, and yet I have been obliged to decline positively seeing anybody at Coburg or Gotha except the family. If I had not, all the Princes and Princesses in Germany would have come there, and we should have no comfort whatever. I cannot make an exception for the Princess of Prussia as such; but if she should be at Weimar with her parents, she could come with them to Gotha as one of the family, as they are near relations. I said, 'May I write and tell Her Royal Highness what Your Majesty has said?' and she said, 'Oh yes! pray do! but I had much rather she should come to Stolzenfels.' I told all this afterwards to King Leopold, and he said, 'Don't you think, if the King of Prussia knew that the Queen wished to have the Princess of Prussia at Stolzenfels, he would ask her? Could you not manage to give him a hint?' I asked him if he thought I might venture to have it conveyed to the King? and he said, 'Oh yes; you can do it privately and delicately—not as from the Queen, but as what she said to you.'

Between you and B., I have no doubt you will do it discreetly, so I leave it to you.' I shall write a few lines to the Princess before I start, telling her what the Queen said to me; but I shall not say anything about mentioning it to the King.

I believe the Queen has not talked of her journey to anybody else—certainly not to the Duchess of Cambridge; for she asked me what the Queen had been talking about to me so much, and when I said the journey, she said, 'Oh, pray tell me where is she to go,' etc. In the evening there came a smattering of people (much too few for the rooms), and we had music.

The Millanolos* had great effect. The Queen spoke to me several times during the concert, and was delighted with them. Madame Dorm Gras† was very warm in her greeting of me and inquiries after you. Lord Aberdeen was not there, which I was sorry for. I can't give you an idea when Parliament will be up. Brougham (who comes to me constantly) told me he thought it would be by July 25, and the Duke last night said it would be the second week in August. But I think you will come to the Rhine, certainly, as soon as the King of Prussia comes. I shall be anxious to hear how you get at the King to commune about the Princess. I shall be glad if we can manage it. . . .

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

MY DEAREST,

LONDON,
Sunday, July 13, 1845.

Yesterday I dined at Sir R. Peel's with a large party, Cambridges, Dietrichsteins, Sotomayor, R. Fagel,

* Two young girls who had great success as violinists.

† A celebrated singer of the day.

etc. I sat between the Duke of Cambridge and Dedel. After dinner Sir Robert came to sit by me, and talked to me more than ever he did before, and I own I thought him extremely agreeable. He talked a great deal about the Queen, with a great deal of feeling and attachment, and admiration of her talents and qualities. Also of politics abroad, particularly of Belgium and Prussia.

I went after dinner to Lady Palmerston's, who had some amateur music. I was disappointed at not meeting Lord Aberdeen at dinner—not that I think it at all necessary that he should write to you. What the Queen said to me makes your position quite certain. The Queen goes to-morrow to the Isle of Wight, and comes to town again to see King Leopold off, and then is to return to the Isle of Wight; but I suppose she will be obliged to come back when the King of Holland comes.

I went this morning to the Hanover Chapel to hear your service, which I had asked for. It was very well done. The anthem, 'My God, my heart is fully bent,' sung by Miss Messent well, but I don't much like her voice.

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

July, 1845.

Bunsen began by asking me how the King and Prince of Prussia were together now. I said I believed very well; they all seemed on most affectionate terms. He said he had been very anxious to see me; knowing the great intimacy and confidence that existed between the Prince and Princess of Prussia and me, he was sure I knew a great deal of their feelings, and that upon that subject he had no means of ever hear-

ing the truth, and that it was most interesting to him, as so much of the King's happiness and the welfare of the country depended on the Prince coming to the King's views, and not allowing himself to be swayed by the very bad entourage, he had people who wished to separate him from the King and make a tool of him ; that his good sense and talents were great, but that he often allowed those persons too much influence over him. I said I had no idea of any such wish on the part of any of those about the Prince, nor had I ever heard of anything of the sort. I disclaimed knowing anything of the rapports between the King and Prince, but said I did know that the Prince was not (as had been supposed) averse to all change, as both you and I had heard him speak in a way we both thought most sensible and reasonable on the subject. On this he entered at large on the subject. He said it had been said and supposed that he (B.) had been the person who had originated the idea and incited the King to think of giving a Constitution—that it was no such thing—that the King never mentioned the subject in any way to him till the last time he went to Berlin, when the King told him his mind was very uneasy, and that he wanted his opinion. Bunsen then told him that he (the King) was already losing much of his popularity, that there was much discontent throughout his dominions, and that—especially in the Rhenish Provinces—if there should ever be a war with France, he would lose them in a week. That he must remember he had no army. He had fine troops to show at reviews and parades now in time of peace, but if war came he could not reckon upon a regiment. The King said if there should be a war, and he was to call upon his people,

he believed they would rise and follow him as they had done his father.

Bunsen told him he was entirely mistaken. He did not believe they would stir for him. That the opinions he had always expressed, and the hope he had given on his accession, not having been followed up by action of any kind, had seriously diminished the confidence and attachment of his own subjects and of all Germany. A great deal more in the same strain he told me he had said (and I have no doubt he drove the poor King half wild), and it ended in the King desiring him to put upon paper his ideas as to what he ought to do. Bunsen then wrote his project of a Constitution. He assured me that his project contained only such changes as were become absolutely necessary, and would be most certainly forced from the King if he did not concede them. But that he was most anxious, if anything was done, to do at once all that could or ever was intended to be done ; to let it be well understood and declared that the first measure was to be final and the only one, to put an end at once to any further expectations or demands (and on this he said he differed from the Prince of Prussia, who, in his conversations with him in England, seemed to wish, if anything was done, it should be done bit by bit). But, Bunsen said, above all things he advised the King not to think of making any change or declaration until he had made preparations, and most particularly two preparations. The first, to form round him an aristocracy who would protect and support his power ; and to do that he must conciliate and bring near him the fifteen or sixteen men of high birth and property belonging to the different provinces, who now never came near Berlin or took any part in the Government. These men

should not only be brought near the King's person, but should, as much as possible, be made part of the Government. Next, the King must provide for the payment of the Church, for he would never get the States to do that. He went into a good many more details, which are not necessary to repeat, the interesting part being how all this was received. He said the King was thoroughly convinced of the justness and truth of all he said—that he was a man of the quickest intelligence and the most conscientious wish to do right, but that he had a natural backwardness to *act*. However eager he was upon any project, he always had a difficulty at the moment of executing; and, of course, this was very much increased when there were such real difficulties to be got over as the opposition of Austria and Russia, the opinions of many persons he was accustomed to respect, and, above all, the objections of the Prince of Prussia. I said: 'But you say that, when the Prince was here, he agreed to all your principles, only wished them to be carried out by degrees.' He said that when the Prince was here his intelligence seemed to have been expanded by all he saw and heard; that he found him not only intelligent, but wise, and open to all truth; and that he had even told him that he highly approved of the project of the Constitution Bunsen had drawn up, but that, from what he had since heard, he much feared his bad entourage had got about him since his return to Berlin, and that they had now set him entirely against the project. I then said: 'You are entirely mistaken; and though I feel I never should mention anything I hear from the Prince of Prussia to anyone, I cannot help telling you that just before I left Berlin I heard the Prince tell Lord Westmorland

that, if any change were to take place, he considered your project by far the best.' On this Bunsen jumped up, caught hold of my hand, and *burst into tears!* He thanked me a thousand times for telling him, said nothing could have given him so much pleasure, paid a thousand compliments to you and me, wished the Prince and King had only such friends as us about him, etc. He said he knew what great use you were at Berlin, that Lord A. had told him on several occasions that he believed your good temper and amenity had often softened Monsieur Bülow's communications, which were sometimes of rather an offensive nature, and that the King had written to him that you had done a great deal to soften things between Berlin and Hanover, and also that you had been the means of reconciling the King of Hanover and the Duke of Brunswick. He asked me how Bülow was; said he heard he was in an uncomfortable state and very irascible; that it was a great misfortune in a man who had to treat with Foreign Ministers—that to many he had given offence, and that he believed it was owing to some disgust at the tone of his communications that Prince Metternich had lately addressed a very long letter to the King himself, against the introduction of a Constitution, instead of through Bülow; that he (Bunsen) always thought that Bülow did not sufficiently feel that the only guarantee for the safety and welfare of Prussia was in a close alliance with England; that Bülow always had a leaning towards France, which was absurd, for that whenever war broke out in Europe, on whatever pretence, France most assuredly would immediately pounce upon the Rhenish Provinces, Russia would fall foul of Austria, and Prussia could do nothing at all between the two without England. The King

knows all this very well, and is besides strongly attached to England ; but Bunsen has often thought that, if we had not a person so conciliating and of so much weight as Lord Westmorland at Berlin, Bülow would not have kept on such good terms with our Government. He says he believes the change in the plans of the Empress of Russia and her not coming to Berlin is owing to the anger of the Emperor at the talked-of changes in the Government in Prussia. He spoke also of the supposed letter of Guizot, read by the Marquis de Dalmatie,* and said that, till Lord Aberdeen told him it had been read to you too, he thought that it had been a mystification of Bülow by Monsieur Dalmatie. He can't conceive what Dalmatie (or Guizot, if he ever wrote the letter) could mean by it, for he says Lord Aberdeen showed him Guizot's despatch upon the Swiss affairs, in which there was not one word about the Conference anywhere. This is pretty nearly all he said. For myself, I did little more than listen, gave no opinion, and only told him just as much of the Prince of Prussia's conversation as would show that the idea of his entourage setting him against the project of which he approved was false. I begged he would consider what I told him of the Prince's expression about his project as in the strictest confidence, and only drawn from me by my friendship for him, and thinking it right to undeceive him as to those round the Prince.

Lord Aberdeen asked me at the Duchess of Kent's if the King of Hanover was not in a very declining state ; that he heard he was excessively altered, very feeble, and almost blind. I told him the Queen had said the same thing to me in the morning, and I had

* Marquis de Dalmatie, French Minister in Berlin.

told her I thought the King was pretty much the same as when he was in England, not apparently blinder than then, and very little (if at all) aged or weaker than at that time. Lord Aberdeen said the Queen had heard it, as he had done, from Kielmansegge, who said that he had given up riding or walking, and seldom left his room. I said that might have been at the time he was ill a month ago, but that when I left him he was as I stated. Lord Aberdeen said he had behaved remarkably well towards this country. How did he get on in his own? I said: 'Why, very well, too. He is always steady, and that is a great point in a Sovereign, because then people know *à quoi s'en tenir*.' He laughed, and said: 'I suppose you are alluding to your own King, who is unsteady enough, to be sure!' I said: 'Why, it is difficult to know *à quoi s'en tenir* with him.' He asked: 'What does your friend the Prince of Prussia say to all that is going on?' I said: 'I think you know exactly, for he spoke very confidentially to Burghersh, and I know B. wrote you an account of his conversation just before I left Berlin.' He said: 'Oh yes! I received that.' And at that moment (we were waiting on the staircase) his carriage was announced, and he went off. Whenever I can find any reason for asking to see him, I will go after him; but I don't think I could well go merely to pay him a visit, having seen him.

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

Tuesday, June 30, 1846.

DEAREST,

I am come home, having been a long time with the Duke and seen Brougham and the Beauvales, and I shall tell you all I have heard which is to be de-

pended upon. There was no Cabinet yesterday after the return of Peel. He saw only Aberdeen and Graham, and wrote a note to the Duke merely saying he should announce the change of Government in the House at five.* He (Peel) was immensely cheered by the mob (chiefly consisting of well-dressed, respectable persons) both on his way to and from the House. His carriage almost carried by the cheerers. His speech praising Cobden has caused great and general disgust. Our friends say he is mad, and consider the line he has taken very insulting to those who have eaten dirt for him. The Protectionists, of course, are more furious than ever; and John Russell is not satisfied, as he fears this praise of Cobden will raise his pretensions, and he wants to keep as clear as he can of Radicals.

The Queen wrote to J. R. on Sunday, saying she should charge him to form a Ministry; but that, as she is not strong, she wished to postpone seeing him till to-day, and he went to her this morning. She comes to town Friday. I hear she expressed very great regret at parting with the Government. Sir J. Clark has written to Lord J. R. to say that the Queen is far from well, very nervous and low-spirited, and to beg him to make matters as easy as he can for her. This is very secret.

The arrangement for places seems to be to conciliate Lord Grey, who is satisfied to remain out of office; but Sir G. Grey is to be Secretary for the Colonies, and Charles Wood Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Granville, Chamberlain; the Duke of Bedford to be offered Master of the Horse. The Queen's ladies

* The division against Sir R. Peel's Irish Coercion Bill was taken after a six days' sitting, on June 25.

all to remain as they are, except the Duchess of Buccleuch, who goes.

It is supposed that Peel will support the new Government, but will not carry anybody with him, except Aberdeen. It is positive fact that four months ago Aberdeen informed J. R. that he should have his cordial support! If P. supports him, the Protectionists certainly will not, and he cannot go on without them or the Radicals. My uncle's opinion is that Peel has now entirely separated himself from all the rest of his friends, and that the disjointed party will come together again by next year without him. He is much disgusted and angry. The Whigs are pretty safe till next session, that is certain, as they don't mean to attempt anything likely to be opposed this year. The Duke will retain the Army, abstaining from giving either support or opposition in Parliament, and he will not make use of your proxy. Palmerston saw Lady Beauvale yesterday, and, on her mentioning us, said: 'You may be quite easy on that point; indeed, you have enough in writing to make you so, which I should not have given without being pretty sure on the subject. I am very glad he is gone back; it is quite right he should be at his post.' I am invited to dine with the Palmerstons on Wednesday. John goes off this evening with the horses, who were put on board this morning. I shall write to-morrow and Thursday to Berlin via Ostend. I hope to hear from you to-morrow. The Duke is very confidential; he talks very openly. I have been to the Duchess of Gloucester's, which makes me rather late.

*Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.**Wednesday, July 1, 1846.*

DEAREST,

. . . I went nowhere last night but to Grosvenor Square. I am now going to the Duke, and shall finish on my return. I did not tell you of the dinner at Brougham's on Monday. I sat between him and Lord Ellenborough. I was astounded at the foolish and absurd talk of the latter. Amongst other things, he said he was very sorry for the termination of the Oregon question,* and should have been much more so had he continued in office, for that all he wished and hoped was to settle that affair—not with pen and ink, but with sword! This in a mixed company, from a Cabinet Minister hardly out of office! Then I heard him hold forth to Mrs. Dawson, who was on the other side of him, abusing the Admiralty—the arrangement of the whole thing—the way of doing business. He said if he had remained in office he would have *transmogrified the whole establishment from top to bottom*. I never heard a man talk in such a reckless and wild manner.

Brougham himself was violently excited at Peel's speech, and between the two (as I told the Duke) I might as well have been in a room in Bedlam.

I resume after coming home. . . .

The Duke told me John Russell has asked for an interview with him to-morrow morning. He supposes it is to make arrangements about the Duke's continuance at his business (C.-in-C.), which he will do, confining himself to that. He showed me the

* A dispute between Great Britain and the United States as to the Oregon boundary, which had at one time threatened to be serious.

Queen's letter to him. The Duke believes that Peel and Lord Aberdeen will assist John Russell in his work, but those two alone ; and he thinks Peel done for for ever. . . . I dine at the Beauforts' with the Duke.

I believe none of the Protectionists will now support John Russell.

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

Thursday, July 2, 1846.

DEAREST,

. . . I sat by the Duke at dinner yesterday, who told me he had seen John Russell, who had called upon him. He was very anxious to make everything smooth for the Duke's remaining. Expressed great anxiety for his own part as well as the Queen's, and gratitude at the Duke's acquiescence—with the proviso that he would not do anything to obstruct or to assist the rest of the concern, and that he should leave off going to the House of Lords. I must tell you that the Duke, in his answer to the Queen's most pressing and kind letter (which he showed me), said that, though he was ever ready to do anything the Queen required, he felt that on this occasion it was absolutely necessary to have, not only the complete approbation of John Russell to the arrangement, but a strong wish on his part, or that of whoever might be in his place, and this wish Russell very handsomely expressed ; so it is settled. John Russell then talked of Peel, and much lamented the praise bestowed by him,* which has so much disgusted us all. He does not seem to reckon on any real assistance from Peel. The Queen, I hear,

* Peel had given great offence to the Tory party by his great praise of Cobden in the House of Commons. (See above, p. 72, and also the Queen's Letters, vol. ii., p. 83.)

is very much affected at all that is passing; would not believe it at first; did all to prevent it, and is now very much distressed.

The Duke has written a letter to Peel, telling him the dismay produced by his winding up, and representing to him the mischief and absurdity of the praise.* Peel is gone out of town without taking the slightest notice of the Duke or any of the others, except his friend Dalby, whom the Duke *abominates*. He says he 'run sulky' two years ago (he don't know why), and has been insufferable ever since.

Now for politics. The list which appeared yesterday in the *Morning Post* from the *Times* is, I believe, pretty correct. Lord Palmerston is to be in the House of Lords, because neither Lord Clarendon nor Lord Lansdowne will lead. The Queen wishes Lord Liverpool to continue Lord Steward, but he has not yet given his answer. Lord Granville is to be Chamberlain. The Queen comes up to-day. Lord John wishes to keep clear of the Rads if he can, and still hopes for support from the Protectionist Party. As far as I can make out from what is said on all sides, I should say they would leave him quietly to end this session, but will get up a formidable opposition to him during the recess. Peel is considered to have completely separated himself from the Conservative Party by his last speech, and it is thought he will form a party of his own, which will be more democratic than any of the others.

Amongst the jokes going, one is that O'Connell says he shall have Peel at Conciliation Hall! The Whigs say his praise of Cobden has given them great embarrassment; some go so far as to say that it

* Of Cobden.

was a trick to force them to take Cobden, knowing that it would deprive them of the Protection support.

We had a fine dinner at Bunsen's; you will see the list. I always feel your absence a sad blank, but all the time I could not help feeling it was well you were away, for you would be so bored by the remarks and questions. Everybody says something provoking, 'Suppose you are gone to *déménager*—that I shall not go back any more,' asks, 'Who is to succeed us?' etc. I answer that I know nothing, except that my intention is to follow you in August.

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

Monday, July 6, 1846.

DEAREST,

I have a good deal to tell you since I wrote on Saturday. If you recollect poor old Al's* sobriquet of Sieti Varas, you will know who S. V.† is in future.

On my return from Lady Shelley's on Saturday (which was not till eight o'clock, as I was kept so long waiting for my carriage), I found a note from my friend Adine,‡ telling me that she had been desired by Palmerston to inform me that the Queen had said to Lord John Russell that she did not wish to interfere with any arrangements except in two instances—one to desire that a person might be retained in his present position, viz., S. V.; the other request was not to take back a former servant, of which more by-and-by. Palmerston adds that nothing could give him more pleasure than an order which so entirely concurred with his own wishes, and, indeed, with those of Lord John; but they had both feared they might be

* Query Alava.

† Lord Westmorland.

‡ Lady Beauvale.

pressed by other claimants, and have some difficulty. Now, however, what the Queen had said settled the matter for everybody. He also desired her to tell me that the Queen particularly requested that it might not be told at present that she had desired Westmorland to remain, because it would create jealousies, he (W.) being the only person of any description whom the Queen has so distinguished. I, of course, promised secrecy, and have not mentioned it to any creature except the Duke, though I burnt to tell it at Sarah's* last night, when she said 'there was a report that the Queen had desired all the servants on that establishment to be kept on, and that that, of course, would include Westmorland.' However, I held my tongue. The real fact will soon be known, I doubt not, but not by me. Nothing can be more flattering or agreeable both for the present and the future, as it shows a decided partiality on the part of the Queen; and it certainly struck Palmerston so, for he said to Adine: 'I don't think your friends need fear now failing about the pension, as they have such a place.' I am sure you will be much pleased. The Duke was delighted when I told him.

I think it is very likely the Queen will write to her friends near you. I think when the uncle arrives I shall ask him to speak about the *investment*,† unless I should be invited to have a good opportunity of doing it myself. I don't know any other way. Lord Aberdeen is gone out of town, of course without seeing me.

You will see in the paper the lists of the new appointments. The Duchess of Sutherland returns as Mistress of the Robes, the Queen having written her

* Lady Jersey's.

† Order of the Bath.

a very kind and pressing letter. She has also requested Lord Liverpool to remain. Up to yesterday he had not given his answer, but it was thought he would refuse, and then Lord Fortescue is to be Lord Steward. Lord Spencer is Chamberlain, and the Duke of Norfolk Master of the Horse. There was a report that Sir R. Gordon was to remain at Vienna, as Lord Aberdeen had promised to support the Government; but I believe that Lord Ponsonby will have Vienna if he chooses (which is doubtful). Lord Minto refused it. Lord Granville has the Beefeaters, with which he is much dissatisfied, for a reason which I will tell you in my next letter. Remember this.

The Queen has written a beautiful letter to Lord Aberdeen, saying how much he has done in every part of the globe since he became Minister, thanking him for his services, and saying that, though he is no longer her Minister, she hopes he will ever remain 'our private friend.'

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

Tuesday, July 7, 1846.

There had been a good deal of talk as to where people were to sit—whether the remainder of the Peel Cabinet would sit with the Protectionists on the opposite benches or on the cross-benches; whether the Protectionists themselves would go at once to the opposite benches, etc. It seems to have been decided at once by Stanley and Brougham taking their places, and everyone else, as if by impulse, walking straight to the opposition benches. Lord Ellenborough said it was the first step of the Coalition between the broken sections of the party. I

said: 'For God's sake don't give it the odious name of Coalition, but call it Reconciliation!' which he agreed was the right word. Neither the Duke nor Lord Aberdeen were in the House, though the latter is come back to town. I am going to-day to dine with the Beauvales—I believe alone—and to-morrow I dine at Lord Palmerston's. Lord Lyndhurst asked me for Friday, but I have got a box with Pauline Neale to see Mademoiselle Rachel that day, who is only to act six times.

You will, I am sure, be sorry to hear that Charles Wellesley's eldest boy was seized with convulsions yesterday, and was in a state of great danger all day. He was a little better last night, but still not safe. I have just got a message from the Duke, begging me to go to him, and saying the child is worse. I shall go as soon as I can get the carriage. I am so sorry!

At four o'clock I got to Apsley House, just as the poor little boy breathed his last. The Duke is very much distressed at this sad event, and so sudden, too! The poor child was only taken ill Sunday evening. The other child is also ill. I stayed a long time with the Duke alone. He told me he had had a communication made to him (he did not say by whom) that the Queen had desired you to remain. This being the case, he advises you, should your proxy* be asked for by the Government, to give it at once, and we talked as to who you should send it to. He said you should send it to someone connected with the Government, and, after naming several, he said that you could not do better than entrust it to Lord Beauvale, as an old friend of yours, and one connected with the Government, yet not a red-hot Whig. He thinks it likely the

* Peers could then vote by proxy.



APETHORPE CHURCH, 1553.

From a water-colour drawing by B. RUDGE, 1846.

To face page 80.

Government may want all the proxies they can get, owing to the appearance of the House of Lords last night, where there were 79 peers present, and of whom only 19 sat on the Ministerial benches, and the remaining 60 on the opposite benches.

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

Wednesday, July 8.

DEAREST,

I am this moment come home and found a note from Lord Palmerston. I have just time (and no more) to make and send you a copy of it and my answer, which I must send so that he shall have it before I go to dinner. I hope you will be pleased. God bless you! The baby at Apsley House is better.

Lord Palmerston to Lady Westmorland.

3, CARLTON TERRACE,
July 8, 1846.

DEAR LADY WESTMORLAND,

The Queen and her Ministers think that it would be very conducive to the interests of the Crown that Westmorland should continue to be the Queen's representative at the Court of Berlin, and I should be very glad to know whether you are sufficiently in possession of his sentiments on that matter to be able to let me know whether he would be disposed to give us the advantage of the continuance of his services in his post. In regard to the general policy of which he would be the organ, I am persuaded that he would receive no instructions which he could feel any repugnance to execute; and, as to his personal relations with the Secretary of State, we are old friends, our acquaintance dating, indeed, from the days of Harrow,

and I am sure that our official intercourse would be agreeable to both of us.

Yours very sincerely,

PALMERSTON.

Lady Westmorland to Lord Palmerston.

UPPER HARLEY STREET,
July 8, 1846.

DEAR LORD PALMERSTON,

I have just received your note, and return you many thanks for it.

When Lord Westmorland left England the change of Government had not actually taken place, but the prospect of it was so imminent that he had, of course, considered the event in relation to himself, and I can give you the assurance that he will be most willing and be prepared to continue his services at Berlin as long as Her Majesty and her Ministers approve of them. The kind manner in which you speak of your personal relations will, I am sure, give him the greatest pleasure, and be sincerely reciprocated by him.

Believe me, very truly yours,

PRISCILLA WESTMORLAND.

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

Thursday, July 9, 1846.

DEAREST,

After I had sent my letter to you to the post yesterday, I wrote the answer to Lord Palmerston, just the same as the rough copy I sent you.

I was exceedingly gratified last night (and so will you be) with all that passed at and after dinner I must say it is impossible for anybody to have been

more amiable and pleasing than Lord Palmerston was; putting the whole matter as if your remaining at Berlin was a favour on your part and not his, and dwelling on your old friendship together, and the pleasure he felt at having relations with you. He told me that Bunsen had come to him, as soon as his appointment to the F.O. was probable, to say that your removal would be a real affliction to the King and the Royal Family at Berlin, and that he might say from the King that the greatest kindness Lord Palmerston could show him would be to induce you to remain there. He added that Bunsen had said a great deal more than he could repeat about both of us, and how impossible it would be to replace us, etc.

After dinner Bunsen and Brunnow* both told me that Lord Palmerston had announced to them both in the morning, at his levee, that he had written to me asking if you would remain, and that if I answered in the affirmative they might consider your remaining as settled, which he said he knew they both felt to be desirable; and he added, for himself, that you were one of his oldest friends, and that personally nothing could please him more than to have you *sous ses auspices*. They both said everything most gratifying. I took Lord Palmerston's letter to the Duke this morning. He thought nothing could be more satisfactory, and he highly approved of my answer. I expressed to Lord and Lady Palmerston how much pleased I was at his very kind and pleasing manner of doing the thing, and I think *they* were both pleased. Lord Palmerston desired me to tell you he should, by rights, write you by to-morrow's post, but if he

* The Russian Minister.

does not do so, it is because he is to go to Tiverton for his election. There was a small party after dinner; Lady Lincoln, Lady Norreys, and Mrs. Baring, sang. I saw Duncannon* there, who was very cordial and expressed great pleasure about us. He goes off on Monday to Ireland, which he says he abhors. He said he certainly should not stay above two years, and that he thought at the end of that time you might succeed him.

I found the Duke yesterday very low, and I think more grieved for the poor child's death than the day before, but this morning he was better. They were very anxious about the youngest child, but it is doing well. It had the same symptoms as the other.

The Queen wrote the Duke a very kind and feeling letter upon the sad event. Everybody shows the greatest sympathy. I go every morning to the Duke the first thing. Arbuthnot has been out of town some days, and Lady Douro is in waiting, so the Duke has no one with him.

I saw Mr. Anson yesterday, who told me that the Court will stay ten days at Osborne, and that King Leopold will not come until they return to town. Baron Stockmar called on me yesterday, and I am very sorry I was out.

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

Monday, July 13, 1846.

DEAREST,

I have not much to say since Friday. I went that night to Devonshire House and chaperoned

* Lord Bessborough, brother-in-law to Lord Westmorland. He died as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland the following year.

Cattie.* It was an immense crowd of all London—a sweeping preparatory to a concert for the *select* next Friday, to which I shall go.

Saturday I went to the Opera with Lady A. Grisi sang better than I have heard her this year, but the ensemble, somehow, is not good, and I don't enjoy it half as much as the Opera at Berlin. Taglioni is arrived, and is to dance on Thursday. Mademoiselle Rachel did not come last week, but is announced for to-night. I continue to go every day to the Duke. Yesterday I stayed two hours alone with him; he was very communicative, and told me a great many curious anecdotes of different things that have occurred at different times at *Deal*. I never saw him better in mind and body. I think he is happy at having got rid of his position with Peel, and enjoys having some leisure now, and is not averse to the idea of things going on as they are for some months, but he expects a *righting* at last. The end of all our conversations is the wish that Peel may go to China or Kamchatka, or any other furthestmost point, and never return; but I fear such is not his intention, whatever he may say, and I believe the Queen and Prince Albert think of nothing but getting him back. This belief keeps some still at his back. Lord John Russell fancies that Peel will be able to supply him with seventy workmen at a pinch, but I can't believe that he can bring half that number. Lord J. says if he can't it will be impossible for him to do his work, as he knows now that he can't depend on the Tory Peelites beyond the moment.

I have shown Palmerston's letter to several people. All think it the handsomest thing possible, and most flattering to you. I hope you have written to him.

* Her niece, Lady Bagot's daughter.

Brunnow told me he had written to the Emperor as soon as Lord Palmerston communicated to him that you were to stay at Berlin, as he knew the Emperor *tenait beaucoup* to your remaining there *pour le bien général*, etc.

I believe Lord Ponsonby will have Vienna, but it is not settled.

Francis has got leave for two months, so I have them all with me now. They beg their love. I have this moment got your letter of Wednesday night and Thursday. I am afraid it must be dull work for you at present, but I am glad the King is so satisfactory. Peel, of course, never answered the Duke. How could he?

The Duke is quite determined *to have* at the Liberals on all occasions, and as soon as possible. I don't think he quite likes John Russell being at the head in the field, but submits to it, as he tells me, because he won't put any difficulties in the ranks.

God bless you! I hope you are well. I shall stay here for the return of the Queen and to see King Leopold; otherwise I should be very glad to go to Apethorpe.

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

Tuesday, July 14, 1846.

DEAREST,

After I sent my letter to you to the post yesterday evening, I got yours of Wednesday by Smock.* I have also one from the King of Hanover, who says you were 'so buttoned up' he could get nothing out of you. I find he wrote the same to Kilmansege.

* A courier of that name.

This is what should be. I dined yesterday in Grosvenor Square, where Fitzroy* dined, and I was glad to find him quite like himself and in good spirits. I went afterwards to Madame Brunnow's ball, hoping to admire my three sons, but there was such a crowd it was impossible to see anyone.

To-night I dine at Dietrichstein's. Lady Palmerston had asked me to drink tea with her—with the Beauvales—but last night we settled that they should all come after dinner to Dietrichstein's instead. She is extremely cordial to me, and I hear is much pleased at my telling everybody that Lord Palmerston's conduct has been so handsome and gentlemanlike.

I believe the Liberals are in great embarrassment and alarm. It is supposed that the intention which Lord J. Russell promises to explain in the House of Commons is the total and immediate repeal of the Corn Laws, and he finds none of the Tory Peelites agree to this. They have told him so, and he would be very glad to give up his intention, but the others won't let him.

Stanley† went to Lord John yesterday morning to tell him he must expect opposition. He answered that he hoped on Thursday to show something which would conciliate. But they say this is like Peel's 'hopes' before. Our Cousin B.‡ told me last night he had also heard the same language and received the same answer—that he gave no credit to it. I heard Dizzy (as his wife calls him) say the same thing last night to Kilmansegge, who was sitting by me.

If they all stick to what they say now, the result will be dissolution, and the result of that (supposed)

* Lord Raglan.

† Afterwards Lord Derby.

‡ Beaufort.

fatal to Lord John. Then what after? No one can tell. The hatred and violence against Peel is as great as ever, and shared by many more people than when you were here; and yet many who hate him can't bear the Tory Peelites, neither, since their last proceedings, which the Queen and Prince Albert will never forgive.

Lord J. seems to regret his office exceedingly. Lord de Mauley is to be one of the new Lords-in-Waiting; the others not yet named.

Charles Phipps (Normanby's brother) succeeds Charles Arbuthnot as equerry. Mitford has never called here, and I have never seen him since Hy. Greville's soirée, or heard of any music sent for you. The tailor has never sent your coat, but I shall go to him and try to get it sent by to-night's bag. I am very sorry to hear of poor Madame de Reed's illness, and hope she will get over it. Now, God bless you. The family all send their love.

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

Thursday, July 16, 1846.

DEAREST,

Yesterday I went to see Rachel, in Braham's box, which was lent to Caroline Bagot—a bad box for seeing, being very high up on the stage, so that one could hardly see her face at all. I was (as usual) so charmed with her acting, her grace and feeling, that I am determined to go in the stalls one night to see her well. She is altered in appearance and excessively thin (having been very ill lately). Julian, who was with me, and who never saw her before, was enraptured with her. I am going to-day

to take Rose to the Duchess of Bedford's last breakfast, but at this moment it is raining. I hope it will clear up. I have seen Princess A.,* who is enchanted to be here, and intends to stay till the end of November. She says she (and the rest of the Strelitz society except the G. D.) got rather tired of Madame R.,† who sang regularly twice a week pieces prepared with orchestra, and two rehearsals, making four times a week, she having made that arrangement on arriving; but that she never once 'made music at the P. F. in a comfortable way without preparation,' and that people got very tired of 'Norma' one night, and 'Lucrezia' another, 'Semiramide' a third, etc. She is enchanted that you remain. The Duke is going to give her a concert, and has desired me to arrange it. I have sent to Mario to ask him to sing 'Bel raggio di Luma,' as he will have time to study it. It is to be on the 27th. The Archbishop‡ wants me to go to Nuneham on the 28th to meet the Duchess of Gloucester. I have not decided, for I want to go to Apethorpe as soon as I have seen Leopold.§ The christening|| is to be on the 25th. You will see in the papers that Lord John defers till to-morrow night explaining what he means to propose on the Sugar Question. I believe he is much embarrassed at the determined opposition of the Protectionists.

The Duke called on me yesterday and told me that, to his surprise, after a silence of a fortnight or more, Peel had answered his letter two days ago. It is a very paltry, shuffling answer, and had better have

* Augusta of Cambridge, married to the Grand Duke Mecklenburg Schwerin.

† Madame Rossi, née Henrietti Sontag, a celebrated singer.

‡ Archbishop Harcourt of York.

§ King of the Belgians.

|| Princess Helena.

been left alone. (The Duke showed it to me.) He says people are quite mistaken about the praise he bestowed. He meant only to praise Cobden's conduct in the House of Commons and nowhere else, and that it was very odd anybody should mistake it, as he had some months ago expressed his disapprobation of the proceedings elsewhere. . . . If he only meant the conduct in the House, why did he not use the appellation usually given in the House—M. for S. ?* And as to his disapprobation some months ago, that was no reason for him to disapprove now! It seems by this tardy answer that he is sore upon all that is said upon the subject. He continues to declare he will interfere no more, but he is not going away.

The irritation and the anger does not in the least degree subside, and is infinitely more extended than when you left. The Tory Peelites are acting foolishly and recklessly, and if they persist will bring about a confusion which will not be to their advantage. I believe John Russell wishes to conciliate those who were with Peel, with a view to get strength enough to set to work in earnest; but the others seem determined to keep up rancour, and are so absurdly violent that they prevent anything like fusion.

Lord John says their conduct to him is shameful; that they *egged* him on with promises of assistance, and now menace his existence without any consideration (or even definite view) for the future. . . .

* Member for Stockport.

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

Thursday, July 23, 1846.

DEAREST,

Bidwell* called to see me yesterday morning, and showed me your letter. He has written to you about your application for the Dispensation. I think you are right not to try the other. Leopold does not come here till the 29th, and therefore will not be in time for the christening. He is kept by business at home. I hear there are not many people asked on Saturday. You will hear of poor Lord William Russell's death. This has made Lord John put off the Sugar Bill, which was to have come on to-morrow, to Monday. I believe he is now pretty sure of carrying it, Peel having promised to support it.

The dinner at Brunnow's was very magnificent and well done—excellent cook and *confiseur*. I sat between the Duke of Cambridge and the Duke of W. We went afterwards to the concert at Lansdowne House. You will see the company in the paper. I was (as I daily am) a long time with the Duke yesterday morning. He told me he had met Peel riding in the Park, which is the first time he had seen him since the last meeting before you went. He (the Duke) stopped him and then joined him, though he said he evidently saw Peel had no wish to do any such thing. He opened at once on the state of things—told him all he knew and all that had occurred to *him*, and entered upon the line he intended to take in the future; in short, he said, he did everything to *show* and to pro-

* Four generations of the Bidwell family held responsible posts in the Foreign Office: Thomas, Chief Clerk (1767-1817); Thomas, Chief Clerk (1790-1841); John (1798-1851); and John James (1842-1872).

voke confidence. He never responded a word, made no remark, and when they reached the House of Lords he said something about being happy to see the Duke in such good health, and then rode off, evidently glad to get rid of him. I know that he has sent word to Lord John that he shall assist him, although he considers the Whigs to have behaved very ill to him, but that he shall keep them for . . . [Unfinished.]

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

Friday, July 24, 1846.

I enclose the Princess of Prussia's letter, which I left out by mistake on Tuesday. I went last night to Greville's, where the Duchesses of Cambridge and Gloucester, etc., were, and consequently the crowd was so great that I never got beyond just the entrance of the little back-room, where I squeezed into half a seat with Lady Beauvale.

I am going to-night to see Rachel again, having taken two stalls, one for myself and the other for Julian, though they cost me a guinea apiece. Lady Beauvale and I intended to take a box between us, but they asked us seven guineas and a half for a side-box in which four could not see well. The palace to-morrow night and the Duke's on Monday will, I think, end the London season.

I had Costa here yesterday. He says Mario sings 'Bel raggio' very well, and likes it very much. I have put it in the middle of the second act. I wanted to speak to Mario last night, but found it hopeless, and at ten o'clock I came away, leaving two things more to be sung. The Duke called this morning. He

is very much provoked at having been persuaded to postpone his intended 'shindy,' and says he will bring it on; for he does not think the Whigs so sure as they say they are, notwithstanding Peel's assistance. Peel, it is supposed, will only bring eighteen with him. The Duke says the Protectionists will all fight like men in the House of Commons, as well as in the House of Lords. *I* believe a great many of them will *shirk*, especially in the House of Lords. The Duke says the Queen will not permit a dissolution, but I don't know on what authority he says so. You remember that was his advice to the Queen in his letter.

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

August 3, 1846.

MY DEAREST,

You will see in the paper what a terrific storm we had on Saturday. I never saw anything to equal it. When it came on I was at an artist's house in Newman Street (who is doing a drawing of the boys for me) with Ernest and Francis, and there I remained until it was nearly over, for it was impossible to attempt leaving the house. The rain came down like great thick ropes, and the hailstones were as big as I ever saw in Italy. When I got home I found the skylight smashed, the staircase in a pond, and the kitchen under water several inches; and yet we fared better than most people, for we only had nine panes of glass broken, and no other damage done. Lady Beauvale had twenty-six; and poor old Mrs. Fane I found yesterday in terrible annoyance, her conservatory being completely demolished, and the roof of her stables driven in, her horse half drowned, etc.

At Apsley House all that beautiful engraved glass in the ceiling of the gallery is broken, as well as the painted dome of the staircase, and the rain came through the floor of the gallery into Arbuthnot's room below. You will see the damage done at the palace. The most curious effect of the storm is the appearance of the streets since. They were so completely *washed* that the stones of the macadamized streets are laid completely bare and look as bright as if they were polished, without a particle of dirt or dust, and all the windows everywhere are as clean and bright as if they had just been cleaned. The wood pavement looks like an inlaid table. It is quite astonishing. They say it is owing to the quantity of hard hailstones in the first instance and then the deluge of rain. The weather is not much cooler since. It is lucky I was not on my journey to Apethorpe that day. I went in the evening to the Opera with the Duke. Taglioni danced much better than the first time I saw her, and we all think her immensely superior—as she is—to anything else, though Cerito exerts herself to her utmost; but she has not the soul and dignity which makes the other so enchanting. The applause was ten times greater for Taglioni in the Pas de Trois, but all the bouquets for Certio. It is not so good as the famous Pas de Quatre, but it is very pretty. The Duke had dined the night before with the Queen, but he does not seem to have had any private conversation with King Leopold. Lord Beauvale's elder brother* was there, in a sad state of nervousness and excitement—laughing and crying. The Queen told Lady Beauvale that it is most painful to her to see him so.

* Lord Melbourne, whose mind was going. He died in 1848.

The Duke is exceedingly disgusted at Peel having on Friday night entered the House of Commons and taken his place in a prominent position amongst the Whigs. He (the Duke) says it was done for bravado, for there was nothing going on to require his presence or assistance. The Whigs, of course, are too glad to get his help, and yet they abhor him.

I understand I shall meet him at dinner to-day. Your friend Robert Gordon,* who has written to congratulate S. V., has been thrown over by Lord Aberdeen, though he does not know it, and of course you will keep it secret. Lord Melbourne told me that, when the arrangements were making, Lord Palmerston said to Lord Aberdeen that, feeling how kindly he had acted towards his brother,† he should be glad to reciprocate, if Lord Aberdeen wished it. Lord Aberdeen said he begged *not*; that his wish and intention was to support Lord J. Russell in every possible way, and that his character would be damaged if it could be supposed that it was not disinterested support, and that doing anything for Robert would look like buying him, and he begged Robert might not know this. I think it is a great shame, for why is he to support Lord John? . . .

I have not yet got any letter from you, but feel sure I shall get one on my return home. I am going now to call on Parkinson, and then to Princess Sophia, so that I must put up my letter now; but I dare say my letter to-morrow will reach you as soon as this one.

* Sir Robert Gordon, Lord Aberdeen's brother, was Minister at Vienna, and resigned on the change of Government.

† Sir W. Temple.

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

WINDSOR CASTLE,
September 26, 1846.

DEAREST,

I came here on Wednesday, and am lodged in the Devil's Tower, in the same rooms we had when we were here together with the Prince of Prussia. Lord and Lady Palmerston came down in the same train with me, and the Duke arrived soon after by post, having come up from Walmer that morning. There were no other visitors except Lord Clarendon, Bunsen, and the suites of the Queen-Dowager and the Princess of Prussia ;* but yesterday arrived the Cambridges with the Princess Augusta, Madame Bunsen, and Lord Liverpool, and I believe the Castle is now full. The Queen is very kind and cordial and looks very well, and she seems exceedingly kind to the Princess, who is delighted with everything. As to herself (the Princess), there is but one voice in her favour—everybody is charmed with her. She is very much admired, and is in particularly good looks. We have dined both days in the Waterloo Gallery, and sat in the evening in the splendid white and gold saloon, which is too large for the party, and therefore makes it very formal and dull. The Queen sits at a round table with the Queen-Dowager, Princesses, and us lady visitors, making general conversation, and the Prince stays at the other end of the room, with all the gentlemen standing, and never approaches us. The only exception is the Duke, whom the Queen has called both evenings to sit with us. We have no whist or round game. The Duchess of Kent was here on Wednesday, but complained of rheumatism, and

* Afterwards Empress Augusta.



THE EAST FRONT, APETHORPE, 1623.

From a water-colour drawing by B. RUDGE, 1846.

did not come to dinner yesterday. We all went yesterday morning to show St. George's Chapel to the Princess and to hear the organ there, and in the afternoon all went in carriage and horseback to Virginia Water and about the Park. I drove alone with Lady Palmerston, and she was very agreeable and amiable. I find Lord Palmerston and Lord Clarendon both very agreeable. Yesterday I had Lord Liverpool near me at dinner, who burst out laughing at everything I said, and especially when I told him you were with the Prince of Prussia. The Duke is remarkably well and in high force. I am at this moment called by him to amuse him while he gives a sitting to Witzleben* for the Queen's album, so I leave off till by-and-by.

I am come back from the sitting, which lasted an hour and a half instead of five minutes, which Witzleben promised, and now I hasten to finish my letter, to send up to town to go by this evening's post. I have just got your three of the 14th and 15th.

I am very sorry you do not approve of the plan for the conservatory,† which everybody admired so much. There is no disputing on matters of taste, and you are the person to be pleased or not; but I think you misunderstood the plan, as you say there is not a glass roof. There is, and it is only the parapet of stone which hides the glass roof, and which we all thought a wonderful invention for doing away with the look of a *modern* conservatory. I have got the original plan in my box, and I will write to Mr. Day to tell Mr. Browning to stop till he hears from you. The arches

* A Chamberlain of the Prince of Prussia's, who drew clever black-and-white sketches.

† For conservatory at Apethorpe.

are exactly like those under the gallery, which are reckoned so beautiful, and were so especially admired by Cockerell and Mr. Rudge.

I took an opportunity yesterday of expressing to Lady Palmerston how much we have been pleased with Lord Palmerston's way of doing things. She said he had always been very anxious to do what he could for you, for that he felt he had done an unkind and unjust thing in refusing what you asked in 1831, and that he had never ceased regretting it. This is very comfortable, with a view to the future.

I have seen all the children here—very nice, and the last * a beautiful child.

The Queen is much occupied about all the reports of the rival opera, and seems entirely against Lumley, which I think a pity. She says he understands nothing about music, and always used the subscribers shamefully. She inquires much about Meyerbeer, and wishes he would come over and give one of his operas. I told her what you said of his new opera.

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

LONDON,
June 18, 1847.

Peel said I must find things in a singular state in England. I answered I wished he would tell me what the state was, as I really knew nothing. He said: 'Why, we have Government so utterly weak and powerless that it could not exist a day but by the sufferance or assistance of opposition; and yet, if it was to fall, there is no party to replace it. The Protectionists are utterly destroyed as a party. They have nothing to stand upon. They have seen the

* Princess Helena.

total worthlessness of their opinions, the entire contradiction of all their prophecies, and there cannot be an honest man among them who does not, in his heart, feel satisfaction that they did not succeed in maintaining the Corn Laws. As to Lord Stanley, with all his talents, I believe his own party is fully satisfied he is not fit to be at the head. He has not the *stuff*. Then I have about 120 who usually do me the honour to follow me, and between these and the others there is not the slightest approach to amalgamation or reconciliation.' I said that I had hoped that the complete justification which the events of last winter were of his course in the verification of all his forebodings would (in the midst of all the misery of famine, etc.) have done this good—that it would have put an end to all the bitterness of anger against him, and led the amalgamation. He answered: 'Well, the bitterness has, I think, lessened; the personal animosity to me I believe to be diminished; but that has not brought the least wish or attempt at reconstructing the party. Now, if the Government are beat (which is likely) on the Portuguese Question in the House of Lords, they must go out. It will be a vote of censure. Then what will happen? The Queen must send to Lord Stanley, much as she would hate it. Now, he may try, but he can't form a Government; then there we are without a Government! Time only can get us out of this state of things.' I asked him about the elections. He said: 'I have no doubt the result will leave things as nearly as possible as they are. There is no excitement on either or any side. There will be an attempt to get up a ridiculous Anti-Popery cry, but that is *watering dead plants*.' He then entered largely into his own conduct last year,

and said with great feeling that he felt at the time that he was so abused and hated that he had saved the aristocracy; for had they succeeded in the House of Lords in preventing the repeal of the Corn Laws, would not all the misery of the scarcity have been visited upon them? He talked in the highest and warmest terms of the Duke, and said that it was the mercy of God to this land to preserve him as he is; for at this moment every word that falls from his lips or his pen are as full of true wisdom as at any period of his life, etc. He also talked a good deal of the Queen, and how well he had been treated by her. . . .

I wrote all this down while it was fresh in my memory. Since, the division in the House of Lords and Peel's speech in the Commons have decided the Portuguese affair, and the Government is safe.*

I do not see the least reason why you should keep away from England, as soon as the business in Berlin is over.

There will be no excitement, except about railroads, and no election in which you would take part, and therefore I trust you will soon come.

Peel seems to have been in constant communication with Bunsen about the Prussian Diet, for he said: 'I told Bunsen over and over again to charge the King not to call them together till he had got first-rate, clever, wise men in his Government to take at once the control and direction of the Assembly.' He seems to read all the reports and take great interest in them.

* The Government were severely attacked by a coalition of Radicals and Protectionists for agreeing to armed co-operation with France, Spain, and Portugal, in order to enforce the acceptance of certain terms by the revolutionary Junta, and so put an end to the civil crisis in Portugal.

When I told the Duke of Peel's conversation with me at dinner at his (the Duke's) house, he was much struck with it, and said he thought it looked very much like a wish to come round and conciliate old friends, and that he was sure he never would have sought or continued a conversation of that nature with me without some object in it. Last Saturday, when I went to see the Duke, he told me he was sure he was right, for he had heard several things since he had seen me, which confirmed his belief that Peel is turning towards conciliation. He told me what those things were, and they certainly look like it. He had seen a pamphlet, which he says, from certain things in it, he knows must be written either by Peel or by some very close, intimate friend of his. It is not yet out, but a copy of it had been sent to the Duke by the man who writes in the *Quarterly*,* with an intimation that it should be properly 'cut up' in the next number. I saw the Duke's answer to this, which I thought an admirable one. He says he sees in the pamphlet symptoms of Peel's *holding out the olive branch; and if he does, for God's sake do not let any of us refuse to take it!* This language is very much disapproved by the Duke's old friend Arbuthnot, who, though much aged and weakened, is as fresh in his mind, as eager and as violent in his opinions, as ever. He has a perfect horror of Peel, and has implored me to use all my influence with the Duke to warn him never to have anything to do with him. I will do no such thing, because, whatever I may think of the past, I think that with his superior talents, and the known and constant opinion of the Queen and Prince Albert, he is the man, and not to be

* The Right Hon. J. W. Croker.

slighted. The old friend sneered at Peel's estimate of 120, and said, 'Not 15'; but Sir G. C.,* when he called on me on Sunday, said the 120 would be nearer 220. As soon as the pamphlet comes out I will send it to you.

* Probably Sir George Clarke.

CHAPTER IV

1842—1847: BERLIN SOCIETY

THE years which Lord and Lady Westmorland spent in Berlin were, socially speaking, some of the most brilliant of their lives. King Frederick William IV., being devoted to art, science, and literature of all kinds, offered every encouragement to men distinguished in these walks to visit Berlin, and himself spared neither pains nor expense to improve the tone of society and to cultivate artistic tastes.

The Berlin Opera was at that time one of the best in Europe, and the new Museum was in process of creation, under the superintendence of all the best artists and scientists Germany could produce; while literary and scientific inquiries in every direction were being carried on under the King's protection. The result was that Berlin had at that time more intellectual resources than probably any other city of its size in Europe. The Prussian aristocracy were not, as a whole, rich, so there was little luxury and few great houses; but for those who, like Lord and Lady Westmorland, cared more for cultivated than for 'smart' society (in the modern sense) it was absolutely congenial. Lord and Lady Westmorland soon found themselves on terms of intimacy with many eminent people, some of whom they had known previously either in Italy or England, and with whom they were glad to renew acquaintance. Amongst these were the two rival composers Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn. The former had been an old friend in Italy, and was as much liked by the Westmorlands for his social qualities as for his genius. Other celebrities included Rauch the sculptor and Alexander Humboldt the great naturalist; the latter, though at that time over seventy,

was still extraordinarily active and vigorous in mind and body, working at his 'Cosmos.'* He possessed the extraordinary faculty of never requiring more than four hours' sleep (in his younger days three), and he often spoke to Lady Westmorland of the great blessing this peculiarity of constitution had been to him, enabling him to accomplish all his scientific work, and at the same time live constantly in society.

Besides these various interesting acquaintances, Lord and Lady Westmorland made many real friends in Berlin, to whom they were much attached. Foremost among these was Comtesse Pauline Néale, who, having had English connections (her father was of Irish extraction), had spent a good deal of her youth in England, and there had become acquainted with Lady Westmorland in her girlhood. She was born in 1779, and in early days she had been Maid of Honour to Queen Louise of Prussia, and had accompanied the Prussian Royal Family in their flight to Memel in 1806, at the time of Napoleon's invasion. She had never married, but having travelled all over Europe and known everything of interest that had happened for the past half-century, and her memory being remarkably lively and her powers of conversation very great, Lady Westmorland found her a most ideal companion, and one of her truest and most warm-hearted friends.

Meyerbeer to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
July 24, 1846.

How kind and good you are, my lady, to think about my little musical efforts, and to trouble yourself with them, since you have spoken of them to Mr. Lumley!† . . .

I should be still more grateful to you if I was not already so full of gratitude for the constant protection and kindness you have shown myself, my family, and

* His great scientific work.

† Manager of His Majesty's Theatre.

my music. Believe at least, my lady, that the artistic heart knows how to appreciate at its worth such favour, and I look upon having gained your sympathy as the greatest conquest my music has ever made. Therefore, each time that I compose a new piece, I say to myself, 'What will my lady say to it? Will my lady like it?' Now may I be permitted to beg a favour? Since the '*Chanson de Mai*,' which you heard sung by Mario, has been fortunate to please you, I have taken the liberty of sending you the music (by the intermediary of your Embassy at Berlin), begging you, my lady, to grant to this musical trifle a place on your piano in London.

I am delighted to hear my lady confirm the immense success of Jenny Lind in London. You know what a high place she holds in my opinion, and besides my admiration for her immense talent, I am devoted to her heart and soul, in spite of her little 'caprices.'

According to your advice (in which I have so much faith), I am much tempted to come next year to produce '*La Vielka*' at one of the London theatres, but I am uncertain which of the two theatres to choose. According to what you write, my lady, I am not very anxious to accept the offer the Italian Opera at Covent Garden has made me for the month of October this year. But they have also offered me the next spring season. There is not the least doubt that I should prefer to produce '*Vielka*' there, rather than at the Queen's Theatre, if Mademoiselle Lind returns next year to Mr. Lumley, and if he can induce Mademoiselle Lind to sing *Vielka*.

Meyerbeer to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
July 30, 1850.

I have taken advantage of my lord's departure to London to beg him to take you a copy of the 'Prophète' with Italian words, as they are sung at Covent Garden. Pray have the great goodness, my lady, to accept this little mark of my respectful attachment and gratitude, and grant it a little place in your library.

Allow me, my lady, to congratulate you on the brilliant honour obtained by your son* at Cambridge. My lord kindly gave me the poem, and with the help of a dictionary I read it. It seems to me full of picturesque images and noble and elevated thoughts.

Meyerbeer to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
July 17, 1851.

I have been most deeply flattered at learning by your charming letter, my lady, that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert have been pleased to accord their patronage to my 'Fackeltanz.' I do not know how to express to you my approbation of such illustrious connoisseurs, Prince Albert especially, who has himself produced such fine compositions.

Meyerbeer to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
May 30, 1854.

The Italian Theatre of Covent Garden asked me for 'L'Étoile du Nord' for this season, but I could not find amongst their company suitable representatives for the two principal parts of Catherine and Pierre, and I

* Julian Fane won the Chancellor's medal for English poetry May, 1850.

therefore prefer to wait till next season, when Mr. Lumley assures me he will revive Her Majesty's Theatre with the best of the Italian singers.

As to Vienna, I have in fact promised to give them this work (in November), and even to come and direct the rehearsals, on condition, however, that they have an artist who is agreeable to me for the rôle of Pierre. (As to the rôle of Catherine, I think Madame Wildaner* will take it very well.) Pierre is a very great part, as much for acting as singing, and besides, it is a deep bass part. The conductor Cornett (who came to Paris with Madame Wildaner expressly to hear 'L'Étoile du Nord') can only offer Mr. Beck for this part, whom I do not know, and whom, from what I hear, is not a bass, but a baritone, and not at all an actor. However, I have promised to hear him before making a decision.

Baron Alexander Humboldt to Lady Westmorland.

SANS SOUCI,
August 5, 1847.

MADAME LA COMTESSE,

It was a gracious inspiration, a feeling very worthy of you, to have retained so kindly a remembrance of my country amongst all the *Electoral* agitations of your own.† In my opinion, as a man of letters, I think myself justified in giving way to the conceited vanity we have been accused of for the last two thousand years. But this vanity has its noble side, and there is real cause for pride in receiving a mark of confidence from one like Lady Westmorland. Your charming letter of July 30 reached me yesterday, just as I was starting by rail with the King to

* A Viennese singer.

† The General Election, consequent on the defeat of Sir R. Peel in 1846, took place in July and August, 1847.

Berlin, to dine with the Grand Duchess Helen,* who is entirely recovered from her ailments, but expects they will reappear in the gloomy hyperborean climate of the Neva. Being as indiscreet as most people of my literary profession (and, you will probably add maliciously, of my political creed), I did not resist the temptation to boast of your beautiful handwriting, and I read out all the kind expressions in your letter concerning the King. What you say confirmed the good effect of the Parliamentary speech, in which the sentiments were re-echoed which you had expressed to me at the time of the opening of our Chambers,† hastily inaugurated, but susceptible of becoming an organization full of life. The King was extremely gratified by your kind communications. You know how greatly he admires your beautiful country, and how that admiration is connected with his sentiments of affection for, and attachment to, your fine Royal Family. The approbation given to the great institutions he has so generously founded is all the more gratifying as coming from the very centre of those he has always most admired. I am charged by the King to express to you his warm and grateful thanks. I hope I may also have the occasion of thanking Lord Brougham, on his way through France, for his kind remembrance of me, by which I feel much honoured.

The King is going to Strelitz and Doberan, and at the end of the month will go for some time to join the Queen at Ischl. I shall remain here during the King's absence, leading an 'idyllic' life with Countess Douhoff,‡ who is full of common-sense and refined feeling, and

* Of Russia.

† And first Prussian Diet.

‡ A Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen of Prussia.

I am glad to add that she is thoroughly appreciated by the Duchesse de Sagan.

The King will be on the Rhine on September 15. The doctors are anxious the Queen should not be exposed to the climate of that fantastic abode of Stolzenfels in the autumn; but the advice of the faculty is not always obeyed in constitutional countries like England and Prussia. I give you this report of present plans. The King regretted that your letter contained no word of 'return'; that word exists in the dictionaries of the country you have charmed by your presence, and pleasant associations make one exacting. I appeal to Lord Westmorland, who will, I hope, accept my respectful homage, and pray be my interpreter with him, and yourself receive with gracious indulgence this feeble tribute of my devotion and admiration, with which I remain,

Your very humble and obedient servant,

A. HUMBOLDT.

(The most illegible of all the inhabitants of this historic hill.)

*From Baron Humboldt to Lady Westmorland,
on the Death of her Son Ernest.*

BERLIN,
January 27, 1851.

How can I resist expressing to you my profound grief! Such words as 'convention' and 'indiscretion' have no place in the dark regions of profound human sorrows. The cruel uncertainties of an impending calamity at a distance belong to the trials God imposes on strong and pious souls. When the blow has fallen, the calm follows in time after the fiercest storms. True consolation can, however, only come

from the Most High. He imparts it to those privileged souls in which deep and earnest feeling is united to the rich treasure of high intelligence. The family ties that remain are drawn closer together. I will not fall into the grave error of detaining you longer. The kindness you have shown me, which is one of the delights of my old age, reassures me as to the step I have ventured to take. It is enough for me to be allowed to offer in these sad days to you, madam, to our worthy Minister, always so good to the antediluvian physicist, and to all your family the expression of my devoted sympathy.

Baron Humboldt to Lady Westmorland.

POTSDAM,
November 23, 1852.

The precious volume* you have sent me, and which will form part of my travelling library, reached me very late owing to my absence from Potsdam. I have been more ailing than I have been for a long time, as a result of my stay with the King in the island of Rugen, imprudences which I ought not to commit at my antediluvian age, and too much zeal in following our excellent King in his daily maritime excursions, brought on a rheumatic attack which might have become serious. This condition, suspending my interminable 'cosmic' labours, left me at leisure to occupy myself with these creations, full of noble and deep feeling and of real poetic sentiment, with which your son has enriched the literature of his country. I must insist on this designation of *son*, because with the exception of the Prelude—a poem which is sublime in form and language—the pieces dedicated

* Of Julian Fane's poems.

'Ad Matrem' are the most happily inspired. The previous works from Mr. Fane's pen were, by the nature of the subject, more didactic; but the splendour and magnificence of your English tongue as a vehicle of poetic thought loses nothing of its native strength when soaring into higher regions. 'Wherefore, my soul secure in love,' 'Thy love is mine,' and the rest, and the elegy on Jerusalem, have all that note of melancholy in view of the grandeur of the subject which severs them from all the affectation of sentimentality. You will say I am dissecting this after the manner of professors of my race, that I am studying anatomy *in corpore vivo*. Yes, madam, but I do not therefore feel the less, because I reason out what I feel. I admire you more than ever, reflected over again in this son, who is gifted with the same qualities which are so admired in yourself—the rare combination of the most gracious sweetness with the great and various talents and powers, the most absolute kindness amidst the temptation to the contrary caused by powers of shrewd observation.

I would not speak to you of my feelings or of my great gratitude to you and to the happy author of these poems till after that solemn day* so beautifully described, not by Mr. Disraeli, whom I am weak enough to detest a little, but by Lord Derby in the House of Lords.

How you must have suffered in being just too late for a last interview with him, who was so devoted to you, knowing so well all the treasures of your head and soul! I had more opportunities than most people on the Continent of knowing all the simplicity, the goodness, and the kindness, of the great and strong

* Referring to the Duke of Wellington's funeral.

man—the hero of his age.* I used to see him nearly every morning during the last illness of Madame de Staël, whose heterodox political opinions had never offended him.

I cannot end this epistle without telling you how often your name is mentioned in this historic hall, and how much the Queen has appreciated the poetic beauties I have had the privilege of pointing out to her.

We have been for the last week at the palace in the town, and are going in a fortnight to Charlottenburg. Our eyes are fixed across the Rhine on the ‘Celestial Empire,’ which is emerging there under the *silent* man, who is unfortunately more than a man—a system supported by the ex-Elector of Cassel and His Highness, my canine colleague at the Institute.

Receive, I pray you, the homage, etc.

Baron Humboldt to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
Thursday Morning.

I am just come back from Potsdam, in order to be able to express to you personally how much touched I have been by your kind remembrance of me, expressed by so gracious a gift.† It is a picture which reproduces very vividly all the intellectual qualities, the strength and sweetness, the calmness and the fire combined, in him who alone seems unconscious of all the gifts showered on him by Nature. This picture represents, too, your wish, the reflection of your own beautiful soul in his.

Believe me, etc.

* Prince Felix.

† A portrait of her son Julian.

CHAPTER V

1847—1851: THE REVOLUTION OF 1848

THE year 1848 is memorable for the Revolution which broke out all over the Continent in the early part of it. In France, Louis Philippe had abdicated (February 24), and fled from Paris. Disturbances also took place in Vienna, and on March 18 the Revolution broke out in Berlin.

Some of the rioters having taken refuge in a corner house opposite the English Legation, the fighting was for some time hottest at that spot. The experiences of that night are described by Lady Westmorland in a letter to Mr. Hood.

The Prince of Prussia had to take refuge in England. He came early on the morning of March 19 to Lord Westmorland's, and started secretly on his journey from there.

In June, Lady Westmorland was recalled to England by the death of her eldest son, George. He had been an invalid for many years, and the end came on May 29, 1848. Lady Westmorland afterwards remained some weeks in London. The conversation she relates with Bunsen is curious in the light of present-day events. Bunsen's extreme views were dreaded by the more responsible politicians of that day, more especially as he was known to intrigue secretly and to work on the King in a contrary sense to his public instructions.

The great difference between the United Germany advocates of 1848 and the men by whom the idea was carried out in 1870 was that, in the former case, it was the extreme Democratic Party who wished to rule with a Nominal Constitutional Head only. In 1870,

under Bismarck, the imperial crown, which Frederick William IV. had refused to accept from an extreme Democratic Assembly, was offered to William I. by the Princes of Germany themselves. So that the German Empire of the present day is a totally different thing from that contemplated by the Professors and Democrats of 1848.

Lady Westmorland paid a visit to the exiled Royal Family at Claremont, and wrote an account of them to Queen Louise of the Belgians, whose reply is given. Prince Metternich was then in exile in England.

Lady Westmorland returned in October to Berlin which was still in an unsettled state. In November finding anarchy increasing, and fearing the results, the King at last succeeded in forming a stronger Government, who recalled the troops, and by the simple moral effect of disciplined men restored order outwardly in the town; and though the political agitation continued and increased through succeeding years, there was no more outward disturbance to check the daily routine of life in Berlin. Social habits were resumed, and under the stimulus of more active political life it became more brilliant and luxurious than before. The remaining letters of these years relate to the events of domestic interest to Lady Westmorland.

Lady Westmorland to her Son Julian Fane.

April 11, 1847.

Yesterday was the great day.* It was ushered in with snow and intense cold. As I could not get into the Weisse Saal, I went with Rose to Mademoiselle Zenner's room in the corner, looking on the front of the palace, to see all the carriages come, and many there were very handsome; the Princess of Prussia's splendid, with six horses all in gala harness, three or four state carriages following, with the young Princes' attendants, etc. The Princes each had several carriages. The

* The opening of the first Prussian Diet (see p. 55).

Duchesse de Sagan, two magnificent equipages—one for herself and one for Count Schoffgotsch, whom she had named her deputy in the Chamber*—both with splendid horses and liveries à l'Anglaise (the coachman with a wig and bouquet) in the best taste. Lichnowsky, a very handsome set-out, also in very good taste, and a good many others.

The King walked from the cathedral to the palace (all the peers and deputies went first to church, either to the Catholic church or to the cathedral), so we saw him. He was very much cheered by the assembled mob, and looked very much pleased.

Lady Westmorland to her Son Julian Fane.

April 18, 1847.

We are all alive here with the debates in the Diet. . . . Lichnowsky has had great success in his maiden speech. There was an attempt to hiss and murmur when he began, but afterwards he was much applauded. He is delighted at his success, and I must say I am very glad too, as there was such an unfair run at him.

The King sent for him to tell him that he thanked him from his heart, and that he liked his speech the better because it was independent.

The Prince of Prussia† and many others told me nothing could be better than the substance of the speech, but that he gesticulated too much, and at times screamed. . . .

* As peeress in her own right she could name a deputy to sit for her.

† Afterwards Emperor William I.

Lady Westmorland to her Son Julian Fane.

April 25, 1847.

You will see by the German papers that our Parliament here proceeds well. It is to all intents and purposes a *Parliament*, and will, I doubt not, *now* with patience and calmness obtain all the liberty a thinking, honest people can require (not a set of Jacobins).

The poor dear King has already by his answer to the Address shown that all his 'absolute determinations' announced in his speech were blarney, to which, I believe, he was in a great measure forced by the violent alarm and opposition of his friends and neighbours, whom he thought it necessary to pacify. The answer is a very good one, and has satisfied all parties, and at present all are in good-humour. Notwithstanding *appearances*, I believe the King to be honest and sincere—that he believes himself to be sincere when he says a thing; but his imagination is so flighty, and ideas and theories so run away with him, that, with all his cleverness, there is no fixed principle in his mind. Yet he has a generous and a feeling mind, and I feel sure he will never resist any wish really expressed in a proper and constitutional manner by his Diet—for, notwithstanding his diatribes against the word *Constitution*, he constantly shows a real desire for constitutional reforms. I think, considering the infancy of the Parliament and the total ignorance to public speaking of all the members, it is surprising how much talent is already apparent. Arnim (of Bortzenburg) is said to have the best manner and delivery, and I tell him he

is now the real Pitt Arnim* (I hope you admire this?); but decidedly the best speeches are Lichnowsky's—the first was eloquent and feeling, and the others have been practical and businesslike. I doubt not his making a great figure, and already he has obtained a position in society very different from the ignomy in which he was placed. He feels this, and you have no idea how it has quieted him. He is now calm and at his ease, and no longer screams and contradicts. He confesses to me that he now feels he is respected, and no longer fancies that 'every man is going to insult him, and every woman to cut him,' as he used to do. I must say I am very glad of his success.

Queen Louise of the Belgians to Lady Westmorland.

MY DEAR LADY WESTMORLAND,

BRUSSELS,
March 22, 1848.

I have been deeply touched by your last letter, so kind and so *feeling*, and with all my heart I thank you for your sympathy, on which I dared to reckon.† I was quite sure beforehand of all you would feel for me in my trial, and especially in my grief for the anguish of my much-loved parents. Thank God I now have reassuring news of all those who are dear to me. The health of my admirable parents is sustained. My sainted mother,‡ as you know, bears all her griefs to the foot of the Cross, and resists by force of mind the fatigue of the cruel sufferings which she has had to undergo. To-day we have at last had news of the

* Another Baron Arnim was known universally as 'Pitt Arnimo,' from a supposed likeness to Mr. Pitt.

† On the flight of her father Louis Philippe from France during the Revolution.

‡ Queen Marie Amélie.

arrival at Lisbon of my two absent brothers,* as to whose fate we had remained in the saddest uncertainty since their departure from Algiers, and this is a great relief to us. I hope that the distracting happiness of seeing again children so dear and so worthy of her affection will do some good to my poor mother, for the separation and dispersal of the family is for her and for us all the most cruel consequence of the misfortune which has befallen us. For the rest, if it were not for the evils of others, the sacrifice would be easy to make.

The vicissitudes in the world cannot take away from us the only true good, and the worldly part does not matter. Here, God be thanked! and thanks to the wisdom of the King and the good sense of the country, things continue perfectly quiet in the midst of the universal restlessness which seems to have seized the world at once. One cannot, alas! be astonished at anything after the incomprehensible events which have followed one another in the past month; but I have been much afflicted and distressed by all that has just happened at Berlin, and my heart and thoughts have for the last three days been with our dear Princess of Prussia. I confess I did not think we should ever tremble for her as she has trembled for us; but I hope the danger is now, in a measure, escaped, and that her health will not suffer from her cruel circumstances.

I hope, my dear Lady Westmorland, that you are well, also Lord Westmorland, Rose, and those of your children who are with you, and that these sad events will have no vexatious *contre-coup* for you.

* Duc d'Aumale and Prince de Joinville, who were in Algiers when the Revolution broke out.

Please thank Lord Westmorland for his interest, and tell me about Rose.

The King, whose faithful attachment you know of old, desires to be remembered to you, and I hope you will allow me to join in his sentiments for you, as I do in all others.

Lady Westmorland to Mr. Hood.

BERLIN,
March 28, 1848.

I really have not been able to write to you during the dreadful days we have passed here—of which the newspapers will have informed you, though the accounts given by them are generally incorrect; for, after the terrible battle of the 18th and 19th, the troops (who behaved admirably) remained complete masters of the town on every point, and we have no doubt that tranquillity and order would have been re-established without sacrifice of dignity or real power, but for the unfortunate weakness of the King in giving way to the clamour around him, and dismissing the whole of the troops at the moment of victory, thereby inflicting the most unmerited and cruel humiliation on those brave men who had fought for him, and giving himself and his capital up to those who had attacked and fought against him. Not a soldier fired or attempted to hurt the people till they had been assailed with stones and fired at from the houses. There is no doubt the whole affair was got up by paid emissaries, chiefly from France and Poland, assisted by the Jews of this country. As for the unfortunate Prince of Prussia, who has been made the butt for every calumny and *abandoned* by his brother, he had no more to do

I am happy to say Rose, though a good deal frightened at the firing, went to bed, slept through *all the noise*, and has not been at all nervous since.

Lady Westmorland to her Son Julian Fane.

BERLIN,
May 15, 1848.

I think things look very bad here ; the announcement made by the Ministers, of their intention to recall the Prince of Prussia,* has put the whole town in a ferment. The most atrocious placards are posted all over the town, and the most violent speeches made against him at the numerous *Volks-versammlungen*† held daily and nightly. For the last two days there have been thousands of persons (yesterday at least 15,000) collected opposite Camphausen's‡ house, in this street, calling out for the Ministers either to forbid the Prince to return, or resign. The Government have not courage or power to put down these meetings ; but one or other of the Ministers comes out on the balcony and parleys with the mob, and just now they have had the weakness to publish a declaration 'that the Prince shall not return for a fortnight, and that by that time the National Assembly will have met, and that it must decide whether he is allowed to come or not.' This truckling to the abominable and unjust tyranny of the mob, in my opinion, shows them to be incapable of holding the Government together. The elections have been so bad that we cannot expect any good to be done by or with it, and my own opinion is that the monarchy

* He had fled to England after the Revolution of March 18 in Berlin.

† Popular meetings.

‡ Prime Minister.

will not long survive. I trust I may be wrong. It is a shocking situation for the Prince; if nobody stands by him, what is he to do? . . .

Lichnowsky is elected for the Frankfort Parliament. He lost his election for this Assembly, a *butcher* having been elected in his stead! One of the members returned for Breslau is a *beggar* who lived on the parish there, and a number of the citizens agreed to elect him, as he will get three dollars a day while the Assembly sits, and his journey here and back paid, on the understanding that he will never trouble the parish again. See if these people are fit to be trusted with popular representation, universal suffrage, and the rest of it!

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland,

APETHORPE,
June 7, 1848.

MY DEAREST,

I came down to-day, and found everything looking so green and fresh. I feel very glad to be here in perfect peace and quiet with the two dear boys and Mr. Hood, and to have little Rose with me, after having been without her for two days. I am sure it will do me a great deal of good in every way. Everybody is most kind and feeling to me, and I have had several very kind notes from Lady Jersey, who did not press to see me, as I wished not to see anybody till I returned to town. I did not even see the Duke; I wrote to him and told him I would rather wait. I shall never forget all they tell me of his kindness to poor George in his last days, and how much feeling he showed, kissing him and calling him his 'dear child,' with tears running down his face. . . .

*Conversation with Baron Bunsen, Prussian Minister,
on revolutionary affairs of Germany.*

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

Monday, June, 1848.

I will write down this evening Bunsen's extraordinary conversation. It will show you the sort of influence the poor King allows to govern him, for it appears from Bunsen he is in constant communication with him up to the present time.

He came in *rayonnant*, and told me he had the best news to give me—'that everything was progressing at Frankfort in the most magnificent manner'; that the Archduke John would be declared Emperor, and General Wrangel Federal Field-Marshal, to command all the armies of Germany; that this insures Austria and Prussia, and they two together may laugh at the rest of Germany, should any Sovereign or Government presume to make objections—but, no! that was impossible. Every German heart must feel what a glorious epoch we are arrived at. What a splendid Empire they would have! They would rule Europe, for who would think of resisting United Germany? Berlin and the other capitals, of course, must sink into provincial towns, but what of that? They must turn themselves into manufacturing towns. The palaces would be inhabited by merchants, and every man of genius and talent would see a *Carrière* before him when he belonged to so powerful a nation. The Sovereigns must occupy themselves with ameliorating the condition of their people and encouraging arts and sciences. They would have nothing else to do. There would be one army, one navy, one tariff, one

diplomacy. If the Kings would not be satisfied with this new and glorious state of things, they must be *déportés en masse* to England. He did not much like Frankfort as the seat of Government, as it was too near the French frontier, and he had proposed Nuremberg; but as Frankfort was fixed upon, 'we must get hold of Alsace to extend our frontier.' 'We shall also, probably before long, incorporate the whole of Denmark with Germany, unless *my idea* is followed up, which is, to form a Scandinavian kingdom of the three federal kingdoms under King Oscar; but if we meet with any difficulties with him, we must take Denmark. Germany never will give up Schleswig. It is the most popular war that ever was undertaken. As to the King of Denmark, he must be done away with.'

The poor King of Prussia was 'unlucky' in not having put himself forward before March 18, as he would undoubtedly have been accepted unanimously as Emperor of Germany; but he had been so ill *entouré*. However, he was now quite satisfied to see the glorious epoch commencing, and to have his General at the head of the army of Germany; and also that the Prince of Prussia's son was to be named Cæsar, and to be declared successor to the Emperor John. He (Bunsen) had never liked hereditary monarchy. He had always been for pure elective monarchy, but, as it had been thought necessary to give a sop to Prussia, it was very well to choose this young Prince. He (B.) had written to the King to say the young Prince must be immediately withdrawn from all his entourage, and sent to Bonn under the charge of some man well known for his Liberal principles, and of the new school, and that after a year or two at Bonn he should be sent to England. He had also told the King that

he must now entirely surround himself with such men; that now he could no longer be judged by his actions or his words, but would be judged by those who surrounded him. (He asked me if the King did not still see some of his old friends? I said I did not know.) He had also told the King that he must not stay at Potsdam, but that he must return to Berlin and stay there. He seemed to me to have very little feeling for the King, and none at all for the Prince, whom he passed over with very slight notice. He seems quite mad upon this idea of a great nation that is to rule Europe. What I have written was, of course, said at intervals, partly elicited by questions and remarks from me. I was, however, very careful in giving no opinions, except regret for the ruin and misery of so many people in Berlin, etc. He wants to know why Arnim resigned; can't quite make it out. Fears the King may have been in fault—evidently suspects—and fears the King is not exactly as completely wild as himself. I asked if he thought Bavaria would be satisfied with this new arrangement. He said, 'Oh, if there is any difficulty there, we must settle that when the young Prince of Prussia becomes Emperor. A Bavarian Prince shall be his successor.' I asked what Russia would say. He said, 'Russia wants peace, and won't interfere with us; but if she should, we are not afraid of her. She could do nothing against United Germany.' If all this is not madness, I know not what is!

He spoke a great deal of you, and said you were known to be so attached to Prussia and to the King, and that your being there would be much use in bringing the Schleswig affair to an end—although the negotiations were carried on here through him and Lord

Palmerston ; that Palmerston had shown great ability in this affair, and that he thought it would now be speedily settled. I ought to explain he is very anxious it should be settled now, in order that nothing should interfere with the consolidation of the new Empire, and that all he said about Denmark, etc., are his views of what is to be done after *that* is established.

Queen Louise of the Belgians to Lady Westmorland.

LAEKEN,
July 7, 1848.

MY DEAR LADY WESTMORLAND,

My mother told you, surely, why I did not venture to write you sooner, but I trust you can never doubt the deep and lively share we take in all that concerns you in either joy or affliction, still more perhaps the latter. A new proof of your constant and affectionate share in our feelings I find in your kind letter of June 30, and I hasten to thank you for it. I have been deeply touched by the intention of it, as well as by the news so kindly conveyed.

I am happy to hear that you saw my beloved parents, and that you found them so well, at least in health, after the new and great shock the late awful events* at Paris gave them. That you found my father a good deal bent since the ten years, I don't wonder. He was already so when I saw him last. The impression my mother left on you is that she leaves on all who see her. She has accepted with the most complete resignation and submission the severe trials the Almighty has sent her ; at the same time she feels them *all*, and, as you say, like an angel, a Queen, and a woman. She has always had, if you permit me to use

* The massacres of June 25.

such an expression, a great *attrait* for you, and she wrote to me the real satisfaction she had to see you. If you go again to Claremont, you will certainly do her both good and give her pleasure. . . .

The King wishes me to express to you in his name all the feelings you know he has for you and yours, since so long a time, and is most grateful for your good wishes. Certainly nothing can be more gratifying than the behaviour of the country here, and the way in which the King's wisdom and devotion is appreciated and repaid.

I need not repeat, my dear Lady Westmorland, how much we regret not being able to see you on your way to England, and lament the unlucky cause . . . [*Unfinished.*]

[The outbreak of 1848 was a signal that Metternich's policy of repression had failed. He was compelled to resign office, and take refuge in England.]

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

July 15, 1848.

. . . Metternich talked of his policy from the time of the Congress of Vienna, and says he always acted up to the dictates of his conscience and his *lumières*, and that, if he had not been abandoned on all sides, he knows his policy to have been the best for the prosperity and tranquillity of Europe; so that his conscience is clear, his honour 'est intact,' and personally he 'ne regrette rien, ne craint rien, et n'espère rien,' and his whole manner is that of a man whose mind is made up and tranquil.

He says from the accession of Lord Palmerston he had a great trouble in keeping things together; but

that might have been weathered, France itself might have struggled through her difficulties, but for the unfortunate policy adopted here, the mission of Lord Minto,* and the conduct of the King of Prussia. He says he told the latter three years ago, on the Rhine, that he gave him the idea of a man walking between a quantity of gunpowder on one side, and a number of inflammable materials on the other, and carrying a lighted torch in his hand. That he said to him 'it would be dangerous for the steadiest hand and strongest-nerved man to be in such a situation ; but if his head should turn or his hand shake, or, still more, if he should fancy he heard music and began to dance, destruction to himself and all around him must be inevitable.' Or, 'V.M. m'inspire cette crainte on lui fera entendre de la musique, et elle se mettra à danser.' 'N'ai je pas eu raison ?' He said : 'Soyez persuadé que la plus grande canaille qui existe en Europe c'est ce Baron Arnim qui a été Ministre des Affaires Étrangères à Berlin. Un peu moins canaille mais encore plus dangereux c'est Bunsen ici. Voilà les deux hommes qui ont fait entendre la Musique au Roi.'

I asked him what he thought the Archduke John would do. He said : 'Je ne sais pas ce qu'il fera, mais je sais ce qu'il ne fera pas. Il y a des choses dans ce monde impossibles—or—ce qu'on veut faire à Frankfort, tout ce qu'on a parlé de faire la est impossible ; donc l'Archiduc ne le fera pas.' He said he had seen the Prince of Prussia often here—he had asked his advice. He told him he would not see him except in strict secrecy, because he knew, if it got abroad that he saw him, it would hurt the Prince's position. . . .

* To encourage Pope Pius IX. in progressive reform.

I met Strangways* as I was coming out of Mamas' house several days ago, and had a long conversation with him. He said he had arrived a few days before.

He had been with Prince Albert, and found him quite bit with the notion of German Unity, and unwilling to hear anything against it. S. seems to think it is all a *Hodge Podge* that cannot hold together. He says everybody at Frankfort expects you will be Ambassador there, but they wish very much to have some person of the Queen's Household (not a diplomat) sent to compliment the Archduke John, as it would have a 'very good effect.' I said nothing, as after the note I sent you I knew Palmerston just wishes to avoid giving that effect. . . .

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

LONDON,
July 16, 1848.

The Queen† talked with great feeling of all the events of Germany. She seemed completely in possession of all the facts. She lamented the King of Prussia's conduct, which appeared to her to have been always ill-judged, and the sending away of the troops quite unpardonable. His denial, too, of having given the order was very surprising, as, if he had not given it, how came he to deny it the *first day*, and insisted on knowing who did give it? etc. She cannot conceive that the plan of a United German Empire, such as seems now to be intended to establish, can ever succeed. She said: 'I know some people are entirely against *all*

* Mr. Fox - Strangways, who had been English Minister at Frankfort.

† Queen Victoria.

idea of German Unity, and I do not agree with those. I think it very proper and very necessary that there should be a bond of union between all the Governments of Germany stronger than has hitherto united them; but I never can conceive that it is necessary or possible to *mediate* the Sovereigns, and to reduce all the capitals to provincial towns, etc., or that the different armies can be amalgamated. I am glad that the Archduke John* has been elected, because I think, under the circumstances, it may have saved a much worse election, and at all events it is a check to the Republicans.'

She said she thought the King of Hanover had behaved remarkably well. She had good accounts of the spirit in Gotha, and in part of the duchy of Coburg, and she believed the Duke was popular there. She was convinced the German people must have been long worked up by the French and Poles to have become so bad.

Those horrible people had tried what they could do here, but, thank God, they had met with very little success.

She then talked of the demonstrations of affection and loyalty shown to her, of the increasing popularity of Prince Albert, and of the wisdom and energy displayed by the Duke,† in the most feeling way. She said: 'How often I wish the Duke was twenty years younger!—although his mind is as perfect and as clear and energetic as ever it was; but one can't bear to think that such a man should be so near the end of

* The Archduke John of Austria was elected *Reichsverweser* (Guardian of the Empire) by the Parliament of Frankfort, assembled to promote German Unity.

† The Duke of Wellington.

his life, when there is nothing like him in the world.' She spoke of the French Royal Family, only slightly pitying them, but a good deal of Belgium and King Leopold's wisdom and good government. She said it was a great consolation to 'poor Louise,' who suffered so much on her parents' account, and who was obliged to forego the happiness of coming here to see them. 'But,' she said, 'much as I like having her here, I have thought it my duty to tell her that she had better not come over at present.'

She said she liked the Prince of Prussia* very much. He is so amiable and pleasing, and such an excellent brother and subject. Perhaps rather too good, for he would not allow himself to form any judgment.

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

LONDON,
July 30, 1848.

Bunsen called on Brunnow to tell him he was going to Berlin to ask the King's permission to accept the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs to the *Empire*. That he knew the King intended to declare that he never would give up his own diplomacy, and that he (Bunsen) should accept the office with this condition, that the King of Prussia should have his own representatives at the great Courts. (Thus Bunsen, I doubt not, thinks to keep two strings to his bow.) He added that, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, his object would be 'friendship and alliance with Russia.' That he hoped Brunnow would forget and forgive all he had said and done in the interest of the Poles, as they had

* Then taking refuge in England.

now behaved so ill that they had ruined their own cause—'et qu'il n'en est plus question.' That he should use his endeavour to put an immediate stop to the war with Denmark.

Frederick Lamb told me he had had a conversation with Prince Albert last week upon German affairs, and that he (P. A.) showed him his own plans for the constitution of the Empire. He talked of Bunsen as an oracle. F. gave him his opinion openly, and said to him: 'Sir, I like men to have a decided principle, and to act upon it. Now, if Bunsen's principles are Monarchical, all his actions and words are those of a fool; if he is a Republican, then he is a traitor!' F. says he appeared *nettled*, but that it appeared to make some impression upon him too. I believe that Meyer* is quite of Bunsen's school. The Queen certainly forms her own opinions, and is much wiser. F. L. dined there after he had seen Prince Albert, and sat by her. They talked of the 'Revue Rétrospective,' and she said all the letters published 'did the greatest credit to Louis Philippe; that she was convinced his intentions respecting the Spanish marriages had been upright, but the fact is all that mischief was entirely brought about by Lord Palmerston, and is his fault.'† F. L. said it was true, and asked her if she had ever told this opinion of hers at Claremont. She answered, 'No, it would be wrong of her to do so.'

* Prince Albert's German secretary.

† Lord Palmerston had been blamed for the part he took in the disputes with King Louis Philippe in 1846 on the question of the marriages of Queen Isabella of Spain and her sister.

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

LONDON,
July (?), 1848.

I hear from good authority that our friend Aberdeen is in a state of anxiety about the 'Revue Rétrospective.' He was in constant confidential correspondence with Guizot after he left office, and, fearing his letters might have been found with those published, he sent a person to Paris to inquire, and found they had been and were in the hands of Taschereau.* He sent to M. Taschereau to offer to purchase them at any price. M. Taschereau answered that he had not yet examined the letters; that if they were strictly on private subjects they would not be published, as he had conscientiously refrained from publishing the private letters that had fallen into his hands; but if they treated of public concerns, he should certainly publish them, and declined receiving any sum for them; so that Aberdeen lives in terror of their appearing.

I think the letters published are so much to Lord Palmerston's credit that Taschereau must be a friend of his.

It is a curious thing that I asked Madame Bresson† if she had seen any of the Princes or Princesses at Claremont, and she said no: 'Le Roi m'a dit que les 3 Princes étaient allés pêcher au Lac.' I said: 'It is odd; the day I was there he told me the same thing.' She then said that what was more odd was that Monsieur Delessert (the late Chef de Police to Louis Philippe), who had come back in the railroad carriage with her, had told her that, though he went several times a week to Claremont at all hours, he had never

* Editor of the 'Revue Rétrospective.'

† Wife of a French diplomat.

seen one of the Princes, nor had anyone else, and that, if they were mentioned, the King always said they were *à la Pêche*. I leave you to make your own commentary on this.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

September 10, 1848.

I am engaging in a useful work, and mean to do my best to do it well—namely, in France; especially the vile and hateful Revolution of February, 1848, the most absurd and hateful ever known; and the folly of improvising a Republic in a few minutes. I shall show that this is worse for popular government than the one in 1789 was for Monarchy! Now I shall, of course, make an excursion across the Rhine, and shall say a word to the German fools and knaves. I want the benefit of your suggestions; of course, no one shall ever know I spoke to you about it. This is all for yourself and the dear Beau,* if you like to tell him. I wrote in the form of a letter to Lansdowne as an old friend of fifty years and a fellow-reformer, and it is in that capacity that I feel the duty of sending this tocsin.

Now, what I want of you is some information as to Germany. How has universal suffrage worked? How many proprietors? How many peasants? How many lawyers and notaries? How many *ouvriers* are returned in Prussia? But I fancy the suffrage is not so bad there? Any information and any hints will be thankfully received, and no one knows whence I have them.

I have applied to Metternich; Roger comes here

* The Duke of Wellington.

to-morrow. Madame Grassalkowich* is here now (what a refreshment—a sensible clever woman and real *grande dame*!). I have also written to Guizot, Molé, and Mignet, etc., so I hope to have got materials; but my own observation I value most, and my experience, and after that the previous reports on May 15, and June 23. However, I gave my views in April. Now they are confirmed.

I wish to Heaven you and one of your boys would come here.

Lady Westmorland to her Son, Julian Fane.

BERLIN,
December, 1848.

. . . in truth, it signifies very little what is said or done at Frankfort. The whole concern is crumbling to pieces. The great object of the National Assembly here, and of all the Democrats, is to get rid of the United German Parliament since the successful putting down of the revolt at Frankfort in September. The weakness and nullity of the Archduke John and the absurd pretensions of the Assembly have disgusted even the *dreamers* in German Unity, and I do not believe either the King or any Party here either looks to Frankfort or cares one straw for what is said or done there.

Things here look brighter and better every day. There is no doubt that not only the entire army, but the whole of the rural population, are still loyal; the vote of the members of the Assembly to stop the payment of the taxes has been almost universally scouted. Addresses to the King pour in by thousands from all

* A Russian lady well known in London.

the provinces, and what shows the miserable stuff these German patriots are made of, ever since it has become apparent that the general feeling of the country is in the King's favour, numbers of these gentlemen are trying to call in their words and to turn tail.

Mr. Unruh, the President of the Assembly, who in fact caused the determined opposition of the 240 members to adjourn, and who made all those grand speeches when he carried them from post to pillar in defiance of the King's order, and who signed the circulars which were sent out all over the kingdom to call upon the people to rise, etc., had the face yesterday to publish in the newspaper a declaration that it was entirely by mistake that he had voted for stopping the taxes, and that, upon reflecting, he declared it was an improper and illegal vote, etc., and signed it with his name.

Cologne and the Rhenish Provinces, who at first declared loudly in favour of the Assembly, are now sending daily addresses to the King against it; and Mr. Hansemann, the great Liberal of Aix-la-Chapelle, who formed part of the Camphausen Ministry, declared that the only line for the King to take was to dissolve the Assembly and to *octroyer* a Charter in which he should modify the law of elections, have two Chambers, and not allow the elections to take place for *three months*. Now, Hansemann, though he has always been an *extreme Liberal*, is a clever man and an honest one, and wishes to save his country from becoming an anarchical republic.

All this will show you that the real state of things is very different from the newspaper accounts. If the King remains *firm* and has no vagaries, all will go

well, and Prussia will have a free Constitution. Neither the King nor the Prince of Prussia has the least idea of returning to *absolutism*. You may take my word for that. There will certainly be great difficulties to overcome yet, and the Democrats, who see their danger, will make a desperate effort at Brandenburg;* but I pin my faith on the thousands of people who have had a taste of what Democratic and so-called Liberal principles have brought them to in the last eight months, and who will therefore fight for deliverance from that worst of tyrannies. König, the furrier under the Linden, who is a superior kind of man, a Burgher Guard and *Ganz patriotisch*, told me yesterday, 'C'est l'état de siège† qui nous a rendu la seule Liberté dont nous avons joui depuis le mois de mars,' which he explained thus: that since the *état de siège* he could feel himself sure that his windows would not be smashed, his shop invaded by troops of beggars demanding money; if refused, threatening to send the *mob*, and often executing the threat; customers driven away by the state of the city, or prevented coming to his shop by the mobs in the streets; his own time, day and night, continually broken in upon by calls to come out.

Lady Westmorland to her Son Julian.

BERLIN,
April 12, 1849.

I cannot tell you what is likely to happen as to the imperial dignity;‡ it is offered by the Assembly at Frankfort in the full spirit of a revolutionary proposal.

* The Assembly had been removed from Berlin to Brandenburg.

† Berlin was then under martial law.

‡ To be offered by the Frankfort Parliament to the King of Prussia.

They have no right to confer it, they were not called together for such a purpose ; but the spirit of ambition leads many good Prussians to be ready to *encanailler* themselves with the revolution for the sake of conquest—a dangerous proceeding, for it will bring on a schism with Austria, and sooner or later the French will say : ‘ If you like extension, so do we, and we want *la gauche du Rhin*. . . .’

Lady Westmorland to her Son Julian.

BERLIN,
April 30, 1849.

We have passed a week of great excitement here. I was very much afraid that the Government would be broken up, and that we should have been delivered over to the Frankfort Democrats ; but the King has been firm, and the dissolution of the Second Chamber was done at once, and before anyone suspected the intention. It was an inevitable step after the majorities in favour of all the Democratic motions, unless the Government had yielded all power, and its being done so quickly has saved a great deal of risk.

You will see in the papers that there have been some attempts at rows in the streets, but the fact is there is no real agitation in the town, nor ever has been. I see in the English papers, and have heard from other quarters, an idea that the Prince of Prussia is favourable to the Frankfort theory, and would take the imperial throne, and that the King thinks of abdicating. There is not the slightest truth in these assertions. The King has no such thought ; and as to the Prince, his opinions are entirely against accepting this crown, for I have talked with him myself, and he has been quite open, and he sees all the danger. . . .

Lady Westmorland to her Son Julian.

BERLIN,
May 14, 1850.

The ordinary peaceful life here has been much disturbed by the Congress of the Princes met to consolidate the Prussian Bund, and to force all Sovereigns into the Unity of Germany, instead of which they have begun by quarrelling amongst themselves; and the upshot of their meeting here (though not yet declared) will be that the two Hesses, the two Mecklenburgs, and the Grand Duke of Baden, and the free towns of Hamburg, Lübeck, and Bremen, will withdraw from the Bund, and most likely two other of the petty Princes. Meanwhile they are fêted here by the King, Princes, and your respected parents, who give a ball this evening at which sixteen of these small Sovereigns will be present.

Yesterday there was a grand parade of all the regiments of the Guard of the Artillery in the Opera Platz. The Princess of Prussia, who returned from the Rhine a few days ago, invited Rose and me to go to her balcony to see it, and we enjoyed the sight, which was very fine with a bright sun. In the evening the King had a gala theatre, which I never saw here before. The whole theatre was filled by tickets given by the King, the boxes and balconies by ladies and gentlemen in gala (including the Corps Diplomatique), the pit with officers, the galleries with soldiers. The Court in the great box, to which we were invited in the entr'acte for tea, and after the opera a supper, in the great concert-room behind the great box, for 350 people, all at small tables of ten each, and tables all along the corridors and downstairs—a hot supper

all served on plate and fine china, and just as grand and well served as in the King's palace. I cannot conceive how it was so well managed.

Meyerbeer came to me to thank me for having asked his daughter to the ball, but said she was afraid 'parmi ces grands seigneurs' she should be cut out of her place, etc. I told him to tell her she might be proud of her parentage before any *grand seigneur* of the earth, as her father was *grand* by the gift of God, and 'le feu sacré avec lequel Dieu l'a doué' is worth all *grandeur terrestre*. Don't you agree with me?

Dearest Julian, there is another artist here 'doué du feu sacré,' whom I never found out till lately, and that is the painter Magnus, with whom I am charmed, and I am actually going in my old age to sit to him for my picture. He has done one lately of the Princess of Prussia, equally wonderful in expression and life as the one of Jenny Lind. He thinks he can make a good picture of my remains, and my lord is eager to have it for Apethorpe; but what chiefly induces me to consent to what I hate so much as sitting for my picture is that you and the other children will like a record of me at Apethorpe.

. . . I have followed with great interest the trial at Hanau of the murderers of Lichnowsky and Auerswald,* both on account of my interest in him, and because it gives a striking proof of the total unfitness at present of Germans for trial by jury; as well as other Liberal institutions. The trial took place at Hanau because the spot on which the crimes were committed belongs to Hesse-Cassel, the frontiers of

* Prince Lichnowsky and General Auerswald were set on by the mob and killed on September 18, 1848, at Frankfort, as the result of an unpopular vote in the Assembly.

which, as you know, are just outside the town of Frankfort. The witnesses, with very few exceptions, contradicted themselves, denying one day what they had said before, and prevaricating to such an extent that in England not a word of their evidence could have been believed. They were all evidently under the influence of fear. One of them, on being asked what he saw, answered: 'Well, then, I saw everything, and could tell you everything if I chose; but I won't tell you anything, for I care more for my life than for the condemnation or acquittal of the prisoners.' On being told he should be protected, he said: 'That is all very well, but I walk every morning to Frankfort to my work, and back at night, and how will you prevent any fellow putting out my lights for me as I go along?' Others deposed to the circumstances of the murders, but when asked to identify the prisoners refused to swear to them. 'It might have been that man,' but they could not say; 'it is too long to recollect a man's features.' Only one witness showed pluck, and boldly pointed to one of the accused, and said: 'That is the man who dragged Lichnowsky by the collar, and I saw him fire his gun at him when he was close to him'; and this was the wife of the gardener who concealed him, and who seems to have behaved with the greatest courage throughout. The accused incriminated each other and themselves by the lies they told backwards and forwards, and the one to whom the woman swore said it was true he had dragged Lichnowsky, but it was with a view of getting him away and saving him; and next day he owned he had fired, but said he only hit him in the arm, and therefore was not the person who killed him. After a fortnight of such depositions, the Judge summed up

with an evident wish to find the accused guilty; but his arguments were such as no English court of justice would have tolerated for a moment. He regretted there was no positive evidence against one man, except that he had been seen amongst the crowd surrounding Lichnowsky; 'but,' said he, 'the man's character is so bad, and he looks so villainous, that we may well believe him capable of the crime.' Then another, he said, was proved to have fired a shot, and also to have struck Lichnowsky with the butt-end of his musket, a blow which caused the blood to flow. 'But then,' he said, 'amongst the numerous wounds the Prince received, we cannot tell if any of the mortal ones were inflicted by the accused.' The jury then had fifty-five questions given them to answer, and the verdict is a model of inconsistency, absurdity, and splitting of hairs, and *truly German*. The gentleman declared 'capable d'avoir aidé à tuer le Général Auerswald' is condemned to five and a half years' hard labour, and the two convicted of 'une part active dans l'assassinat du Général Auerswald et du Prince Lichnowsky' to hard labour for twenty years and for life. These sentences were considered so severe that the jury recommended them to the clemency of the Sovereign. Are they murderers or not? If yes, they were guilty of the basest, most barbarous and premeditated murder that ever was committed, Lichnowsky having received sixty wounds, and the old General had his head literally battered in after he was shot, both being unarmed and having given no provocation. If the accused did not take part—or, rather, were not legally proved to have taken part—in these murders, they should have been acquitted.

Queen Louise of the Belgians to Lady Westmorland.

LAEKEN,
April 5, 1850.

MY DEAR LADY WESTMORLAND,

I have always been waiting for an occasion for Berlin to thank you for the excellent letter that you so kindly entrusted for me to Countess d'Oultrement, and for the kindly welcome you gave to the portraits of my children. To-day I have taken advantage of the return of Mr. Solvyns* to tell you how much I have been touched by your letter, by the affection and feeling you express in it, and especially at what you say of *my* King, and of the justice which is universally paid to him. Indeed, I think he is the only King who still remains in Europe, and I am not surprised that he is loved in this country. He is well (*umberufen*, as they say in Germany), and has been very sensible of your kind message. He charges me with a thousand messages for you and for Lord Westmorland, and you know how sincerely he has been attached to you for a long time. He has been happy to have lately had news from Lady Augusta Neumann,† but I was sorry to learn from her that you have been suffering for part of the winter. I hope you are better now, and that you have good and quieting news of all your dear absent ones.

The news Lady Augusta gave us of Rose gave us great pleasure, and I don't know how to tell you how pleased I am that she made her *début* into the world with us. She could not have made it anywhere where more interest is taken in her, and it was a great satisfaction to me.

* Secretary of Legation.

† Daughter of the Duke of Beaufort.

I do not talk to you of politics. That which is passing everywhere is serious and sad, and it is with half-wishes and with half-measures that one tries to make head against the storm. Here things remain tranquil. The children, whom you are kind enough to inquire after, are big and good. They have been much amused this winter at the balls, especially Charlotte,* and everyone has been very kind to them.

I have fairly good news of my parents. My mother, thank God, is wonderful, but my father has had a bad grippe, which has pulled him down very much and changed him. He is better, however, and I hope the better weather will restore him completely.

The King is good enough to wish that I should go and see him, and I think I shall make a journey to England at the end of the month.

Give my best remembrances, dear Lady Westmorland, to Lord Westmorland and to Rose, and believe me, always tenderly and sincerely,

Your very affectionate

LOUISE.

I have had from my sister-in-law, the Duchess of Orleans, good news of the Princess of Prussia.

Lady Westmorland to Mr. Hood.

APETHORPE,

October 17, 1849.

Our wedding† has gone off admirably in every respect. We had the finest day. An immense concourse of decent, well-dressed people from all the

* Afterwards Empress of Mexico.

† The marriage of Lord Burghersh and Miss Lock. He died the following year.

neighbouring towns and villages were on the lawn early in the morning. Soon after eleven we all walked to church, the people forming two lines on each side of the path, all most orderly and respectful. The school-children, all dressed alike, strewed flowers from the little gate in the park up to the church. The Duke of Wellington walked with me, and there remained in the porch till Leila arrived (in a carriage) with her mother, and then led her to the altar. The church was completely filled; no noise or confusion. The ceremony was most admirably performed by Mr. Lock, a fine and venerable old man, and I was quite delighted with Leila's clear and impressive manner of saying the words. She had been a good deal overcome on going to church, but collected herself, and behaved admirably at the altar. Poor Ernest was dreadfully shy and nervous, and could scarcely be heard. We all walked back as we came, Ernest and Leila going in the carriage, and then we all assembled in the garden. Soon after we went into the village, which had the appearance of a fair from the booths, bands of music, etc.; and at the school-house I had arranged tables for 200 poor people who were all seated before good joints of meat, pudding, and potatoes, and enjoying themselves; and I believe at this moment all the children of this village and Newton are regaling themselves with firmity and plumcake. What pleased me much was Leila's kind way of going and talking kindly to all the poor people and children. She and Ernest stay here to dine with us, and go after dinner to Laxton, about four miles off. There is no fuss and affectation; everything is natural, and just as I like to see.

Yesterday we had a dinner of thirty-four people!—

being the near relations on both sides—in the gallery, and afterwards a ball in the dining-room, at which all the neighbours were present and seemed highly delighted, the presence of the Duke being an object of great interest to everyone. The dancing was kept up till past three. To-day we have had the wedding breakfast after the marriage, and shall be twenty-nine at dinner, and to-morrow most of the guests take their departure.

I am really very little fatigued with all this exertion.

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

CAMBRIDGE,
July 2, 1850.

MY DEAREST,

I am just back from the Senate House, and write now, as I shall hardly reach London sooner than just time to catch the post.

It has all gone off beautifully, and July is highly pleased.* The whole room was crammed full, though, being *out of term*, there are hardly any undergraduates here. Mr. Hood, Rose, and I, were in the gallery opposite the rostrum where he stood; the whole floor being a dense crowd, we were better there. We had to wait some time while Doctors were being made, immediately after which Julian, looking very pale, mounted. There was a great deal of applause when he appeared, but double as much as soon as he ended his poem, and it was repeated again when he came up to the Vice-Chancellor's chair to receive the medal, and when he received it after the Vice-Chancellor's speech.

* Julian Fane had gained the Chancellor's medal for English verse.

He was quite calm and self-collected, read the poem through perfectly audibly, and everybody remarked upon the extreme beauty of the tone of voice; he never faltered nor flagged. There was complete silence in the hall, but unluckily, the door and all the windows being open for the heat, every now and then the noise of carriages drowned his voice and was very annoying. We stayed to hear one Greek recital, and then came away, and have since been in his rooms with Mr. Wing;* Gerald Ponsonby,† who came down for the occasion; and Schreiber, who was in the Senate House with his wife, and is coming to luncheon with us before we return to town. Mr. Hood says that 'My lady behaved beautifully,' which means that I did not show any emotion whatever, though my heart beat up in my throat; but I had promised July that I would be as unmoved as a stone. Julian said he should die of it if I made a fool of myself, but I told him he need have no fear. I shall send you some copies of the poem to-morrow. I hear that the votes of the examiners (eleven in number) were unanimous for his poem.

Mr. Wing says Apethorpe is in great beauty and so much improved, and I feel the greatest longing to go there with him this afternoon; but I feel I must go back to town to do your business.

I am still much out of order from the sea-sickness, which is a great bore, and I am very sorry that Dr. Hopkinson, who was to have been here, has not arrived. He was to have met Mr. Wing at Peterborough, but did not appear.

* A Northamptonshire neighbour.

† The Hon. Gerald Ponsonby, son of Earl Bessborough; died 1908.

The medal is a very fine one. July will have to come back here on Thursday to take his degree, so it is unlucky he is obliged to be in town to-morrow for the Levée.

It is unlucky for his fame out of doors that, having missed his examinations, and taking his degree during term owing to his illness last year, the particulars of his examinations will not be published, and his name will only be placed according to alphabetical arrangement, although, of course, in the college he gains the due credit. The fact is, he was first in Greek, Latin, and mathematics, and third upon the whole list of examinations, and there is no doubt he would have been first on the whole list had he not been so ill on the last day with a bilious attack. . . .

I did not tell you what had delayed us at Pepinster,* because I thought it might *fuss* you, till my journey was over. It was an escape from a bad accident, and might have been very serious had we been going *fast*. The man in charge of the *points* either forgot to turn them or turned them wrong, and we ran on the wrong line and into a train of waggons full of stones for the road, which was standing still. The collision knocked the engine off the rails, and it ran into a bank at the side and was embedded there. As we were about the middle of a very long train, we only felt two sharpish jerks and then stopped, and had not time to be frightened, for, as I sat on the side of the bank, I saw the engine run into it and knew we were safe. There was an empty van next the engine, and two luggage vans following, which were damaged, and that was all. We had a fresh engine and two fresh vans from Verviers, and left the others on the road. We were,

* Pepinster, a station between Liége and Verviers.

fortunately, going quite slow; otherwise it was exactly the same thing caused the loss of life at Wolverton. The *conducteur* from Verviers, who is a friend of mine and always takes care of me, told me he had been ten years on the line, and no accident had ever occurred. He said the man would be most severely punished, and dismissed, of course.

Julian and Rose with our friends have gone to see some of the sights, but I preferred staying to write to you without hurry. God bless you! Give my love to Dundas, if he is still with you, and to Billy.*

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

LONDON,

Tuesday Night, July 2, 1850.

MY DEAREST,

I was so full of Julian when I wrote this morning that I forgot to say anything of the Prince of Prussia's† visit yesterday, who stayed with me until I set off for the railroad. He was very cordial, very anxious to know what was going on at Berlin, as he had not received a line from thence since he left. He entered a great deal into politics, and told me all that had passed at Warsaw—of his conversation with Schmerling,‡ who, he said, had entirely deceived him and broken all his promises, and that he (S.) is evidently determined not to be well with Prussia. That he and the King of Hanover have some unaccountable hatred towards the Prince, which alone prevents a satisfactory settlement of everything. That he had offered in the King's name, and with the

* The Hon. William Lowther.

† Then in London on a visit to the Queen.

‡ President of the Frankfort Assembly.

consent and approval of the Emperor, to make every concession that Schmerling required—to give up the presidency to Austria, etc. That Schmerling had told him that he would accept his terms, and that the day after he had left he had thrown over all he had said, and made more difficulty than ever. He was very anxious to know what Manteuffel had brought from Vienna. I told him that Brand had said '*rien du tout*.' He wanted to know what was doing about Denmark. I said when I left '*une paix simple*' had been proposed, and I hoped would be accepted. He seemed to think it never would be without the succession being brought in. He thinks the debates there have been fatal to Palmerston's influence and reputation, and '*qu'au fond il n'a rien réfuté*.'

He was to go on Thursday, but he hopes to stay till Saturday in order to be at a fête at Lord Westminster's on Thursday.

I came back from Cambridge with Gerald Ponsonby, the youngest of poor Maria's children, and I think him quite charming, clever, agreeable, and amiable—in short, I never saw a nicer lad. He is private secretary to Lord Clarendon. He made great friendship with Julian in Dublin. He told me that Lord Clarendon fell in love with Julian, and said he never met with anybody whose talents had struck him so much.

Since I came back I have seen Ernest, Leila, and Emily. The accounts of poor Sir Robert are very bad.* Emily had just come from there. The crowd of inquirers was so great that there were policemen all down Whitehall to prevent people from going too

* The fall from his horse, which caused Sir R. Peel's death, occurred on June 29, 1850.

near the house. He had strong convulsions yesterday evening, and, though a little better this morning, the surgeons have very little hope. Poor Lady Peel is distracted.

The Duke of Cambridge has been in an alarming state of weakness, and yesterday they sent for Princess Augusta; but he has rallied, and taken a great deal of nourishment, and is now going on well. I have just received the packet from the Foreign Office with the letter about Bunsen, which you thought was from Lord Melbourne, but I recognized the handwriting of Clanwilliam. His account of the transaction is exactly the same as the Duke gave me.

Wednesday Morning.—You will hear, before you receive this, of the death of poor Sir Robert. There is a *Great Light* suddenly put out, and a dreadful desolation in his house and family. Brougham has just been here. He says this loss is the death-blow to the Government. First, from the support Peel gave them; and next, as he thinks, it will tend to the reconciliation of the Tory Party. Brougham was very wild and flighty—quite painfully so, I think.

Julian came up this morning and went to the Levée. He heard the Queen say to Prince Albert as he kissed her hand, ‘Medal.’ She did not speak to anybody, and looked very grave. She would not go to the opera last night when she heard of Sir Robert’s danger.

Julian is loaded with compliments; amongst others, a very handsome letter from the Master of Harrow, asking for a copy of the poem for the Harrow Library. In the Latin speeches at Harrow yesterday, the head of the school brought in, ‘the glory which had been brought upon Harrow by the success of one who had gone forth from thence bowed down by illness which

many feared would cut off his promising life, and had now come forth as an honour,' etc. He is now going back to take up his degree and to wind up matters. He sends you a copy of his poem with his affectionate love. I shall send a lump of copies in a few days by the F.O.

I am not comfortable about the Duke of Cambridge; he does not rally as he ought, although the accounts at the door are pretty favourable.

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

Saturday Morning, July 6, 1850.

DEAREST,

Though in general I prefer the post to any private hand, I shall send this by the Prince of Prussia, on account of the intervention of Sunday, with the new regulations, but I shall also write by the post.

The dinner yesterday was very silent and melancholy. No music; the Queen very grave and silent. No company but Lord and Lady John Russell and Bunsen, with the Prince of Prussia and his men.

When we came out from dinner, the Queen called me up, and remained talking with me alone till the gentlemen came out.

First she complimented me warmly about Julian; had read his poem, had seen him at the Levée, thought him 'so handsome,' and was most amiable about him.

Then she began to talk of Sir Robert Peel with a deep feeling—and sense—and so well expressed that it impressed me greatly, and gave me the highest opinion of her. She said the loss to her was irreparable. He was her best, her kindest, her most

devoted friend; that she had the most entire confidence in him, and knew that on every occasion, if she had a doubt upon her mind, she could turn to him and receive the soundest advice, and the best information which his *great* mind, immense experience, and indefatigable industry, enabled him to give her; and 'then,' she said, 'I was always looking forward to the time when I hoped to see him again in *his proper place*.' She said she did not envy the feelings of those who had so maligned and misjudged him, and added, 'Though his noble heart was so much above all the spite shown him, I know that he often suffered much for the bitterness of those who should have been his friends.' She said he had only just left Buckingham Palace when the accident happened. She continued talking about him till the gentlemen came out, when Prince Albert came and talked to me for some time, till the Queen returned to me and took me with her to the Round Room, where she made me sit on the sofa with her, talking to me the whole time till eleven o'clock, when she retired.

She asked after you, and if you were likely to come this year, on which I said I was most anxious for your coming, and, now that peace was concluded, I intended to apply to Lord Palmerston for leave, as you had been hard at work for so many months, and never would leave Berlin for a night even, for fear of delaying any conference for an hour even, so much had you at heart terminating the negotiations, and that when I came away you said you could say nothing about leave till you saw the peace signed. She seemed to assent to all I said, and when I said, 'I should hope there would be no reason now against getting leave,' she said, 'Oh, I should think not.'

Prince Albert talked to me first about Julian very kindly. I told him Julian would much wish to have the honour of presenting his poem to him. He said he had already received and read it, but should be most happy to have another copy from his hands. He commented upon it with much admiration. He then talked of Sir Robert Peel in the same sense as the Queen, only with the difference of his dryer manner and *democratic tendencies*. He said: 'No Sovereign ever had, or could have, such a friend, who, from being free from and above all parties, was able to give her the best advice, dictated only by his wish for the good of the country, and being (however he might be condemned by the aristocracy) essentially the "Man of the People," having the greatest knowledge of them, the greatest power over them, and more influence over the House of Commons and the middle classes than any other man had ever had before.' Then he said: 'He was our private friend, equally alive to and anxious about the smallest concern that related to the Queen, as he was about more important duties.' He said he knew not where his loss would be most felt. There were so many places in which it was irreparable—in none more than in the House of Commons, which he watched over and kept up in dignity, etc. He then entered upon the German question, and talked in a most *ultra democratic* sense, which I need not particularize, as you will hear his opinions from Goltz.*

Both he and the Queen spoke very kindly of the Duke, and the Queen said: 'I must show you my baby. Arthur; he is the finest child I ever had.' She also talked music, and went into raptures about the 'Pro-

* A.D.C. to the Prince of Prussia.

phète,' which she says is the finest opera she ever heard. But she can't bear *Sontag*. She says it is very wonderful to see a woman of forty-five look so young, and with such a clear voice, but that her singing gives her no pleasure at all. She praised Mario much, and said Meyerbeer's music had improved him wonderfully.

I must end. Goltz has been here, and promises to deliver this to you on Wednesday morning. I am now going to the Duke's and the F.O. to try to get at Lord Palmerston. I will write this evening. God bless you!

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

SOUTHAMPTON,
Sunday, June 8, 1851.

MY DEAREST,

I have got Francis* safe and sound and quite well. He landed this morning at half-past nine, just as I entered the dock; for I was not out of bed when the maid tapped at my door this morning and called out, 'The *Ganges* is in sight.' I jumped up directly. Rose was already dressed, and she set out at once with Tredon, and was the first to see dear Francis on the deck of the vessel, as she came through the narrow points at the entrance of the docks. The bowsprit happening to be actually over the land at that particular moment, Francis, seeing her (and taking her for me), ran up the bowsprit and leaped on shore about ten minutes before the ship reached the landing-place, and they both met me at the entrance of the dock. Nothing could be more lucky, as I had not the anxiety

* Her son, Lord Burghersh; his return from India, after serving as A.D.C. to Lord Dalhousie.

of looking for him, or the crowd of people to get through, etc. He looks quite well, and the only alteration I can see in him is that he is rather thinner than he used to be. His complexion is exactly the same. We are very happy together. We have been (since breakfasting together) to his ship, and then to the Custom House to get his things, which (being Sunday) cannot be got out till to-morrow morning. The captain, who did not see him leap, thought he must have got into a boat.

He is very anxious to go to Apethorpe, and thinks, if he goes to London at all, he shall have so many people to see, etc., that he shall not be quiet with me, and nothing can be so agreeable to me as to have him to myself at Apethorpe for a few days. We find we can go from here to Oxford in three hours, and after waiting three hours at Oxford can take the train which picks up the Oundle train at Bletchley, so we shall be at Apethorpe to-morrow evening. I send Hatton up to town this evening, to go with the kitchenmaid by the first train to-morrow morning to get Mrs. Crowe* ready for us.

Nothing can be more fortunate than everything has turned out—my bringing Rose here, and his wanting to go straight to Apethorpe, etc. All we now want is to hear when you will come, and that it may be soon. Of course we shall be in London before then. We hope to find Fitzroy† and his girls at Oxford to-morrow, which will be an agreeable surprise to him.

God bless you! My love to dear July. Pray send to Pauline and tell her Francis is come, as I have not time to write her.

* The housekeeper.

† Lord Raglan.

*King Leopold to Lady Westmorland on the death of
Lady Mornington.*

LAEKEN,
November 20, 1851.

MY DEAREST, BEST LADY WESTMORLAND,

I cannot find words sufficiently to express to you how deeply I feel the loss of your excellent mother—*my best, truest, and most constant friend.*

I look back to the sunny, happy days of our first acquaintance,* and ever after that period your beloved mother, and yourself, my dear Lady Westmorland, have been friends that never changed and friends the dearest to my heart.

There cannot be anything more melancholy, as one advances in life, than the disappearance of those friends one holds dearest! There is but one consolation, that, after the struggle of life, rest becomes a goal the soul aspires after more and more, as it appreciates the vanity of most of our earthly pursuits. Well may I write this in November, the month that so early in life destroyed a union which promised so well, and which you had done so much to promote.†

This letter goes by a messenger of our own, and this will permit me to write to you confidentially, which one cannot oft venture.

The demise of the King of Hanover you will also feel. He is a real loss, and had, particularly since 1848, rendered great service by his firmness and undoubted talent. His part of Germany was the only one where order and legality were maintained. It is to be hoped that the present King will continue strictly the line of policy which his father traced for him.

* Paris, 1814.

† His marriage with Princess Charlotte.

Germany continues, as you may well know, to be full of hidden dangers ; it will require great attention, and also much discrimination. The mere resistance, I fear, will not do. It ought to be 'une défensive offensive.' What may be really useful must be attended to, and what is and will be dangerous avoided and checked. The moment of transaction seems not arrived ; one need only read the speeches of Kossuth and Co. to judge of it. His presence in England has been essentially mischievous, even for English notions and interests. This has been felt very strongly from his first appearance by Victoria. The Cabinet has afterwards *forcément* found it out also, but it might have avoided the embarrassment of it with very little prudence.

In France matters are again in a great confusion. The President sees his success in unlimited suffrage. It is true that 'dans les campagnes les souvenirs de l'Empereur' is still a powerful engine ; but to see him in close alliance with the Montagne* is alarming. He may thereby ruin the present party of order, but find himself afterwards the slave of a monarchical party. Here we go on well, and the difficulties which had arisen between the two Chambers will, I trust, be solved in a satisfactory manner.

I am often heartily tired of politics, but one cannot deny that we render here to the cause of order and to the maintenance of monarchical sentiments some service, and this, I confess, is a source of satisfaction. God grant that the young Emperor† may continue to succeed in his arduous task. A continuation 'd'une bonne entente entre l'Autriche et la Prussie,' is most

* The extreme revolutionary section in the Assembly.

† Of Austria.

essential. The union of the three great Continental Powers is the only means of checking the ruin of Europe.

Pray have the kindness to give my kindest regards to my dear and truly excellent friend, Lord Westmorland. Give me some favourable account of yourself, and believe me ever, my dearest and best Lady Westmorland,

Your truly devoted friend and servant,

LEOPOLD.

The children, whom you have always treated with so much kindness, are, thank Heaven, well, and beg to be remembered to you.

CHAPTER VI

1852—1853: VIENNA

IN 1851 Lord Westmorland was moved to Vienna. Though he and Lady Westmorland left Berlin with regret, they looked forward to Vienna, to renew acquaintances and associations formed during the time of Lord Westmorland's connection with the Austrian army.

Their arrival in October took place at an embarrassing moment, for just about the same time Kossuth appeared in England, and the reception accorded him there had made the Austrian Government very sore. Kossuth was well known, by all who had the means of ascertaining the truth, to be a cowardly adventurer (though at the same time a very clever talker), whose political career had done nothing to redeem his previous character, which was that of a not very scrupulous lawyer.

Prince Felix Schwarzenberg was at that time the ruling spirit of the Austrian Court and Government. Somewhat haughty and arrogant, he was then at the height of his power, and to maintain friendly relations with him in the existing circumstances was a task requiring much tact and patience, as well as a real desire to conciliate.

The society of Vienna was far more wealthy and luxurious than that of Berlin, but there was a great want of the intellectual resources so much appreciated by the Westmorlands. In the rigid and absurd exclusiveness that held sway, no talent, genius, nor distinction of any kind, was recognized unless furnished with the requisite number of ancestors and quarterings. The only profession open to young men in the higher classes was the army, and there was no public life to

develop their energies in any other direction. All this was calculated to make the tone of society narrow, petty, and frivolous; but in spite of this there was a great charm in the geniality and warm-heartedness of the Austrians. There was nothing cynical in the exclusiveness of the upper classes; it was simply the old conservative spirit, that could not break through the tradition of their forefathers, carried to extremes. Within their own circle they lived like one large family, with an entire absence of *gêne* or stiffness. To foreigners, who from their birth or official position could claim admittance amongst them, they were invariably friendly and cordial. The Emperor at that time was only twenty-one and exceedingly shy, which gave the impression of stiffness and formality; but when this was broken through he appeared as an altered being, genial and kind, with almost schoolboy spirits, which never seemed higher than at the frequent small balls his mother gave to gratify his passionate love of dancing.

Prince Metternich, who had been driven out in the Revolution of 1848, after being Prime Minister of Austria for thirty-five years, returned to Vienna in 1851 from his exile in England. He lived retired, not again taking part in public affairs, but enjoying universal respect and consideration; consulted by politicians, attentively watched by a large and devoted family. His old age was, as he himself said, as happy as that of any man, and it was also singularly attractive.

His character, which in early days had been somewhat selfish and cold-hearted, had been purified and mellowed by time and trouble, and the man who had formerly been dead to everything but political expediency grew in later years to view things with a far wider aspect, and with more toleration for human faults. Though he lived to see much of his policy upset, many of his errors exposed, and his good deeds misinterpreted, he remained utterly free from the jealousy or bitterness which those who have played a prominent part in the world so often feel when they come to be laid by.

In 1852 Lady Westmorland suffered a severe blow in the death of the Duke of Wellington. The great

intimacy and confidence existing between them made this loss like that of a parent to her.*

The year 1853 was occupied with the negotiations carried on at Vienna between the various Powers with a view to settling the Eastern Question. When it became apparent that Russia would not accept the Vienna Note (agreed to by Britain and France), the ultimatum requiring the evacuation of the principalities was issued, and that also was rejected. Hostilities broke out on November 4, and the year closed under the shadow of war-clouds.

Lady Westmorland to Mr. Hood.

VIENNA,
January 10, 1852.

I am much pleased with the young Emperor, and especially with his evident affection for his mother, and his tender and respectful manner to her. He looks even younger than he is, and is not handsome, but has a well-built, active figure and a most intelligent and expressive face. He has a thoughtful face, and is perfectly unaffected. His mother is a very interesting person, and is wrapped up in this son, who seems likely to justify the pride she takes in him. The father is a very poor creature, who cares for nothing but having his leisure unmolested.

Prince Metternich to Lady Westmorland.

February 9, 1852.

I suppose the second leading article in the *Times* of February 5, which begins, 'This day will probably do

* Lady Westmorland's letters at the time of his death were published in 1903 ('Correspondence of Lady Burghersh and the Duke of Wellington').

something to extricate affairs,' has not escaped your attention.

Everything in this setting forth of the situation enters the circle where my feelings are moved at the decline on which England finds herself—a decline which ends in an abyss, and towards which many wrong minds are pushing your grand and noble country.

The words 'imperial usurpation of France' will sound on the other side of the Channel.

Lord Palmerston is charged with a very difficult task. May God help him in the cause of order, which is at the same time that of simple good sense!

Mille hommages.

METTERNICH.

Prince Metternich to Lady Westmorland.

March, 1852.

MY DEAR COUNTESS,

You will already know that the Queen has sent for Lord Derby.* Will he succeed in forming a Ministry? I think we ought not to exclude the chance of Lord Palmerston's entry into the Cabinet. Would there be any life in a Derby-Disraeli Ministry? Lord John seems to me, in any case, to have committed suicide.

What confusion, and to what dangers this confusion will bring England and the whole of Europe!

God save the world! *Mille amitiés.*

METTERNICH.

* Lord Palmerston had defeated the Government on the Militia Bill.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

BROUGHAM,
September 21, 1852.

I have just received your letter from Paris of the 18th. I had written to you the moment the fatal intelligence* reached me here. I saw you were at Walmer, and directed there. What is to be said? Nothing can console us privately except the single circumstance of his illness having been so short, his having been spared what he could ill have endured—a long decay. He regarded this possibility with just horror. But publicly the loss is quite irreparable, and will be daily felt. He was always ready to be appealed to—and often was actually appealed to—and his authority was unbounded with all. The world seems no longer what it was, and far from being worth living in. In this sentiment Denman† concurs in a very beautiful letter which I will send you when you are securely settled at Vienna. He properly points to the Duke's inflexible love of justice as his finest moral characteristic.

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

DEAREST, PESTH,
Tuesday, September 21, 1852.

I write again without any letter from you. I had one this morning from Francis, dated Calais, 12 p.m., after you had got there and were gone to bed, expecting to sleep, and not having been sick at sea. All these are favourable things, but I am uneasy at not having heard from you for so long. The post is to-day of Thursday, 16th, and you will have got to

* The Duke of Wellington's death.

† Judge Denman.

Paris, if you had no accident on Wednesday, and you will have written on that day or on Thursday.

Francis tells me of the effect the scene at Walmer must naturally have had on you, and I am consoled to know you allowed yourself to be persuaded to leave the poor Duke and his room, and came away. But, after the shock and exertion, I really am anxious at not hearing from you.

I have been to-day, after the review, occupied reading the reports from the different newspapers; none so good as the *Times* of Wednesday, and none so nasty as the *Standard* of to-day. The King of Prussia, Groben* tells me, was standing with him and Humbert when he opened the telegraphic despatch, and exclaimed so violently, without speaking, that they both asked what it was, when he said, 'The Duke is dead!'

The Emperor here spoke to me with great interest of the immense loss he felt it. Everybody has the same feeling. All the Generals here—the Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia very marked in his expressions.

I dined yesterday with the Emperor, and stayed, after going round the camp, to tea, which I was invited to do to-night again; but as I have been all the morning at the cavalry manœuvre—there being 14,000 men—I have told G. I should excuse myself. It is no fun, amusement, or interest, after the first time, and therefore I am better at home, and may go to the opera. I hear there is a tolerable Hungarian one and a ballet, and Mrs. Wise's children.

I send this to Dresden, as I did the one yesterday. If you have given any other direction, I have not received it. Now God bless you! As yet I have seen nothing of this town.

* A.D.C. to the King of Prussia.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

BROUGHAM,
October 15, 1852.

I write this to you that you may save dear Prince Metternich the trouble of deciphering my bad handwriting and worse French!

The reception of Louis Napoleon* was much exaggerated, of course, all over the South, except at Bordeaux, where the fervour and baseness and fickleness exceeds belief; and counting that it is the headquarters of the Legitimacy, and recollecting 1814 and 1815, nothing can be conceived more disgraceful to a nation. For the reason was the mere base vanity of showing they could go beyond the other towns. Our Cannes municipality addressed him, and I have a letter from the Mayor who presented it.

Louis Napoleon was much interested on account of his uncle's landing there, and asked eagerly how far it was from Toulon; but on being told thirty leagues he shook his head, and said: 'Malheureusement, je ne pourrai pas; mes instants sont comptés.' This address, however (the worthy Mayor tells me with great glee) was put in the front ranks of the *Moniteur*, while their rival—the great town of Grasse—only figured *au 4ième*. They had the folly to name me and my colony in it, but this did not prevent. The landing of Napoleon was decisive in their favour.

Well, this Bordeaux speech is about the cleverest thing he has done. But I have letters which state that all French officers *talk openly before him of English invasion*, and that at Toulon the trial was made how short a time it took to embark 5,000 soldiers on the

* During a progress through the South of France.

Napoleon steamer. So his speeches must be taken with his acts, and we are insane if we don't trust to ourselves, and so is Austria and Prussia. One good the speech will do, in my opinion: it will spread and increase the *peace feeling* among the mercantile classes, and make it more difficult for the despicable ruffians (such, except one or two, they are) of his entourage to egg him on to do their jobs, and play up to the war feeling of other classes. I have not the least reliance on the Orleans people in this respect, now the excellent wise King is dead. Joinville is as bad as any of the Bonapartes, and worse, after the reception he has had among us.

Madame Lieven is a little better, and still more elysian than the Élysée.

*Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.**

VIENNA,
November 16, 1852.

You know I have never ceased to regret Berlin in the midst of the magnificence of Vienna. How much these regrets are intensified just now that I am in a bad temper with this country!

Certainly the absence of any Austrian officers from the funeral† will only do harm to themselves, and will only serve to bring out still more the testimony and honour paid to my illustrious uncle by all the other Sovereigns; but the more sensible I am of these testimonies, the more indignant I am of this exception,‡ and I am sure this feeling is shared, not only in England, but even by many of the people here.

* See introduction to Chapter IV., p. 104.

† Of the Duke of Wellington.

‡ Owing to the hostile attitude of Lord Palmerston, and the insults offered to the Austrian Government by the attack on Haynau, no Austrian representative was sent to the funeral.

The reasons given would have been quite enough to make one angry and to take such steps.

It is very seldom that I give an opinion upon public affairs, but this touches me so closely, and I shall not get over this disgust it fills me with!

The honour that your King has shown on this occasion gives me special pleasure, because I know some had dared to hope he would send no one.

King Leopold to Lady Westmorland.

LAOKEN,
December 31, 1852.

MY DEAREST LADY WESTMORLAND,

I am sending a messenger to Vienna, and I cannot do so without recalling myself to your kind recollections. I have not written to you on this melancholy event, which must have so greatly affected you. You know how much I have been devoted to our good Duke ever since 1814. His kindness never varied, and my attachment was always the same; and often I had opportunities, even almost unperceived by him, to watch that everything leading to his satisfaction should be done.

I am glad that he did not see the proclamation of the French Empire; he would have been grieved at it. We live to see strange things, and Heaven knows what may still be in store for us.

The Emperor of Austria's journey to Berlin has been a step of the utmost importance and wisdom; it has already done an immense deal of good. To keep the three great Continental Powers united is our only hope and safety. Lord Aberdeen has always strongly expressed himself on this subject, and exactly as I do. May he be able to keep together his Cabinet. There is

perhaps too much of first-rate ability in it; but if they will agree, it can be but useful.

The danger, which is not imaginary, may serve to maintain them in good harmony, as it may be required.

Here our task is very difficult; but, if my health and patience don't give way, I trust that we may stand our ground. Let me beg you to give my best love to my faithful friend, Lord Westmorland. You are my oldest and my best beloved friends; le temps qui passe est une chose triste, mais au moins il vous donne la possibilité de reconnaître vos vrais amis: may Heaven bless and protect you in this new year, and also preserve those sentiments I so highly value.

Ever my dear Lady Westmorland, your devoted friend and servant,

LEOPOLD.

Lady Westmorland to Mr. Hood.

VIENNA,
March 13, 1853.

There was a great deal of irritation and ill-feeling here against England in consequence of the protection afforded to the refugees,* who are supposed to have been the instigators of the Milan assassinations, and of the attempt upon the life of the Emperor;† but we have received nothing personally but the greatest consideration and kindness from all classes here.

We had a very interesting sight yesterday — the first appearance of the Emperor since he was wounded. He would not go out driving or walking till he had been to church, and it was intended to have a great

* Kossuth, Mazzini, and others.

† An attempt to assassinate the Emperor had been made at Vienna on February 18.

show, with troops and Court carriages in gala, etc.; but this young man, who always has the best impulses, insisted upon all ceremony being confined to the service in the cathedral, and proceeded thither in a small open carriage, with his father by his side, and one servant in the dicky behind, without any attendants whatever.

He expressly forbade the appearance in the streets of any soldiers or policemen, and the line for the carriage to pass through the immense crowds assembled from the palace to the cathedral was kept by the tradesmen of the city.

Everyone felt the good taste and good feeling shown by this confidence in the people, and he was received throughout his passage, which was through all the principal streets at a foot's pace, with the most hearty, prolonged, and enthusiastic cheers I ever heard. I was at a window in a very good place, and I was not surprised to see the face of the Archduke Francis Charles (the Emperor's father) bathed in tears as he thanked the people as he went along. The Emperor looked pale, but smiling and happy. His carriage was literally flooded with flowers and laurels thrown from the windows as he passed.

His mother and brothers went by some back streets to the cathedral before him, and there was a *Te Deum* performed with all the pomp of the Catholic ceremonies; and the Emperor received the Sacrament and blessing from the Archbishop, and then returned as he had come.

There was a general illumination at night, and certainly the loyal demonstrations of joy at his recovery are very striking.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

CHÂTEAU ELÉONORE LOUISE,
March 30, 1853.

I have had so little to write about since I arrived, except the snow—of which you have probably enough at Vienna—that I have not written at all. I was almost stopped by it coming over an Alpine ridge. Such a season has never been known here.

I hope this Eastern affair has blown over, but it is extremely unpleasant, because, among other evils, it may lead to friction with Russia, to say nothing of the room it may give for intrigues between her and France. . . . I still regard with much vexation the unreflecting violence which prevails at Vienna, and leads them to fancy that, because a malefactor has escaped to London, the English are in league with him. Can anything be more absurd than to fancy our giving these people up is possible? I don't believe such a thing could be done in Dahomey—certainly in no civilized country—and merely sending them out of England to America would be of no earthly use. The things done under the old Alien Act were enough to sicken anyone of such measures.

C. Long admitted privately that one or two creditors of persons abroad had, on their information, been sent away and guillotined, before it was discovered what their plots really were—namely, *creditors*.

Louis Napoleon is safe enough if he keeps his money matters right and commits no gross blunders—a thing he is very likely to do, as he consults no one except about money, the Empress as little as anyone else. But the converts he makes are mighty few, and each is so railed at that the baits he tempts with are not

taken. However, the army are still with him, and so are the clergy; their folly is extreme in paying such a price for the mere personal gratification of getting the Pope to Paris. The [*illegible*] are not comprehended by the people, so they care little for that concession; but the marriage question all understand, and if (as I hear is really believed at Paris) he yields on that, it will make a great sensation against him. I find all his enemies are in great hopes on this head. There will, if he does yield, be some Puseyite attempts in England of the same kind; and they must fail, so the French will see that even we, Church, loving as we are, cannot go to such lengths.

I cannot believe the story I find is current, of Russia having offered Louis Napoleon Egypt, and also the same to us; it would have been too barefaced.

King Leopold to Lady Westmorland.

LAEKEN,
April 15, 1853.

MY DEAR LADY WESTMORLAND,

Let me offer you my best thanks for your very kind letter, and your good wishes on the coming of age of my eldest son. Everything was very satisfactory, and the country has shown the best feelings imaginable, the more to be appreciated as being rare in our times. It would give me the greatest possible pleasure to see you at Vienna. I don't yet despair of it, though things *imprévu* happen so often that one has hardly the courage of making any plans.

I greatly lament the reciprocal irritation which has grown up between England and Austria; it is without any object whatever, and can only do harm to both.

parties. I hope to do some good, and at least the will to do it will not be wanting on my part.

The news from England is very satisfactory, and Victoria is going on well, and also her fourth son.* Here we suffer from cold, and I fear that Vienna will also not be over-pleasant with a N.E. wind.

May these lines find you and Lord Westmorland well, and believe me ever, my dearest Lady Westmorland,

Your truly devoted servant and friend,

LEOPOLD.

I venture to beg you to keep, as yet, the possibility of my appearing at Vienna a secret, as we have neighbours not of the safest description.

Prince Metternich to Lady Westmorland.

May 15, 1853.

I thank you for the share that you have given me of your friendship, and which for a long time has been reciprocated.

Amongst the dearest recollections of my life I count the cordial relations and good terms which existed between your immortal uncle and myself. It was from himself that I learnt the affection he bore for you, which was a proof to me that my trust in you was the result of a direct inspiration.

I always found you true; accept these words as a true test of friendship, for that alone can stand trial. Preserve your kindness towards me, and complete faith in the feelings of respectful devotion I have for you.

METTERNICH.

* Leopold, Duke of Albany.

*The Duchess of Gloucester to Lady Westmorland.**June 7, 1853.*

It is ages and ages since I troubled you with one of my scrawls, my dear Lady Westmorland. I had nothing agreeable to tell you, and felt that you could have nothing cheerful to tell me, so I thought silence the best plan to follow. But a most charming letter just received from Leopold, telling me of yours and Lord Westmorland's kindness to him during his stay at Vienna, and the pleasure he had to be under your roof, has roused me, and I take up my pen to recall myself to your recollections and inform you of his.

This proposed marriage* of his son to the Emperor's cousin is a most important event, and I trust will be the means of bringing matters about with us, and lay the foundations of friendship that have been so much clouded of late which I know will give you and Lord Westmorland much comfort as well as happiness.

London is very gay. I hear of nothing but balls and parties, and it appears to me, who live quietly by my chimney-side, that the town is gone quite wild.

My niece† and her husband and one boy arrived about ten days ago. Augusta looks very well, but very thin. The Duke is quite blind of one eye, but his health is good. They have with them the Duke's sister, Duchess Caroline of Mecklenburg. She does appear pleasing and to be liked; but I have seen little of her, as they are out all day sight-seeing. We expect

* The Duc de Brabant and the Archduchess Marie.

† Princess Augusta of Cambridge married the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

the King and Queen of Hanover the 16th for a fortnight, with their three children. This is a great joy to me, and I hope, though I am no longer able to join in any of the grand parties given at the palace, I may be able to receive them at my own house, as I manage to receive people under my own roof with perfect ease and comfort, and the Queen has promised to come with all her children to meet the King and Queen of Hanover with their children, so that I may have the gratification of being surrounded by all my nephews and nieces at Gloucester House, and I am making preparations for a little fête for them.

On Friday the Mecklenburgs dine with me, and I have a small party in the evening. The Mecklenburg boy is charming. The Prince and Princess of Prussia and their daughter are expected, and also the Duke and Duchess of Coburg, so that we shall be an immense party of *royalties* for the christening. The camps will take a good many out of town, which will spoil the balls, as half the young men will be obliged to remain in their regiments in camp.* I was sure you were sorry for poor Mr. C. Smith's† death; even at his great age he is much *regretted* by all who knew him. The poor Duchess of Beaufort has felt it deeply, and I fear is in constant anxiety *about the Duke*. The Duke of Wellington has been suffering much with his eyes, but he is better the last few days. The poor Duchess has been under great sorrow at the loss of her sister, Lady Dalhousie; it came so unexpectedly upon her.

I keep well when I attempt nothing beyond my strength, and as I am prudent I can do a good deal in

* The camp on Chobham Common was held from June 21 to August 20.

† Mr. Culling Smith married Lady Anne Wellesley.

my own house, and people are very kind and come and see me and flatter me by saying they like to do so, so that I have quite as much *society* as is good for me; and occasional dinner-parties of eight and ten people, which makes it cheerful and agreeable, and far better than *camp* dinner.

The Duchess of Cambridge, for her, has been very poorly, and kept her bed for three days, which I believe never happened before; and not being used to illness, or to be without society, she has been very low.

She is gone to-day to Kew for change of air. Her apartment at St. James's is quite charming, and when finished will be beautifully fitted up.

I beg my kindest regards to Lord Westmorland, and pray believe me,

Your friend,
MARY.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

VIENNA,
Monday, July 11, 1853.

I reply to-day to your letter, because on Tuesdays I am so busy—not with my own correspondence, but with these important and endless affairs which overwhelm my husband. He is getting quite nervous and upset by them. I do not see the faintest hope of getting away, for even if (as I hope) they succeed in preventing the war, it will be by negotiations which will give still more work for a long time. The heat has been so fearful and overwhelming the past few days that I never experienced anything worse in Italy. How fortunate we are to be so well accommodated with fresh air, greenness, and an avenue of nut-trees quite close to the house, which scents the air,

and this wide balcony where we sit in default of a garden! If we had been in one of the narrow streets where most of the big palaces are, I could not have borne it. When it is too hot to go out in the day, we go in the evening to the delicious gardens of Schönbrunn, and do not return till nearly ten o'clock. It is the only time when one can breathe a little.

August 4, 1853.

I send you a few lines to tell you that I have seen the Queen* to-day at Schönbrunn. She had the kindness to receive me this morning, which gave me great pleasure. She could not have been more kind and gracious. She talked to me of you and of our correspondence. I thought her looking very well. She has gone to-day with the Court to dine at Baden, and to-morrow there is to be a gala theatre at Schönbrunn, to which we are invited, and the day after the Queen goes to Ischl.

After my audience I went up to the third floor to see the Countess Douhoff and Edith Haacke, whom I found both very well. You cannot conceive what a pleasure it was to me to see some Prussians. I was delighted last night to see Kuhn, the Queen's hair-dresser, who also greeted me with effusion.

August 9, 1853.

We have a corvée to-morrow. A gala function at Schönbrunn for the marriage (by proxy), with Court dress.

I pity this child of seventeen who is going to marry a husband of eighteen, who is more childish than she is;† and I know they are both repugnant to the

* Élise of Prussia.

† See note, p. 174.

marriage, and are only making it because they cannot resist their parents' will.

Our diplomatic labours go on, and we have a hope (it is the last) of a peaceable ending; but I fear that, even if the reply from Constantinople is as favourable as that from St. Petersburg, we shall still have work for several weeks.

VIENNA,
October 4, 1853.

I had a visit on Saturday night from Comte Goltz. He told me he did not think the Prince of Prussia could find a moment to come and see me, having so much to do with the business and visits to the numerous Archdukes and Duchesses, which could hardly be got through in his visit of three days to Vienna. I took this as an excuse, and did not expect to see him; but the next day, about two o'clock, he arrived, and paid me a visit of an hour, and was *quite charming*. It would have been impossible to have been kinder, more friendly, or more confidential. My husband was not at home, so I had all the conversation to myself. He wanted to see my children, to go over the house, and showed me the greatest kindness and interest. He regretted not having been able to bring his son, who was seeing the sights of Vienna; but he told me he would send him to my box at the opera if he could leave the imperial box. However, that was not possible, because there is no communication with that box and the rest of the theatre without going out of the building; and also I do not think that an Archduke ever pays a visit at a theatre, so I only saw him in the distance, but he looked a fine, handsome young man. The Prince goes away this evening, and stays to-morrow at Sagan, which will please our dear

Duchess, although her beautiful eyes are not the only ones which attract him there. I did not see Goltz again. While he was with me on Saturday evening my son Francis arrived. He is very well, and the sight of his face, so happy and bright, did us all good.

I much needed this comfort, for the last news from Constantinople makes me despair. The diplomats still see a hope of peace—I not a shadow; and once a gun is fired, who can foretell the end and the consequences? I think continually of my poor uncle. If he had lived, things would have gone differently in Europe, I am sure, but I do not see anywhere a brain fit to direct and advise. There are many who are capable and useful as seconds, not one fit to take the lead.

*The Princess of Prussia (afterwards Empress
Augusta) to Lady Westmorland.*

COBLENZ,
October 8, 1853.

MY DEAR COUNTESS,

I have to offer you a thousand thanks for the kind letter you have just written me. I find in it a fresh proof of the share you have always taken in all that concerns my family and myself, and that gives me pleasure.

I have indeed ended a very serious year, and I feel that the loss of my excellent and venerable father* leaves a void in my feelings which life will never fill. You, who have suffered so many losses and undergone so much yourself, will understand me.

On asking the Countess Haacke why she had not replied to you in the summer, she assured me she had

* The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

not received your letter, which is explained by the long stay she made in the country.

I am sorry for you and Lord Westmorland that you have both been kept so long in town. I have just finished a cure at Baden, the only baths which do my health good, and I am resting here after so many changes of place which these last months have brought.

I hope to see my mother whilst waiting for the Prince, who will have been delighted to see you. He will give me news of you as well as of your children, in whom I take, as you know, my dear Countess, a very great interest. I beg you to give them my compliments, as well as Lord Westmorland.

My daughter* has developed very much this summer, and on growing up her society becomes more and more delightful to me. The regularity of this place is good for her education, and I may be very well pleased with the lady who has been about her since last winter. I have heard with regret that Lady Jersey, who has been here, but who did not come to see me, has been in trouble about the health of her daughter, the Princess Esterhazy.† I never met her since her marriage, but I remember her success in Berlin, and I sincerely hope she will soon get better.

Adieu, my dear Countess ; whilst waiting for the pleasure, which I so much desire, of seeing you, let me renew the expression of my good wishes for you, and the affectionate remembrance that I always bear for you.

PRINCESSE DE PRUSSE.

* Afterwards Grand Duchess of Baden.

† Lady Sarah Villiers married, in 1842, Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, and died in 1853.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

CANNES,
October 22, 1853.

. . . I had been for days meditating a letter to you, when yours came.

No doubt it is one of the greatest evils of our situation (*la position*, as the French say) that *He** is gone, both because that very change makes all these powers quite different in their views and apprehensions, and also because he would have prevented faults and omissions at every turn. It is the feeling uppermost in one's mind, and it is a very painful one in all respects—public and private. There are two Sovereigns I don't care to write about: one† has not disappointed me, for I expected nothing from him; the other‡ has, and I am sorry for it; but he will, I fear, live to be more sorry. I do not expect the gross blunder of taking part—that is, running down the lion's throat—but the almost equal error of holding back.

The loss of Arago§ is very great; I saw him twice last week, two days, indeed, before he died. I never saw him in greater form as regards memory and the interest he took in everything. Indeed, his voice was so strong, and his look so little changed, that I could not but suppose the physicians had mistaken when they said it was a question of days—perhaps hours. Nothing could exceed the tender and increasing care of his family.

In this country all is safe enough, if no accident happens. But Louis Napoleon is quite aware that too great precautions cannot be taken. Nothing can be

* The Duke of Wellington.

† The King of Prussia.

‡ The Emperor of Austria.

§ A great scientist, born in 1786.

more straightforward and satisfactory than his whole conduct *extérieurement*—I mean towards us, etc. But if any accident were to befall him (which God forbid), the unprepared state of this country makes the risk dreadful.

Love to all, kindest regards to Clement,* and to the Melanies† my profound respects.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

CHÂTEAU ELÉONORE LOUISE,
December 12, 1853.

Your letter was most gratifying, and though you rather see the young man‡ in a romantic light, yet I am convinced you are in the main right about him. Certainly, all that has happened since I received your letter, and all my accounts from our Government, are in favour of your opinion. The difficulty, however, will be very considerable, because much wrong-headedness is to be expected at Constantinople, and, above all, a disposition (natural enough) to avail themselves of this opportunity when they are so well backed. My fear is that this may lead to negotiations of much length and some complications, and this always exposes to risk an alliance of *four parties*.

You were quite wrong in supposing that I had been at all influenced in my apprehensions respecting the young man by the newspapers and their 'own correspondents'—quite the reverse. My alarm came from a very different quarter. To be sure, these guides of public opinion are too absurd! I see furious attacks on the Bourbons, but chiefly on the Orleans family, in

* Prince Metternich.

† Metternich's wife and daughter, both named Melanie.

‡ Emperor of Austria.

one paper, which sets up Louis XVIII. as the flower of the flock, affirms that it is quite well known that Louis Philippe was intriguing with Napoleon at Elba, and considers the Duc de Berri as the brother of Louis XVIII. !

As to the fusion,* however, I must say I am sorry it has happened at this moment, for obvious reasons. There is little sense in some of the Louis Philippe sons (Joinville as bad as possible). From the fusion will arise an advantage to Louis Napoleon. Some of the Orleans Party are extremely angry at it, and a few will go over to him and give him just what he wants—some persons of name and weight. Of course I don't mean Thiers, but one or two of his friends. Also the alarm of the Legitimists will drive—indeed, I know it has driven—Republicans to become Constitutional Monarchists, and this, of course, will tell against Louis Napoleon. The infinite follies of the Assemblée Nationale have brought all Parliamentary government into disrepute, and no one now regrets its destruction except a few leading men.

Of course you are aware that the excellent Broglie,† their very best man, had a great hand in the fusion.

Our Government continues most perfectly satisfied, and more than satisfied, with Louis Napoleon.

Prince Metternich to Lady Westmorland.

December 21, 1853.

Lord Westmorland will have told you, I hope, that I propose to show you a very curious thing. You will find it enclosed, and worthy of your serious attention.

* Fusion between the Duc de Bordeaux and the Legitimist Party with the Orleanist Party.

† Duc de Broglie, son-in-law of Madame de Staël.

Since the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, Mr. Th. Owen* has played the part of a *medium* to me, whom he intends to make an *esprit frappeur*. My nature is more recalcitrant than that of the late Duke of Kent, of Franklin, Jefferson, and a thousand spirits that Mr. Owen keeps at his disposal in his snuff-box. Never will I go and take lodgings in such a confined space, be formally assured of that!

Do not trouble yourself too much with the first part of the splendid work of the man who has been my persecutor for thirty-three years.

Start at page 41 and marvel!

Mille hommages.

METTERNICH.

Prince Metternich to Lady Westmorland.

December 30, 1853.

I thank you for having returned the pamphlet of one of the madmen with which our poor world is so superabundantly afflicted! What seems to me proved (supposing Mr. Th. Owen is not wrong) is that the Duke of Kent, Franklin, Jefferson, and *tutti quanti*, are damned. A soul which is saved cannot be at the will of an Owen!

I confess that, for my own part, I should look upon such slavery as one of the worst punishments which could be imposed upon me by the Supreme Judge. I am one of those who become refractory in the presence of diviners who have dealings with spirits, and those who fix their dwelling in some piece of furniture. If it were otherwise, I should long since have addressed myself to a table, to be informed by its

* A spiritualist of the day.

spirit about the position in which the British Cabinet and other powers find themselves.

A thousand thanks, my dear Countess, for your kind words at the commencement of another year. I flatter myself that you will not doubt that the household at Rennweg* feels the same towards you and yours. If I am not mistaken, it is forty years ago that, on the borders of the Rhine, we celebrated the passing of the year 1813 into that which, in four months, brought us to Paris. Times were better in those days.

A thousand respects.

METTERNICH.

* The name of the street where the Metternich's lived.

CHAPTER VII

1854: JANUARY TO AUGUST—SOCIETY IN VIENNA

IN spite of the trouble beginning in the East, the season in Vienna in 1854 continued very gay, culminating in the festivities for the Emperor's marriage with the Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria.

In her official position Lady Westmorland was obliged to go out a great deal, but her correspondence at this time shows how little heart she had for society; and her anxieties were much increased in February, when her brother-in-law, Lord Raglan, was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the troops in the Crimea, and her son, Lord Burghersh, accompanied him as Aide-de-Camp.

In May, Lady Westmorland came to England, hoping for rest and change, but the visit proved full of disappointment. Soon after her arrival in London, a bad attack of influenza obliged her to go to Brighton for some time to recover, so that she did not reach Apethorpe till July. There the weather remained wet and cold, and on her return to London a violent attack of cholera rendered her excessively weak and unfit for any exertion.

Lord Westmorland's almost daily letters kept her *au courant* of the negotiations carried on between the European Powers. During all that time negotiations were going on incessantly at both Vienna and Berlin, with the object of inducing Austria and Prussia to join the war. Prussia had no direct interest in it, but Austria, from her interest in the Danubian Provinces, was more directly concerned. In the end, however, she took no active part. It was a wearying and anxious time for all concerned, so that both public and private anxieties pressed heavily all that year.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

VIENNA,
January 2, 1854.

I could cry with jealousy and regret at the description of your gay soirée, and the delightful gathering and beautiful children at the Palais Radziwill. Here I have not seen a (Christmas) tree except the one I gave to the servants. It seems to me, except those who dance violently, no one has an idea of amusing themselves in society. They go there to show off their smart and ruinously expensive gowns, and to see how many candles are needed to put their eyes out. They hardly stay an hour; the women sit according to their rank, the men standing between them, and the young people go off into a separate drawing-room, where, according to what Rose tells me, they divide up (the two sexes) like their parents. It bores one to death, and I much hope not to have another reception. I will willingly give two balls during the long Carnival, and I think that will be enough. They are more fatiguing, but they amuse Rose and me a great deal more than these tiresome assemblies.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

January 18, 1854.

My ball was a great success. All the smart world came, and, as it was the first ball of the season, all the toilettes were new and very gorgeous. The two young brides, la Comtesse Zichy (Metternich) and la Princesse Obrenovitsch (Julie Hunyady), were magnificent and elegant. The only member of the Imperial Family,

the Archduke William, is always very amiable and gracious, and as he dances (like a true Austrian) all the evening, he gives no trouble like the Princesses.

Rose looked very well, and Julian was amused, and all the young people did the same.

They danced from ten o'clock till half-past five vigorously. There were eighty couples for the cotillion. It was six o'clock when I went to my room to go to bed. Yesterday I was quite tired out. To-day I am not yet rested, but we have a ball this evening at the Archduchess Sophie's. I hope to stay quite quiet till then, but here is a very gracious command come for me to go to the Dowager-Empress at half-past five.

She wishes to tell me of her gratitude for the kindness I showed her when she was ill, and she sends for me, although she keeps her room and cannot dress. Think I must be with the Archduchess a quarter before eight, and must dine and dress, so you see how tiresome this kindness is to-day. Remember, too, that Sa Majesté lives on the third floor, and that one has to go up 100 stairs on the coldest staircase of this great palace.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Neale.

February 3, 1854.

To-day I went out alone to walk on the bastion, and, as sometimes happens to me, absent-minded and absorbed in my own thoughts, I found myself jostled by a young officer, who turned round to ask pardon. I acknowledged him, and did not notice until he was some way past that it was the Emperor!

*Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.**February 8, 1854.*

I am worn out physically and morally—bored and *disgusted* with the *affaires mécomptes*, and disappointments; worked to death all day, and exhausted when I have to dress to go to a ball. The one at the Minister's for France on Monday was very fine. He has a fine apartment (in the Palais Pallffy, next to Esterhazy's), and a very fine *salle*, but I should not like to live in a palace in the small and gloomy Rue Wallner. I left Rose there with the Princess Ch's Lichtenstein, and returned at midnight with a bad headache, which I often have. My doctor says it is purely nervous, and that I must 'nicht lesen, nicht schreiben, nicht zu viel denken, keine Gessellschaft, und zeitig zu Bett' (not read, not write, not think, no society, and early to bed). As well tell me to put on wings and fly away.

February 13, 1854.

I begin my letter to-day because I want to tell you how grieved I am to learn the death of Count Stolberg,* which Arnim announced to me yesterday. I regret it for his family, for the King, for you, who, I am sure, will be affected by it; and also because it is one more of the few who remain of the old lot (*bonne vieille roche*), and we see every day that the young generation cannot replace them—at least, according to our ideas, which the young people consider old-fashioned. I assure you, England is no longer the country you knew. It is frightful to see the progress she has made in wrong-doing since the death of my uncle.†

* A member of the Prussian Court.

† The Duke of Wellington.

He was the last rampart that remained against this torrent of Liberalism which quite disgusts me, and it makes me feel worse that I must repress my feelings and keep silent! This is what poor Madame Meyerdorff cannot do; she is irritated to the last gasp by her brother* (which is more painful for him), furious with us, but always kind and affectionate to me. Her husband suffers much, which irritates her more.

But I must thank you for your dear letter, and for the details you give me of the Duchess. I rejoice to know she is well, and should much like to be at her little dinners as well as those of your neighbours, especially to see that fine old man† with his *crête de cacadou*, whom I love and revere so much.

Instead of that, here I only have big ceremonial dinners and magnificent balls, one or two of which are pleasant because of the splendour of the rooms, the beauty of the women and the jewels, the luxury of the lighting, etc.; but as it is always the same thing, I am bored to death with them, and only pine for *Carême*, when they will cease. In the meantime I have still one more ball at home next Wednesday. This is how it came about. The Archduchess Sophie always takes all the Wednesdays of the Carnival for her balls (*die Kammer Bälle*);‡ as she is often suffering, and the Emperor wishes to go to Munich, she announced that next Wednesday would be her last. As soon as it was known that the last Wednesday was free, all the dancing young people besought Rose and Julian to ask for another ball here. They (who are also seized with the rage for dancing) went to their father, knowing I would willingly consent to

* Count Buol.

† The sculptor Rauch.

‡ 'Chamber dances,' as distinguished from the state balls.

anything which gave them pleasure, and that is how it is settled. The delight and gratitude of these young people is so great that I thought they would eat me last night at Comte Buol's ball, so anxious were they to thank me.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

February 15, 1854.

Dear friend, this letter was commenced the day before yesterday, but I waited till to-day to finish it.

I am very sad and affected by the letters which I have received to-day, for, although it is not yet decided, there is a question of giving my brother-in-law* the command of the troops that are to be sent to Malta, to act in Turkey if war takes place. My poor sister writes in great agitation. You can guess if I share it; I do not dare think of it; I am quite upset by it. I await with the saddest impatience for decisive news, and whether (of which Emily does not say a word, and of which I dare not think) my son† will have to go with his uncle! My soul recoils from the idea that those who are dear to me must take part in a war which I regard as unjust, useless, brought about by personal spite, weakness, and blunderers, and the cowardly giving in to the cries of the press. A strong Government, statesmen courageous and consistent, would easily have managed an affair which has been allowed to grow until they can no longer control it.

Undated.

I rejoice to think that I shall see and hear Jenny Lind again. I have already written for places at her

* Lord Raglan.

† Francis, Lord Burghersh.

concert. There are people here very busy saying she has lost her voice. I say to them: 'Never mind; if she has still got her soul, she is better worth hearing than all the other singers of the world.'

Lady Westmorland to Mr. Hood.

VIENNA,

February 27, 1854.

I am sure that you, who have always taken so much share in all my sorrows and anxieties, will have felt for the distress into which I am thrown by the appointment of my brother-in-law to command the troops going to the East, and the consequent return of Francis to active service. I cannot say how much this unexpected event affects and grieves me. Under any circumstances I should deeply regret seeing Fitzroy, at his age and with his indifferent health, undertake a life so different from that he has been accustomed to for thirty-eight years—and I certainly hoped to be spared again having Francis employed actively in distant lands—but I should have made up my mind to the necessity had it been for an inevitable and honourable war, in a just and patriotic cause; but feeling as I do, that this is a miserable war of personal feelings and wounded vanity, brought about by blunderers on all sides—perfectly unnecessary, and which can by no possibility have any result useful or honourable to England—I own that all my feelings revolt at the idea of those I love being employed in it. The exaggerations and false statements in *all* our newspapers, and the dexterity with which the Blue-Book has been concocted so as entirely to conceal

the real history of the transactions, have created an enthusiasm in England which appears to be general and vehement; but it has no foundation in truth.

If the Derby Party had been prudent, and had not compromised themselves by their violent outcry for war—because they thought that the best mode of attacking the Government (not believing that the Cabinet would resort to it)—they would now have had a fine game in advocating peace. As it is, they are now dragged into union with the Democrats, and have, I think, ruined themselves and their party. Every day of my life I feel how differently the poor Duke would have managed things, and I am quite wretched. All this is, of course, for your private ear. I am compelled to hold my tongue and keep my opinions to myself; but I have always a comfort in confiding my griefs to you.

Lady Westmorland to Lord Westmorland.

BERLIN,
Monday, March, 1854.

MY DEAREST,

I have yours of Saturday, and am very sorry you have so much worry; it makes me the more anxious to get back to you. I hope to start on Wednesday, but will send you a line by telegraph to-morrow, because, from the P.S. to Emily's letter to-day, I think Francis may be coming here, and that, at all events, I shall hear from him. I am going to dine with the Queen at Charlottenburg; I hope I may see the King. I am sorry it so happens that I am obliged to throw over Redern, who came to-day from Gotha (where he went on Saturday) on purpose to have me at dinner, and had invited Prince George

and Prince Frederick to meet me. But I shall go there after dinner, and shall have time to finish this afterwards.

I think Lord Bloomfield, whom I saw yesterday, is aware of the game Louis Napoleon is playing. He will highly disapprove the pressure Bourquenay, etc., is putting on—for he who is as entirely with us and against Russia as possible can or ought not to do anything but remain perfectly quiet for some time to come—although he hopes the two will be bound to act together when necessary. He thinks Prussia is only now yielding to this bond with a secret hope that June may change many relations and circumstances, and that somehow or other they may make friends with Russia at last. Any violent pressure would make him fly off again. . . .

I am come home, and found the enclosed letter from Francis, which destroys my hope of seeing him here. I also find an invitation from Prince Charles for dinner to-morrow, which will be a great disappointment to the Bloomfields, who had asked twenty-two people to meet me to-morrow.

Madame Linden gives me a party to-morrow evening, and all believe I go on Wednesday ; but I feel inclined to take one day to be quiet and rest, and not to start till Thursday, and then I should be with you on Friday.

I found Prince George of Strelitz at Charlottenburg. He arrived straight from St. Petersburg yesterday. I forgot to tell you yesterday that I heard of his arrival from Budberg, and I told it to the Prince of Prussia, who had not heard it, and would hardly believe it, and was much alarmed at it, as he thought it would upset the King again. He sat by me at dinner. I

was between him and the Queen. He told me he had brought fresh propositions, but he did not think, himself, any good could be done now till blood had been spilt; that after some cannonades he thought people on both sides would be more reasonable, and then terms might be made. Manteuffel* was also there. He seemed very low, and told me he had little hope of any arrangement, but he was to see the King this evening. The Queen told me the King was very weak. He came out of his room for the first time yesterday to drink tea in hers, and was quite exhausted, and the doctors had forbidden him to attempt dining with us to-day; but she said he would come out after dinner—‘il veut absolument vous voir.’ He did come, and I cannot say how cordial and kind he was, and how many affectionate things he said about it. He looks very ill, and is quite pale, having lost (he said) a large quantity of blood, and his cheek is still covered with plaster-straps. He talked a long time to me, and told me he now had the greatest hopes that everything would be peaceably settled. I expressed surprise, and he then said that everything was changed; that the Emperor Nicholas had sent Prince George to him with fresh propositions, which were such that it only depended on *la bonne volonté* of the Queen and Lord Aberdeen to make peace on the most honourable terms; that the Emperor said he had never wanted anything but to protect his Christian subjects, that was now obtained by the emancipation of all Christians. He desired nothing more, therefore; there was now nothing to make war about. He would empower the King to make peace for him with only one condition—that the Conferences should not

* Prussian Minister for Foreign Affairs.

be carried on at Vienna, but at Berlin. This, the King said, he was sorry for—as he had already too much on his shoulders—but of course he could not say nay. He did not see how, if our Ministers spoke the truth when they said they wished for peace, they could refuse these overtures. He believed everyone wanted peace except Palmerston and Stratford Canning. I went from Charlottenburg to join the party at Redern's,* and there I found that neither Prince Frederick nor any of the English Mission had any idea what Prince George had come for.

I talked to Von Gröben† at Charlottenburg, who said he had been delighted in England with the Queen and with Lord Aberdeen and Lord Clarendon, and he was certain they all wished still for peace. He seemed to me to be humbugged, as I think he is too simple to have intended to humbug me.

Redern tells me Bloomfield is up to his ears in business couriers and telegraphic messages between him and Paris and London. The last incident was a letter from an agent he had sent to Louis Napoleon, who writes that Louis Napoleon now thinks that he had better let the King of Prussia alone, but set the Emperor of Austria at him. He thinks it may be done by Buol, or perhaps through the mother or sister. You see, Buol is made a tool of! There was something in the King of Prussia's look and manner that gave me a painful feeling; his head is not right. I can't describe why, but the impression on my mind is very strong. He said he was very well satisfied with Bloomfield, but, if anyone should come and tell him the Westmorlands were coming back, he thinks

* Count Redern, a Prussian nobleman.

† General Count von Gröben.

he would *sauter de joie* for three days and nights without stopping. He was uncommonly kind and tender, too. I must now end to go to Pauline's party. I am much better.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

GRAFTON STREET,
March 31, 1854.

I have just returned from the debate on the Address, in which I said a word which I thought might be of use, expressing confidence in Austria, especially her Emperor; but also in his sage advisers, by which I meant our friend.* It was well received by all who knew to whom I referred. No one can render him more justice than your chief† always does, and we often speak of him. As for a North of Germany man,‡ I have not a word to say for him, so shall say nothing. But he will find that he must come round. I took care to denounce and deprecate all popular movements, whether in Italy or Germany, and I feel assured that, come what may, France will be no party to them, or, rather, will exert all her power to repress them. But the conduct of Austria will be the main instrument of preventing that very worst of mischiefs.

The debate§ in both houses was dullish. Derby was as unsuccessful as a clever debater could be, and Aberdeen rolled him over in a way hardly to be exceeded for success; this bringing out the facts of

* Prince Metternich.

† Lord Clarendon.

‡ The King of Prussia.

§ The debate was on the Queen's message about the war. Lord Derby tried to make capital about a question of communication which had passed between Lord Aberdeen and the Emperor Nicholas during the latter's visit to England in 1844.

the dear Duke having entirely been with him and party to it all in 1844, and of everything having been communicated to France instantly, crushed the attack at once.

Derby's speech was universally condemned as factious, and as giving more opposition than support to the Government in regard to the war. The opposition in the Commons has been deplorably weak. Lansdowne and Palmerston have clearly shown to-night the falsehood of the stories of their differing from Aberdeen.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

April 19.

Since my son's arrival I have done nothing but *lambiner* with him and enjoy the short happiness of his presence. I have neither paid nor received any visits, and, except once to the theatre, we have spent all our evenings at home *en famille*. But this peace is going to end. The Duke of Cambridge arrives Friday evening; he stays with us, which is most inconvenient for me, for, not having a single spare room, I am obliged to turn out my son and Rose and put them where I can; but that is nothing beside the sorrow I feel that it cannot be my brother-in-law instead of the Duke. I am afraid he will take Francis away when he leaves Vienna, and it will probably be in the midst of the fêtes, which will be another trial for me.

We begin our fatigues on Saturday. The young bride* will disembark at the village of Nussdorff, and the Corps Diplomatique will have a 'tribune' at the landing-place.

* Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria.

The Emperor will go to meet her, as promised, at Linz. On Sunday there will be a grand entry into Vienna, and the marriage on Monday. The same evening a reception and presentations of everyone. The next day illuminations; Wednesday the review and gala theatre; Thursday a grand Court ball, etc., etc. The expense is awful. I have had to buy a dress embroidered with silver for Rose, the Emperor having desired that all the young ladies should have rich gowns at the ball. For the Court gown to be worn at the wedding I have sent to Paris, finding the prices here so excessive. It is very beautiful, the train green embroidered with gold, the under-dress white and gold. I have very little heart for these festivities and toilettes, although I am interested to see this young and happy creature; but my headaches are better, which is a relief.

I am now going to take Rose to the Burg to see the apartments of the future Empress, and her trousseau, which will be on show there.

The Duchess of Gloucester to Lady Westmorland.

April 20, 1854.

MY DEAR LADY WESTMORLAND,

My long illness has caused my long silence, and I am thankful to be able to recall myself to your recollection. . . .

I hope I am grateful enough for the merciful manner in which I have been supported and watched, and, under the guidance of a merciful Providence, that my kindest friend has been able to get me out of this awful illness (at my age and time of life) is quite marvellous, and I trust the remainder of my stay amongst

you all I may devote myself in trying to make myself more fit every day to appear before my Maker, whenever it pleases Him to call me *hence*. Nothing ever was so kind as the Queen and all my family and friends have been to me, and all those belonging to me, and I feel I am surrounded with every blessing and comfort, which I bless God for every hour of the day.

The events which have taken place since I last wrote are too painful and distressing, and the anxiety of the last three months has been dreadful, constantly watching for accounts, and what one heard one day was unsaid the next. Added to this, during the time it was undecided if my nephew George was or was not to have a command, no one can tell what I suffered. I was always anxious for him to be employed, and I have felt it a duty to push all selfish feelings on one side. Therefore it was a relief when it was settled, as I consider it a great advantage for him to have so honourable a command, and to be employed; and he was so anxious to go, and so charmed with the whole thing, that I do assure you, great as the pang was to part with him, it made me happy to see him so pleased (though he was much affected when it came to parting). I comfort myself that the same Hand that watches him (I hope always) will watch him in battle and dangers, and I place my trust in Him who knows what is best for us; but it is a great trial and a sad war, and the parting with so many of my friends at my age the more painful as I am not likely to live to see them again. I assure you I have thought much of you, as it will be no small trial to you, Burghersh being one of those who was inspired with the common spirit that has gone forth.

He cannot do better than go with his uncle, and I

rejoice that he is now with you. I was so sorry not to see him before he went, but I was too ill then to send to beg him to call. I made a great exertion to see dear Lord Raglan, and it was a very painful parting to me. He looked well, but fatigued with business, and in good spirits until he spoke of Lady Raglan and his daughters; and then he was quite unnerved, and quite charming, as *he* ever is as to his feelings towards them.

Poor Charlotte,* of course you know, has been very ill; but she is much better, and I am to see your sister and her daughters in a few days, when they have recovered their parting with him.

There is not a family who has not a husband, son, or brother, gone with the army, and the anxiety makes it impossible to hear, speak, or think, of anything else but our various friends engaged in this awful conflict; and we have nothing for it but to pray for each other that our Heavenly Father may give us strength to submit to whatever He decides for the future good, and also with resignation.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

April 26, 1854.

I have twice commenced a letter to you in the past two days, but I have never found time to write more than the first few lines. Besides the fêtes, the preparations and toilettes, you will understand that this Prince staying with us, his two A.D.C. (who are my son's friends, and whom I have known since their childhood), and my dear Francis, whom I only keep two days

* Lord Raglan's daughter, the Hon. Charlotte Somerset; died in 1906.

more, leave one no time to breathe, and I am sad, and must hide the thousand presentiments and miseries with which my heart is filled. But instead of this sadness, I want to tell you about this charming young Empress, whom I have at last seen, and with whom I am delighted. I think she is worthy of the Emperor. They are the most charming couple, and the best-matched one can imagine. She is a thousand times better than her portraits; none of them give an idea of her freshness, her air of candour and gentleness and intelligence, and of the perfect grace of all her movements. If her features are not perfect, they are delicate; her complexion white and clear, her lips like coral, her brown eyes not large, rather deep-set, but bright, pretty hair (about the colour of Rose's), dressed *à l'impératrice*,* which I think frightful for everybody; but she can stand it, because she has a pretty forehead. Her figure is charming, medium size, slender and lissom, pretty shoulders and round arms, a most distinguished air, and a young, soft voice. I have heard no one speak of her otherwise than *charming*.

I saw her first arrive on the boat at Nussdorf. The Emperor was at the landing-point with his father and mother alone, without Ladies-in-Waiting or any suite (because all the Court were assembled at Schönbrunn to receive her). Hardly had the boat touched land than the Emperor ran on to the bridge and embraced her openly. I can't tell you the effect of this natural and simple act. Not only the thousands of spectators on the banks burst into prolonged cheers, but many eyes besides mine were wet (which possess no more tears for sorrow, and yet which had so many

* That is, drawn off the forehead and temples.

tears for this affection, that I cannot look at these two happy beings without my eyes filling).

They looked so happy, so radiant, coming up the stairway together on to the platform, where I was fortunate enough to be quite close to them ; and that good mother who embraced her daughter-in-law with so much affection, you can guess whether she also shared in my looks and tears !

She looked happy, but pale. I confess I never thought to look at the parents of the bride.

The next day I had a very good place to see the entrance into Vienna, which was very magnificent, as you know by the papers.

On Sunday I was at the marriage in a *tribune* (stand), from which I saw this fine couple beautifully during the whole ceremony, and afterwards I was presented, with the other Ministers' wives (we were only six in all), before the reception, where I stayed to see the ceremony of kissing hands by all the Court. It was then that I was able to notice well this young Empress, who bore herself during this trying experience with so much grace, modesty, and simplicity. The Emperor was at her side all the time, suggesting to her a word to help her speak to the people presented. When it was my turn, he told me she spoke English well ; then she spoke to me in English, and when I replied in surprise at hearing her speak and pronounce so well, she told me she had had an English governess, and that she always spoke that language with her sister.

It really is a miracle that I have been able to write so far. It is because everyone has gone out to see the military manœuvres. I had not finished this sentence before they returned, and I have only time to finish in haste.

I am not well. The fatigue has tried me very much, and I could not go out last night to see the illuminations, which were superb, from what they tell me. I do not think I can go to-night to the gala theatre, because I want to take care of myself to be able to be presented at the Court Ball to-morrow.

On Saturday the Duke of Cambridge departs, and my son with him. . . .

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

May 10, 1854.

At last I am able to arrange my plans, and shall start for England in a few days with Rose. It costs me a great deal to leave my husband, and to go far from news of Turkey; but I feel it is necessary for me to do something for my health, and if I must leave Vienna, it is better to go where I can be useful, as at Apethorpe, and can be some consolation to my sister* and nieces.

Tell Madame d'Ohsson that this morning I had a charming visit from Jenny Lind. Fancy what ill-luck for me not to have gone to one of her six concerts! She leaves to-morrow for Pesth, and when she returns to give one or two more concerts I shall be gone.

My children, more fortunate than I, have heard her each time (except the day the Duke of Cambridge arrived), and were delighted each time. I wanted to invite her to dinner one of these days, but up to now I have never been able to count on myself to invite ladies.

* Lady Raglan.

Prince Metternich to Lady Westmorland.

VIENNA,

June 20, 1854.

MY DEAR COUNTESS,

Lord Westmorland has given me your kind remembrances, and also those of Lord Aberdeen, which he asked you to express to me from him.

I feel it unnecessary for me to tell you the high price which I attach to your friendship, or to bear witness to that which I bear for you, and to which your own conscience will bear witness. I belong to the men whose impressions do not change. I do not know how to run; I walk, and once there, I remain.

A true friendship (in order to reach that value it must rest on a solid base) is to me a rare gift. In these few words I give you the secret of the respect I have for you.

When you see Lord Aberdeen, please be my interpreter with him. Assure him that I do not place in doubt the real constancy of his sentiments, or the trend of his mind. I reserve to myself the right of claiming in my favour some share in both directions.

The general position of the day is not less difficult, and if, in his opinion, there exists a difference between the chief of a Cabinet in full activity and an old workman who has withdrawn from active affairs, the feelings of both friends can and ought to meet in the object which always has been, and always will remain, in common to them. The difference in the respective position may bring them to a different opinion as to the nature of the most useful means of serving their common aim.

What I do not doubt is that Lord Aberdeen's impressions do not differ from mine as to the difficulties

offered by the position of the Governments in this struggle, and which is no longer limited simply to political interests.

I am just leaving Vienna to go to breathe fresher air than that which oppresses me here. *Au revoir*, my dear Countess.

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

VIENNA,
Saturday, May 27, 1854.

MY DEAREST,

I have received Rose's very nice and satisfactory letter from Dover, so I rejoice you have safely got over your journey.

I have the Duke of Coburg to dine with me, and altogether eighteen, amongst them General Schlich and Bourquenay,* and I forgot to tell you that for the Queen's birthday I had asked Paul Esterhazy, but he refused, saying he would be in the country, but he only went with his family to dine at the place beyond Schönbrunn. I have not seen him since. Bourquenay, when I asked him to dine to-day with the great guest, said, 'Oh! c'est un homme bien important'; he said he had come to him, etc. This what I supposed; he would push the question of *remaniement* in that quarter if he could, as I fancy it would not take anywhere else. Here things are advancing. Buol† told Bourquenay yesterday that the Emperor of Austria had said, 'La guerre est inévitable; elle est même désirable.' One of the consequences of this disposition is that Buol, who meant to have consulted with the Prussian Government as to the nature of the

* French Ambassador at Vienna.

† Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary of Austria.

demand to be sent to Russia for evacuation, has now decided to show it only to her representatives here, and to despatch it at once. You tell this to Lord Clarendon if you see him. I don't write it, as I have no cipher with him. The settlement with Switzerland is in a satisfactory train. I am very well, so is Julian. I hope you have gone to Brighton if you thought it would do you good. I understand Lord Stratford would not dine with the Sultan at the dinner given to the Duke of Cambridge. Francis says nothing of all this, but I believe he has been making a great splash about the toasts at these dinners. I expect he will go wild; he meant to have everything his own way, and it will turn out quite the contrary. I have, as I come in from reading a letter from the Duke of Cambridge of the 18th; he was quite well, so was Francis. He says the Sultan is almost dead. God bless you!

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

VIENNA,
Sunday, May 28, 1854.

DEAREST,

I have been kept all the morning. I have had a drive of an hour, and now, half-past four, go to dine at Lichtenstein. Julian will have told you I have got your letter from Dover. Perhaps it is better you should have been quiet that day; but I shall not be happy if the headache is not gone on Wednesday.

I have nothing to [*illegible*] in the last communication from Lord Clarendon, but he and all belonging are gone mad, and have fallen into the trap of the parvenu. Vengeance is to be taken by way of satisfaction, and then everything, north and south, settled anew. This has, I believe, been hinted by my guest of yesterday,

and has created some dread of continued and prolonged difficulties. In the meantime, the Emperor of Austria is quite decided, and the requisition will, I believe, be sent to Russia to-day. The Emperor of Russia said, 'Le chapeau est enfoncé.' I have fears of Silistria, but that will be an example of what is to be expected from the Turks. This fortress is (as the news transmitted to the General states) about to capitulate because one fort has been taken, and it is a place with a garrison of 17,000, and calculated to resist a siege of six weeks. It had not yet been regularly invested.

Lord Stratford is stated to be so angry at the obstructions to ascendancy he meets with, he is decided to retire.

God bless you !

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

VIENNA,
Tuesday, May 29, 1854.

MY DEAREST,

I am anxious to know what passed with Lord Clarendon. He writes to me that he is anxious to see you. I hope you will have sent the copy of my letter to him about the feelings and opinions here. I am alarmed at the sort of engagements he is already wanting to take for the ultimate settlement of affairs. This, before a single advantage is obtained, or is even in any clear prospect before us, is premature, but he is drawn into it by Louis Napoleon, who says he means to settle *Schleswig, Holstein, Switzerland, Piedmont, and the Frankfort Diet* before he returns to quiet times and this after Russia has been completely muzzled Sebastopol burnt, etc.

All this is so wild that I am alarmed at the extent. I am told he speaks of it, but I held back ; it would be too dangerous.

The Duke of Coburg, who is still here, has been very well received, and is very much satisfied. I learn he has been prudent, and not given in to the Gotha plans I mentioned. I have just been with Leiningen,* who is satisfied with what he has learned from the Doctor. I hear from Bourquenay, whose wife and child are doing well, that upon the despatches reaching Paris, stating the signature of the Protocol, the raising 95,000 men, Drouyn de l'Huys† wrote: 'Vos nouvelles sont si bonnes qu'elles nous font rougir de nos craintes, nos doutes, et nos méfiances, malgré tout ce que nous recevions de vous.' That is what I ought to expect from Lord Clarendon.

The Austrian troops are marching as fast as they can get ready ; but they cannot be assembled so as to act on the frontier under four or five weeks, by which time the answer of the Russian Cabinet to the summons, which is being settled to-day, will be returned. I think, from what you say, our country, etc., for the equipment of the army for the field will not be ready sooner.

I have written to-day to the Duke of Cambridge and to Francis. I am going to dine with Buol to meet the Duke of Coburg and Leiningen. I could not see Buol this morning, as he was in council with the Emperor. If I had found him I might have written to Clarendon, but I have nothing to say, except that it does not appear clear that Silistria was treating for a surrender. If it should prove true (when it ought to have defended

* Prince Leiningen, Queen Victoria's half-brother.

† Prime Minister of France.

itself for a month), it will be a proof of the trust to be put in these Turks.

My kindest love to Emily and the ladies, and pray thank Dundas for his letter. God bless you! I read Miss Cooke's letter to Rose, as I thought there might be something in it about the Academy.

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

VIENNA,
Tuesday, May 30.

DEAREST,

... Your conversation with Aberdeen has been all that I could desire, and I have written to him to thank him, and at the same time I have supported what you said to him of the supposed want of money, and of the doubts he expressed as to Buol. I have told him that the whole of the good had come from him, and would continue to do so. I have written him only a short letter saying this; to-morrow I shall enter into a number of things, and particularly as to the friendship with Louis Napoleon in as far as I can venture, for I see that the *Morning Herald* is driving upon the very point of forcing Aberdeen and Lord Clarendon to go the whole hog with Louis Napoleon, and pledge themselves to violent demands.

I suppose this division against the Jews has made a considerable sensation.

I take it poor Buol will be greatly disappointed.

I have been waiting for the Duke of Coburg, who is not come. He goes away to-morrow.

Leiningen dines with me. Esterhazy asked me this morning to dine with him, but I was obliged to decline. I dine to-day with Armins. God bless you!

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

VIENNA,
Thursday, June 1, 1854.

DEAREST,

I suppose this will reach you before the letter I wrote last night, which is gone by the messenger. I have no letter from you this morning.

I sent you yesterday a copy of a letter to Clarendon about the hyper-Russianism of the people here ; it is well he should see it. He really abuses people as the King of Prussia in a most flippant manner, and after all, what he least expected, the signature of the Protocols, took place. He now abuses the King of Prussia for quarrelling with the three persons, who, in the interests confided to me by the Government, I had the most fiercely to combat against—that is, Bonin, who commanded the army in Schleswig-Holstein; Usedom, who was appointed to negotiate under my mediation the treaty with Denmark, and who did everything possible to thwart the policy of, and the instructions I received from, Lord Palmerston; and Bunsen, who told Gagern* that he was only waiting to join him as Minister of Foreign Affairs of the German Empire at Frankfort till he could bring him the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein *en cadeau*. Bunsen had at that time received an allowance for transacting the affairs of the German Empire without the consent or knowledge of the King, which he only declared some time after he accepted the appointments; this was made a subject of accusation against him, but the King protected him. I dare say Clarendon knows nothing of all this. . . .

* Head of the Frankfort Assembly.

*Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.**Saturday, June 3, 1854.*

MY DEAREST,

One of these inequalities of the post which are despairing has occurred to-day. I have no letter from you or from Rose, and as I am quite sure you will have known the anxiety I must feel after the receipt of your letter of Monday last, I am sure you wrote to me on Tuesday. I know it is too late to do any good in the matter, but pray ascertain in what way the negligence of not posting the letter has taken place. I have fortunately a letter from Emily, and she writes from your room on Tuesday, and says 'you are certainly much better, but still complain of your head and being weak.' Now this is sorry comfort for me, and I declare it annoys me very much. I cannot persuade myself that this is so trifling an illness as your letter of yesterday made it out, or, indeed, as the letter of Emily to-day would explain it. The disappointment of not hearing from you or Rose has perhaps made me more nervous than I ought to be.

Yesterday I had a meeting of near two hours with Buol and Bourquenay, the former having sent to us to read the communication he had sent to the Emperor of Russia. It is entirely in the sense it has always been stated, but Bourquenay makes great objections to it, and says it is weak, that it speaks of a term *pas trop éloigné*, instead of immediate, and is generally too milk-and-water and too friendly. I think it may be somewhat too much in that direction, but not in the exaggerated way stated by him. I am always influenced in my judgment by the communications made by Louis Napoleon as to the future objects which I

have reported to you ; and Clarendon, I think, should be guided by these considerations, and not hurried into Louis Napoleon's interpretations of any document whatever.

I am well, and so is Julian, and I am now going out to see Bourquenay after he has had an interview with Buol.

For Heaven's sake, let me receive a letter from you to-morrow ! I hope you may have been well enough before you left London to have seen Lord Clarendon a second time.

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

Sunday, June 4, 1854

DEAREST,

Last night the courier arrived with your letter of Wednesday, and this morning I have your two letters of Tuesday and Wednesday. To my joy they are all satisfactory.

I am just come off a visit from Bourquenay, and it is quite impossible to describe the extent of the pretensions he is now ordered to put forward. All that the Emperor of Austria has done, or proposed to do, goes for nothing, *status quo*, by no means, diminution or humiliation. The Emperor of Russia is to suffer all this.

Our friend Grey,* in his northern region, has made such an arrangement as will lead to this, and this is what Charley Napier† is waiting for to begin, with reinforcements of all sorts. I cannot give you a sufficient idea of all that Bourquenay says he is ordered to propose.

* William Grey, Minister at Stockholm.

† Admiral Sir Charles Napier, commanding the Baltic Fleet.

Now Clarendon writes how glad he was to see you, and to have got my letter which you sent, but has learnt from Paris that the Emperor of Austria's man* holds altered language from what he did; but he states that he would only be prepared to act next spring. In fact, Clarendon seems, from his letter, to be worse than ever as to doubts and misgivings, and more convinced that nothing is to be obtained from the Emperor of Austria or Buol. He says I should hold the same language of Bourquenay, which is given in a despatch from our Cousin Cowley.† In short, I see we are gone, or going, as far as Louis Napoleon will wish to drive.

I have just had Esterhazy here; he has talked upon affairs. It is extraordinary: he recapitulated almost all Bourquenay has been told to do and say, putting it upon Clarendon and his employers, and he (Esterhazy) went into a long reason that they were the people pushing for all this, while the French could have no interest in anything of the sort; but certainly Clarendon would not be the pusher on.

Clarendon's note to you is the same as he states to me as to the non-presentation of the second document at the Conference. You know he never sent me a line of direction about this business. His letters were only to do something of the sort, and in the spirit of the letters I seconded; but I did ask why the second was not offered and put on the Protocol, and Bourquenay has just explained that it not being so was his view, and that of Louis Napoleon: they wished only for the one. I shall write this officially. . . .

I have so much to do, I don't know how to get

* Hübner, Austrian Minister in Paris.

† Lord Cowley, Minister at Paris.

through it. God bless you! I suppose this will find you at Brighton. I wish you were nearer Clarendon; he will, I suppose, as Bourquenay, fly against the new requisition sent to the Emperor of Russia, as they don't want that, *but a great deal more*. We shall be involved beyond return, and I am sure it is the language held by Louis Napoleon, such as he held to the Duke of Coburg, of which I have reported to Clarendon confidentially, which has caused a hesitation in the Emperor of Austria's language; and what Bourquenay tells me he has now to state and propose will make it worse.

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

Monday, June 5, 1854.

DEAREST,

I have been kept all day at Buol's, and then at Bourquenay's. I cannot tell you all; but with Buol all comfortable and Bourquenay the same; but menaces from Louis Napoleon—these will never end.

I am come from Metternich. I gave him the message you charged me with; he says he will write to you to give his answer. My delight has been to hear him speak of you. He feels that '*le cœur et l'esprit et le jugement sont tels*'; that he need only desire you to speak on a subject; that you would be sure to do it as he wished you.

Aberdeen's letter, in so far as I thought I ought to quote it to Buol, had a most salutary effect.

Metternich desired the most affectionate remembrances to Aberdeen.

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

VIENNA,
Thursday, June 8, 1854.

DEAREST,

I read the first and last paragraph giving an account of Aberdeen's feeling for this Emperor to Metternich, and the last, which was Aberdeen's message, he made me copy and leave with him, that, in writing to you his answer, he may refer to his expressions. I met there Meyendorff, who had received a letter from Silistria of the 3rd. The young Orloff, so badly wounded, will not lose his life, but he has been hit in the eye and the arm, and news by telegram has come down to the 11th.

I asked Meyendorff what was doing there; he said he did not think they would do great things. I don't know if this indicates a desire to withdraw from the siege, or only that it is more difficult than they expected.

Meyendorff said he had no news of the reported illness of the chief commander, but he believed it, as he knew he was very much afraid of getting the fever which he had fifteen years ago and, he thinks, never entirely left him.

I hope Julian has given you an account of all I wrote yesterday to Clarendon. God bless you!

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

Saturday, June 10, 1854.

MY DEAREST,

I have your letter of Tuesday from Brighton. I have already told you what pleasure your telegraphic message announcing your arrival there had given me,

and now it is confirmed by this letter. I only regret the cold weather; we have had the same for the last week—that is, the thermometer has been about 50 instead of 60 and 65, as it had been before.

Your notice of Aberdeen's visit is most truly satisfactory. I shall get the details by the messenger to-night. But I am in despair when I read the newspaper to-day. I have seen Kossuth's speech at Sheffield, and the article in the *Standard*, which speaks of the 'hereditary treachery,' and of the 'hopelessness of anything like honour or honesty, and the country ruled by a despot.'

I think, with such language amongst our own people, I see no hope of getting out of some dreadful mischief. I can see nobody to ride the storm. It makes me very unhappy, because I see no check to the wild people, such as Louis Napoleon and the persons who will play into his hands for quite different purposes, such as the Duke of Coburg, whose first conversation with me I may perhaps send you, as it is most singular, and he is in such intense connection with Louis Napoleon, and they have a private cipher which Bourquenay is unacquainted with. The Duke is for upsetting everything.

I have a letter from Dundas which gives me very much the melancholy picture of the want of power to resist (?) the torrent that I feel myself.

I send you a very nice and satisfactory letter from Francis to Julian of the 29th. He says the army was to go to Varna in the course of the week; but he only hopes to have done something before six weeks were passed. I think by that time there will be little left to do in the direction the troops are going. If Silistria is not relieved before six weeks it will be taken, and

we shall have had nothing to do with it. All the late information received here to the Prince of Bucharest stated that the Russians are preparing to evacuate Wallachia; at least, if not, go behind the Pruth.* If the Austrian summons is agreed to, the Principalities will be evacuated, and the Austrian army interposed between the belligerents.

Nugent† has been here; he is to dine. We know nothing of the interview of the King of Prussia and the Emperor. I am most anxious for your letter to-night.

Look at the *Revue des deux Mondes*, where, in the article on Lord Castlereagh, they quote a letter of mine against Schwazenberg and his army, which Londonderry had, in his indiscretions, published.

God bless you!

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

Sunday, June 11, 1854.

DEAREST,

I have your letter of Wednesday, the 17th, but the last sheet of it is wanting.

I am very greatly pleased with your account of Aberdeen's conversation. My only fear is that one can hardly trust to him having the energy to act up to it if the case arose for decision. Clarendon's conversation is still full of the determination to punish—and it is foolish to talk of this till something has been done—and I fear that there is no opening for doing anything; you cannot, therefore, attempt to punish and to cripple upon expectation of what may be gained.

* The river which divided the territories.

† Count Nugent, an Austrian General.

Then the habit of abuse which Clarendon indulges in against the Emperor of Russia shows so little of a statesman—for, after all, we must make peace, and then we must wish to be on good terms—and therefore the fouling one's mouth by abuse, which will probably be regretted when a different state of things takes place, cannot be wisdom. I therefore fear that, when the answer comes from the Emperor,* Louis Napoleon and Bourquenay will do all in their power to discredit and prevent it being accepted, and I fear Clarendon, in spite of Aberdeen, will succeed in holding to those views.

What Aberdeen said was quite true : the accommodation should have taken place after my Olmütz† visit.

Clarendon, in his letter of last night by messenger, is very kind about you and all you said, but he still goes on in doubts, etc., and he says some good things about Kossuth, and points to the article in the *Times* of the Wednesday, which is as good as our bad position in the *affaire* from beginning to end can make it.

The *Chronicle* is better ; but of all the horrors, read the *Standard*. We really are lost when our own side can degrade ourselves by such language.

I find there are all sorts of reforms, and the remuneration of the Colonel of Regiments is to be altered, while we are to have the thing the Duke most objected to—a 'Minister of War.' I hate all these things.

Here we are expecting back the Emperor‡ and

* Of Russia.

† Lord Westmorland had been present the previous autumn at a meeting at Olmütz between the Emperors of Russia and Austria.

‡ Of Austria.

Bunsen. I think it will not much signify what they have done with the King of Prussia. The reports in the telegraph (*private*) are that Paskewitsch is gone with his headquarters to Jassy, and the Russians are preparing to evacuate the Principalities, but they still seem to be hard at work at Silistria. I wish to God they would go at once! It would be much better for them, and it would puzzle the rest of the world to go on with the war, notwithstanding all the enthusiasm.

To be sure, it would have been ridiculous to have accumulated all our means, to have been about it for the last three months, to have been in such a hurry to begin the war, that I hardly dared keep the messenger on his road to St. Petersburg for twenty-four hours, and then to find there was no enemy to fight even before we had got into the field; for if Russia was to go behind the Pruth, Austria would intervene, and there could, for the moment, be no more fighting.

I will see Metternich, and tell him what was said in the message; but generally the things said by Aberdeen are so good that I am afraid to state them even to Buol, lest they should not be maintained upon trial.

I am now going to Dornbach to get a ride, and it is near three o'clock.

The absence of the King of Greece, as shown up in the Blue Book, is rather of a levelling character for the Ministers of the Queen of England to have put forward; it would have done for a set of Jacobins.

I have no reason to complain of what appears in the book.

*Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.**Wednesday, June 14, 1854.*

DEAREST,

I give myself no time. I have been all the morning waiting to see Buol without success. I must go out for a drive, and it is four o'clock. I am very sorry for the drawbacks you have suffered—the state occasioned by the tooth as well as every other—but I suppose you have been safe at Brighton since Monday.

Thursday.

I had written so far yesterday when I remembered there was no post, and I would not write by the messenger, as it was the loss of a day. I wrote two letters by the messenger to Clarendon—one giving an account of the visit of the Duke of Coburg, and the other a great deal of all sorts of the conversations with Louis Napoleon, which it will startle Clarendon to know I am acquainted with. I wish you had seen those letters. I have gone as far as I could venture to show how little sound reliance was placed upon, and how difficult to maintain will be, the cordial *entente* supposed to be established. What appears to be deduced from all this is that it would not be Clarendon's interest to abuse Austria, Prussia, or Russia, to leave us alone friends with Louis Napoleon. I think, after what I have told him, this might be a reflection which Aberdeen might certainly make. The most curious details I received from the Duke were as to the dislike which Prince Albert and the Queen had to Louis Napoleon, and how much the latter was persuaded of it and would resent it.

I dare say Clarendon, when you see him, will tell

you of this. Louis Napoleon's words were to finish : ' Il faut vider toutes les questions de Holstein, Suisse, et Piedmont.'

I dined yesterday with Esterhazy, and dine there again to-day. Leiningen is gone home to-day. I had a great deal of conversation with him ; he sees the folly of the fancies floating in the mind I have mentioned, but I suppose Clarendon considers him a great personage. He thinks himself the prime mover of the Gotha party, and he is their *tool*.

I was so far in this letter when two letters arrived from Buol, with enclosures which I must telegraph. The one is, that the Austrian Consul has taken the best care of the English prisoners of the Tigris ; the other, that an English division was to start on the 26th for Varna, and the second as soon as the ships returned. The French divisions were also to be moved from Galipoli to the same place. I must go out, so I leave Julian to finish.

God bless you !

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

VIENNA,
Friday, June 29, 1854.

I am all anxiety what our good people will decide. Aberdeen and Clarendon will hold together, I suppose ; but there are two ways of acting when you want to obtain an end : the one is to trumpet it to the world, the other to be equally determined to get what is wanted, but to keep it to oneself. The latter is the most judicious. If you are obliged to be satisfied with less, you don't risk being laughed at for wanting too much. I cannot guess what Clarendon would ask

for at Congress at present. You have nothing in hand; Sebastopol is therefore out of the question. A regulation to have there as many ships as the others in the same sea could only be obtained next year, after great and successful fighting.

What sort of a state will our army be in to pass a winter in the Principalities or in the Russian Provinces, in ice and snow? while our ships will have left the Baltic and be inefficient in the Black Sea. What sort of an expense will this be for us and for the Turks? I say, all these things ought to be taken into consideration. They may be solved in a sense favourable to great demands, but in weighing advantages they ought to have their place. . . .

I have had great congratulations on becoming *full General*. You ought to see Hardinge, and hear what he says about a *Household* regiment.

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

VIENNA,
July 4, 1854.

DEAREST,

In reply to your letter of Friday, I am quite of your opinion, and such opinions as those you seem to remark upon will not do now—we are all for the wild. But how we are to get clear of it all is an enigma I cannot make out. I got a telegraph from Clarendon to-day to know what Buol thought of Grey's country.* The answer is natural: Should be very happy to shake hands and join, if we respectively want each other; but, till we do, *silence*. No answer from Russia, and no guess what it will be. Prussia has made a bad hit; sent here by telegram to say she would separate

* Sweden.

if the movement I told you of was to take place on the Danube.' Buol said: 'This telegram I won't receive; sign it, and I shall know how to answer it.' This was written back to Prussia, who has put *de l'eau dans son vin*. Meyendorff has got his leave, and I believe recall. . . .

P.S.—I should like to have Paton's book.* I think Lord Aberdeen's despatch is very good. I think it must put him on his legs. I think Clarendon is puzzled as to what terms of arrangement he would ask Russia. He says he would rather have none, and, I take it, Aberdeen does not agree to this.

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

VIENNA,
Thursday, July 6, 1854.

DEAREST,

I was so tired last night when I had finished a letter of six sheets to Clarendon, as well as one to Billy, that at twelve o'clock I could not write to you; but I had not much to say, except that Gortchakoff† was expected, and I can now announce that he is arrived. I sent, while at breakfast, to the hotel, and Gautier‡ is returned, saying he came last night, so now we shall have a swing of business. Buol does not expect anything acceptable, and is ready to go to action, and I believe Austria is of the same mind; but they must be very cautious, on account of Prussia, who certainly will do all in her power to keep well with Russia; and this feeling is strongly evinced by

* 'The Goth and the Hun; or, Transylvania, Debreczin, Pesth, and Vienna in 1850,' by A. A. Paton, an author and diplomatist, who was British Consul at Ragusa.

† Russian Minister.

‡ Lord Westmorland's servant.

Prussia's temporary gentleman, who is here, and a strong proof of the same disposition was given by the incident I reported to you in my last letters. I believe Prussia, notwithstanding *vérités*, will go with Austria. Buol yesterday mentioned (not to me, but to Sullivan, my co-partner in the House) the fear that, as the *Times* has pointed out, we might march off and leave the Austrians (when engaged in the undertaking) in the lurch. Clarendon, in his letter, had desired me to announce the intention to do so, but *I per prudenza* did not, and in my letter of last night stated my reason, in which I was *d'accord* with Bourquenay, who writes to his people upon the subject to-day. I fear it will have been decided upon by Clarendon, and it will certainly have the worst effect here. It will be carrying away all the support we could give at the most critical moment, and by the promise of which the Austrians have been called upon to come forward—besides its being, in my judgment, an entirely wrong move.

Au reste, as far as my individual quiet is concerned, things at a distance are less likely to be annoying than when nearer.

I am to have Buol to dinner, with Princess Schwartzberg and Madame Waldstein and Mrs. Norton, the old Prince Jablonowski, etc. I suppose I shall hear what Gortchakoff has brought. Arnim has just been here to take leave of me, as he goes to-night to Marienbad, where he remains a month. He desired to be remembered to you. I am sorry he goes at this moment, as the one who remains is too active.

I am just going out. I should think the present moment would not do to send any reasoning of a military character to Clarendon, and all his companions are under the fear of the popular cry, and

reason has little to say in naval affairs, and of which the public representation is at variance with the facts, as we know them.

I hope you are safe and well in London. I told Clarendon in my letter I hoped he would see you.

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

VIENNA,

Friday, July 7, 1854.

MY DEAREST,

I am delighted to know of your arrival in London, and that you feel strong and able to undertake the duties of the town. I have just had a skirmish with Bourquenay.

Schlick just called to take leave on his way to Galicia. He came up yesterday from the (last station ?) with Gortchakoff, who said : 'J'espère apporter de bonnes choses ; je suis un papier blanc pour tout ce qui s'est passé. Mon maître est désolé que les affaires sont allées si loin, et il voudrait faire la paix, nous verrons.'

Schlick told me he had an army of near 200,000 men, but he could not reckon on having them all upon the frontier till some way in August.

Bourquenay promised me, and proposed to write to his Government to beg them not to think of the attack upon Sebastopol. I consequently wrote it to Clarendon ; he (B.) now tells me he did not do it. I told him I was very angry. He reasoned. I said nothing, and he left, saying we should remain friends, but could no longer talk affairs. I said very well. I now go to Buol to know what Gortchakoff has brought.

Buol has shown me the document brought from Russia ; he gives at present no opinion upon it, but showed it to me to exercise my judgment upon.

I consider it unfavourable, although it agrees to the three points of the Protocol of the 9th of February, but under such reserves that I think Austria will not be caught by it.

I have sent a telegram to Clarendon stating this opinion of the document, but nothing further.

I have had Bourquenay here; it was already all right at Buol's, where we met, and he has written me a note in explanation to send to Clarendon. I must go out; it is now four, so God bless you! It is thus I pass all my days.

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

VIENNA,
Tuesday, July 11, 1854.

DEAREST,

I wish I could write longer, but it is past five. I am glad you are so well and able to go out, and although I am delighted you should go to Apethorpe, I am sorry to lose your correspondence from London,* particularly just this week, for I think Clarendon and the whole batch have made a great blunder.

I am firmly convinced that the reply to the Emperor of Russia, and the soft way of taking his proposal, entirely come from the belief that we are to pack off to another quarter, and leave Austria in the lurch, not even with the second assistance of Prussia, and therefore, as Buol told Bourquenay for a winter campaign, we should be left entirely alone. This is, I fear, a *coup de grâce* to all my anxieties to bring things to the verge of action. The immense army preparing to do so will be ready in a fortnight, by the time another answer from Russia arrives; but we have not

* All Lady Westmorland's own letters at this period were destroyed.

fired a shot, or engaged ourselves in actual hostilities in the Principalities. Austria will never expose herself to be left in the lurch, and we shall be represented as sacrificing her, and all the German interests to look after strife, which is the universal reproach made against us. In short, by the putting forth at such a moment such a plan of action,* we have lost the chance of the support of the immense force which has got together.

I shall not state this to its extent, but I wish you were there to hear what is said. Bourquenay feels as I do, and writes: 'I have never mentioned having heard of it from Clarendon or from anybody else but the *Times*.'

I dined yesterday with the Duke of Brunswick, and he dines with me on Thursday.

God bless you!

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

DEAREST,

Thursday, July 13, 1854.

I had your letter of Saturday yesterday, and hope you will see the Queen again when you go to the Palace.

I had a long day yesterday. I thought in the morning I should have nothing to do, but having gone to Buol, I found he had come to a new decision, and therefore Bourquenay and I were obliged to get up a telegram to propose that the Conference should meet and receive the last communication from the Emperor of Russia, and send it to our Government. All this took till dinner, and then I had a long letter to write to Clarendon, and altogether was at work till past twelve.

I have just been again with Buol. I think he was

* The Crimean Expedition.

more satisfactory, because in hopes that the Allies are crossing the Danube, and showing signs of intending to drive the Russians out of the Principalities. The fear that we are going to leave them in the lurch to go to Sebastopol has been the cause of the hesitation as to the mode of replying to Russia. I stated this at length in my letter to Clarendon. I wish you had been near when he received it; but I suppose you are already at Apethorpe.

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

VIENNA,

July 18, 1854.

I have written to-day a despatch which ought to give confidence in the intention of the Government. The upshot of which is that C. Esterhazy,* after giving the views of the Allies as to treating, which they will transmit in reply to the Russian note, if they are refused, will ask for evacuation, and will leave St. Petersburg if not acceded to. In the meantime a despatch from Paris says: 'Now our troops have fought with the Turks at Giurgevo, we ask if Austria is not ashamed of not having already co-operated. Poor Bourquenay, who received this, is obliged to keep it in his pocket, for no allied troops whatever have as yet appeared on the Danube; it is the kettle calling the frying-pan by an ugly name. The Austrians reproach the Allies for not fighting, and the Allies reproach the Austrians. But the latter have the enemy at their door.

God bless you!

Bourquenay has just seen Buol, and it seems that the reply is to be sent to Russia to-night to say

* Austrian Minister at St. Petersburg.

that the Austrians reject the desire expressed by the Emperor of Russia to see France and our people leave the sea they occupy before Russia leaves the Principalities (?), but admit there is some justice in the demand. This makes one glad the disposition for accommodation is shown, and we will transmit it to Louis Napoleon and to Clarendon. Keep this secret, but I feel it will be quite contrary to Clarendon's wishes. I shall only know it to-morrow to write about.

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

VIENNA,
Thursday, July 20, 1854.

I forgot to tell you I had received from Madame Meyendorff the little bronze figure for you she said you would remember to have seen always in her house. It is upon my chimney, and is a very pretty ornament.

I am going to-day to dine with O'Sullivan* at Baden; we set off with Julian, etc., at three o'clock.

I managed with Buol he should not call us together after two o'clock till next day. The calling us together is for the Conference if the King of Prussia will join in it, and this is to be announced to his man here by telegraph to-day. If not, it will be a separation from the other three, which I think he will not make up his mind to.

I wrote a long letter last night to Clarendon, but I passed over in silence a great number of his doubts, misgivings, compliments, etc. I said I had so often repeated the statement of the sincerity of Austria that I should not risk fatiguing him with a repetition.

Conceive, in his letter to me, when speaking of

* Belgian Minister.

Austria, he seemed to fear being exposed alone to problematical numbers of Russia. I reply by saying, as he seemed to know that those numbers were as he described, then, of course, Austria would have an easy game.

It is a most extraordinary thing that here, this day, the 20th, we know nothing whatever of the English and Turkish armies since the beginning of the month. The reports of their having fought at Giurgevo and being assembled at Rustchuck are all lies. I cannot guess what they are about, to go off to Sebastopol while the Russians are still in strength at Bucharest.

I don't know if Julian told you about the accident to Bourquenay's child (boy), who slipped off his horse, which struck at him and wounded him in the head and made it bleed. Bourquenay fainted, and was senseless, and Buol and Julian carried him from the garden into the house. The boy was not hurt, and is quite well, and Bourquenay is recovered. I was fortunately gone five minutes before the scene took place.

I have just had Prince Ghica with me; he is in hopes of going back soon to Jassy.

I cannot guess what will take place. Lord Clarendon and Lord Aberdeen will be obliged, in concert with Louis Napoleon, to ask as a basis of negotiations what is impossible for Russia to grant. Buol will send this to Russia, who, upon refusing, will be told by Buol at once that what Austria has required as the entire evacuation *sans phrase* must take place at once, and if the order is not given, Austria's man* will be desired to take his leave, and the Austrians will enter and drive out. Three weeks are calculated upon to arrive at a solution. Now, God bless you!

* The Austrian Ambassador.

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

VIENNA,
July 21, 1854.

DEAREST,

I am just come from the Conference without Arnim, he having stated he had *no authority as yet* arrived. Buol, therefore, would not propose to us to act as a Conference of *three*, it would be proclaiming the rupture of the concert ; but he sends off his official confirmation of the documents come from Russia, and recommends the strongest representations to be made to Prussia as to her conduct from all three.

There is a telegram of Bucharest of 19th, saying the Allies were assembling at Rustchuck. If so, it is the first we have heard of them. It is very odd we know nothing about our armies since the beginning of the month.

I am delighted you had at last a fine day. Here it has been raining since two o'clock, just as it did all yesterday afternoon. We went to Baden, got there in rain, dined with O'Sullivan, his sister, the tutor, three boys—nobody else—and I got back in rain to the opera at near nine. It was not a pleasant way of spending my first *lark* in the country. Nothing can be worse than the weather just now.

I suppose we shall have the answer to the communication, which will go this evening to Paris, and London in about ten days.

Buol will then send them off to Russia, and will say that if he does not give orders for the going out of the Principalities, Austria will go in, and Esterhazy will be told to come away after a few days. *This is serious.*

July is quite well. He received your letter.

The decision of the Chancellor is all nonsense, and

the Emperor of Russia is a poor fool who can do nothing to help himself. My love to Rose and Madame Monerat,* and kind remembrances to all my friends. Bourquenay is come to dine *en famille*.

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

VIENNA,
July 28, 1854.

DEAREST,

I am glad you had such a gay scene in front of the house with all the children; you will have made them all very happy; and I am so glad the warm weather seems to agree so well with you, and Ape-thorpe air, that I am sorry to think you are coming away from it, which you seem to intend. I really shall be afraid of your undertaking the journey and getting home in August; it will certainly be melting. You will have a deal to do of interest in London. I consider Clarendon as in the worst of dilemmas; the Press and public voice and Opposition are calling out for impossible things, and he and his associates have not the power to resist it, so now they send conditions, and yet don't say they will treat upon them.

The telegram I sent yesterday is to ask If all you desire is granted by the Emperor of Russia, will you treat, yes or no? I believe this is just what Clarendon and Aberdeen are afraid of saying, but they put forward pretensions, such as after a battle of Marengo or Waterloo might be expected to be submitted to. They would be perfect if they could be obtained, but as they cannot, the old system would have been to keep them *in petto* till the opportunity offered of putting them forward with a hope of success;

* The Swiss nurse who had brought up Lady Westmorland's children.

but doing so now has the great inconvenience of binding you to what only a most successful war can give, and nobody can be quite sure of that, although . . .

[*Unfinished.*]

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

VIENNA,
August 1, 1854.

DEAREST,

I am tired of this incessant Eastern question. Yesterday I sent by telegraph the most satisfactory intelligence. Buol agrees to proposed Notes and Treaty—in short, buckles to everything. I doubt whether this will please. You will have observed Palmerston says in the House, ‘England and France are quite enough,’ and he evidently means he had rather have Austria the other way, that he might have his good and long-cherished swing at her.

Will Clarendon give way to this? You will find it all out.

You say you only go to town on Monday. I hope you will have got my telegram about not sending the fruit. It was a terrible neglect in the F.O., and the fruit spoilt all the despatches for Berlin.

I hope, Thursday, I am going to see Her Royal Highness Madame Rossi, daughter of the old Duchess of Lucca, who is here.

[*Continued by Julian Fane.*]

My lord is gone out, and I have promised to finish this letter. We live in a continual excitement with the telegraphs we receive, and which generally puzzle us by the instructions they bring. I do think they are the worst possible inventions for business, being an excellent practical demonstration of the adage, ‘More haste, less speed.’

Buol has a report (seemingly authentic) of the retreat of the Russians from Wallachia. If it be true, they are taking this step very ungraciously, without any communication to the people here. Our troops appear to remain very comfortable at Varna, and for us, who have personal reasons for wishing them to remain in safe quarters, this is satisfactory news. I wish I could think that the war could be brought to an end by their inactivity.

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

VIENNA,
August 3, 1854.

DEAREST,

I received yesterday your letter of the 28th; none to-day, as, being Wednesday, the post does not come in.

I shall be very glad that you should ascertain from Clarendon if there is any chance of leave, but I think, as you do, that they will not let a chargé do the business; but it is irksome just now, for it appears to me that, from the talk in the House of Commons, Clarendon and Aberdeen have been beat, and all the distrust of Austria has regained its former intensity. I hope, just as you will have got to town, some of my letters and despatches may have given a better tone; but when misrepresentation is listened to, and when it comes from all those who write and invent every sort of calumny, it is difficult to expect it.

I have just had Bourquenay here, who is violent to get the Convention signed here, which Buol had agreed to; but an alteration come from Clarendon has made a difficulty which has stopped it, and it is very annoying.

Bourquenay has proposed that he and I should write

again to-day to Clarendon to force an agreement, and he says he does this in the interest of our Government, so I must make what exertion I am able. He has the advantage of stating that it is all for my Government he is fighting.

I wrote last night by messenger to Clarendon the position of things here. He will only get that letter when you get this. I am satisfied that Buol and the Emperor of Austria are most anxious to enter upon action with us, but they have a difficult part: they must have Prussia somehow or other, so as to be sure she does not play them a trick and leave them to themselves. I am sure the Emperor of Austria never was stronger in favour of the alliance than he is at this moment, and the same as to Buol. He is more disappointed than we can be at the delays and difficulties which constantly arise.

CHAPTER VIII

SEPTEMBER, 1854, TO DECEMBER, 1855 : THE CRIMEAN WAR

LADY WESTMORLAND returned to Vienna in the early autumn of 1854. The landing of the allied troops near Eupatoria in September was followed by the victory at the Alma (September 20), by the investment of Sebastopol, and the Battles of Balaklava (October 25) and Inkerman (November 5).

The Alma despatches were brought to England by Lord Burghersh, who, on his return to the Crimea, stayed a week at Vienna.

In the early part of 1855 a conference assembled at Vienna with a view to peace. Lord John Russell came out as the English Plenipotentiary, M. Drouyn de L'Huys as the French, and Prince Gortschakoff as the Russian; but the end of some months' hard work was again failure. When these conferences were over in June, Lady Westmorland went to the baths at Ischl, where she received the news of Lord Raglan's death. Lord Westmorland, who had not left Vienna for over two and a half years, now applied for leave, and came to England, where Lady Westmorland joined him in September; and they then came to the determination to retire, and Lord Westmorland resigned his post and settled down at last to live at Apethorpe quietly, as he had long desired to do.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

VIENNA,
September 20, 1854.

We have now come to the time when any hour we may receive news from the Crimea. Life is a *martyrdom*

in such a state of uncertainty, especially when all connected with this war is repugnant to all the principles in which I have lived since childhood. Now, my prayer is that my two dear ones* may come safe and sound out of actual danger; for the end of the horrible state of things I cannot foresee, and do not even wish to think of.

Yesterday we had an English family to dine with us, who were very much recommended to us. We did not know them. It is the type of insular family represented at the theatre. There is a father and mother, a son and three daughters with red hair—all ugly. The father and mother express themselves with much difficulty in very bad French. The daughters chatter in French and German with a decidedly English pronunciation. They talk art and literature, and put down everything (so they say) in their diaries. They are *doing a tour* of the principal German towns simply to *sight-see*. They spent four days at Berlin, but did not find anything remarkable there, except that it was very cold. I asked one of the daughters who draws and talks art if she had not admired Kaulbach's frescoes. She assured me the frescoes were not by Kaulbach, but by Cornelius, and she was 'almost blown away standing on the place to look at them.' 'But I mean the frescoes in the New Museum.' 'Oh! we did not go there; we were told we should see much finer pictures at Dresden.' 'Did you go to Rauch's atelier, to Begas, Magnus, etc.?' 'Oh no! we did not go to any of those.' 'What did you think of the theatre?' 'Oh! we did not go there; but we went one day to Potsdam, and saw five palaces in less than two hours, and came back to Berlin to

* Lord Raglan and Lord Burghersh.

dinner.' And these people have seen Berlin, and find there nothing *remarkable*, and describe it as a very 'dull place.' If I could be amused, I should have laughed, instead of which I was *irritated*. . . .

I open my letter to tell you we have just received by telegraph the news that our troops disembarked on the 14th at Eupatoria without meeting with any resistance, and that they were marching on Sebastopol. It is something to know them disembarked, but what uneasiness as to the result !

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

October 2, 1854.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I give you 1,000 joys on this great affair.* The landing was a prodigious operation, and one could not help grieving that the dear Duke had not been spared to exult in it as he would have done. But this victory is a capital fruit of that wonderful feat, and I really believe in the fall of Sebastopol as reported.

Your chief† writes, to my unspeakable delight, that the enthusiasm for Raglan and Lyons is equally great in the French army as in ours. Altogether it is very gratifying; but that we shall pay dear for it I have never doubted, and this severe loss of 2,800 to begin with confirms my apprehensions. I am sure it will give you satisfaction to know how everyone (I believe all parties) is loud in Fitzroy's praise, and what is almost equally pleasing, everybody is delighted that it has happened to him. This, too, would have been entirely the feeling of him‡ whom we have lost.

I know only one quarter in which our success will

* The Battle of the Alma fought on September 20.

† Lord Clarendon.

‡ The Duke of Wellington.

give uneasiness; I mean only one friendly quarter—the little priggish doctrinaires in Paris hate the English alliance and the war, and I dare say will be very much grieved at a victory which helps both the alliance and Louis Napoleon. The Thiers people are very far from this miserable folly, though I dare say they dislike being out of office as much as the others, and have far greater reason to dislike Louis Napoleon. As far as the opposition in this country, I don't believe they have the very least feeling of the kind, though they must feel how hurtful to their party the great success of the Government is.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

VIENNA,
October 4, 1854.

This morning I received from my son a letter of the 21st, which gives all the brilliant victory gained the day before, and the consoling assurance that my brother-in-law's staff, with their chief, escaped from the dangers of the struggle. Our loss, however, was considerable—2,200 killed and wounded, of which 196 were officers. The French have lost 12 to 1,400. The Russian forces of 45,000 infantry, with large artillery, were put to route in two and a half hours. I am profoundly grateful for the issue of this day, but the horrible uncertainty has recommenced; for three days ago we received telegraphic news of the capture of Sebastopol, and we have not yet had official confirmation, nor any certain news, since the 21st, except many rumours, which make us all think that there have been *affaires*, if not battles. Whilst this uncertainty lasts the anxiety is terrible. My sister waits for telegraphs from me, and I do not know what to say to her! The

newspapers are full of details of the taking of Sebastopol, but I do not like to put faith in them while the Embassies receive no confirmation.

The Duchess of Gloucester to Lady Westmorland.

WHITE LODGE,
October 6, 1854.

I am sorry Lady Raglan has been ill also, and not able to join you at Cologne. She must be living under constant anxiety about him, but thank God all the accounts of his health are satisfactory. George has been very ill, but in his last letters assures us he was getting well. It is painful to hear how much illness there has been in our army, and how many officers are coming home from ill-health. Your son has never been named amongst the sick, so I hope he has escaped. The cholera has attacked us heavily in this country, though I believe in some parts of England it is less hot than round London. We have one great blessing to be thankful for—our harvest, which is magnificent; such a harvest has not been seen for years, and the weather is lovely, though a constant east wind, which obliges me to be very careful.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

October 11, 1854.

In the last letter I had from my son (written on the sea) he gives me many personal details, and he seems especially to have been occupied with the unfortunate wounded Russians, whom he found on the ground after the battle. He took care of them as well as he could, transported as many as possible into our hospitals on board our ships—there were so many of them, though, that they could not have them all. To

those who remained he gave necessaries of life for three days, and all the comforts he could get for them, and he hopes the peasants would take care of them when he was gone. He was much interested in the prisoners, and took charge of letters for their relations in Russia, which he sent me. This dear boy regrets leaving his uncle, and is determined to return as soon as possible. I shall see him on his way. Fitzroy* seems to have won all hearts, for even the French do not cease praising him. If God preserves him to us he will have all the glory possible, but I think a great deal more of his safety and his health than of his glory. He already has enough. I am always very sad and very nervous, but I am much better in health. . . .

My son would have arrived in London on Sunday, as we know he was in Paris on Saturday ; but as the post does not come to-morrow, it is only on Friday I shall get the news, and receive the fatal list of killed and wounded.

I am, however, easy about the fate of those who interest me most nearly—at least, after the first battle. To-day we have news from Balaclava of the third. It seems the Siege of Sebastopol was to begin the fourth or fifth. God grant it may be over before my son returns to the army !

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

VIENNA,
October 13, 1854.

I have been very much pleased the last few days at hearing from all sides of my son's success in London, and how pleased all the Ministers and big people were

* Lord Raglan.

with his intelligence and modesty. On Tuesday he went to stay with the Queen in Scotland, and was to accompany Her Majesty on her return. He has already been promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. All this gives me great pleasure, but my heart is still very uneasy about my dear brother-in-law, and each day's delay in the operations in the Crimea makes me tremble that my son may return there before they are over for this year. We are entirely without *authentic* news since the third.

Duchess of Gloucester to Lady Westmorland.

GLOUCESTER HOUSE,
October 20, 1854.

I am very sorry to hear how poorly you have been, and the anxiety about Francis of course must have had a great effect on your health and nerves; but, thank God, you will have the comfort of receiving this letter by him, and will see how well he is looking, and grown handsomer than ever, as he is full of animation and joy at the glorious news he brings us of the successes Lord Raglan has had, and how very magnificently he led them on to the field of battle, and with what spirit they carried the glory of the day. After so much illness and fatigue, it is miraculous how they behaved—everything for their Queen and country. It makes me very proud of the army, and dear Lord Raglan does honour to the school he was brought up in, and to the memory of his old master.

Such news, however good, could not be received but with a mixture of deep sorrow and regret at the loss of many brave officers and men, and it is painful to think how many broken hearts this victory has caused. But I will not take up your time in dwelling

on the painful part of the battle, but congratulate you upon your son's happy escape from all harm (though in the heat of the whole), and you will, I am sure, be thankful he cannot be one of those at this moment at Sebastopol.

During all our suspense and anxiety before the Battle of Alma, and for a fortnight after, from the uncertainty for all those who had relatives abroad, I could not write; for though Lord Raglan's first short despatch saved our minds as to George's safety, we could not but feel deeply for those who knew nothing of their belongings. As I well could understand all you must have suffered, I thought it kinder not to plague you with one of my scrawls until I had had the happiness of seeing your son. He kindly came to see me one morning, and kindly dined with me on Wednesday to meet the Duchess of Cambridge and Mary,* and he was quite charming, and told us all so nicely, and answered all the troublesome questions we put to him so clearly, and with so much good-humour, he quite gained all our hearts, and I could not help regretting you were not one of the party, as you would have been more proud of your son than ever.

I hear the Queen was delighted with his visit to Balmoral, and I was pleased to hear him say he was pleased with her gracious manner towards him, and the interest she took in all he had to relate.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

VIENNA,
Sunday, October 22.

I have had a visit from Count Arnim. I am so full of emotions, which are serious when they are not sad,

* Afterwards H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck.

that I am quite astounded at his gaiety, and to see him laugh at everything—all the world is perfectly contented—even he whom you love so,* who interests me very much in the cruel position in which he finds himself, and who is covered with reproach from all sides. This good A. *ne me va pas* in my actual position.

It is a real joy to me to hear that since my son has been in England, all his time is spent in going about to those whose relations were killed, wounded, or ill. My nieces write to me that he gives up everything to take consolation to people of all classes, often without knowing them, and that he has made himself adored by his conduct. I know there are few hearts like his. Yours is able to appreciate him.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

VIENNA,

Wednesday, November 1, 1854.

Here I am at the end of six days' visit from my dear son, who leaves to-morrow for Trieste. I did not expect to keep him so long, but by good fortune the navigation of the Danube was interrupted for lack of water, and he was obliged to wait for the boat at Trieste.

I have had all the happiness possible in seeing him so well, more handsome than ever, and charming everyone by the modest and simple way in which he relates all the marvellous feats of arms of which he was spectator, and *something more*. But imagine my ill-luck at being ill during the whole of his visit with a dreadful cold, which prevented me leaving my rooms, and would have kept me in bed if he had not been here. It is only to-day that I have got back my voice,

* The King of Prussia.

and that I cough less. However, I have delighted in this dear boy, who has spent all his time with me, hardly leaving me all day; and if he has been to the theatre two or three times with his father and sister, he has returned quickly to stay with me, with an affection and devotion which makes him dearer to me than ever. He is very impatient to return to his uncle, whom he adores, and I see by a thousand little things which he lets fall that what he is constantly thinking of is to take care of him, and to try and get him all the *comforts* they have so often lacked.

We have had no direct news from the Crimea for some days, which keeps us in perpetual anxiety. What is certain, is that, this horrible siege will last a great deal longer than they say, and it is a great grief and disappointment to me to see my son go before receiving the news of the capture, as I had hoped.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

VIENNA,
November 15, 1854.

To-day we have a despatch from my brother-in-law, from which it seems 'he gained a brilliant victory on the 5th* against a very superior force; but the fight was of the fiercest, and the losses terrible.' He only names the Generals, of whom three were killed and five wounded. Amongst the killed is a Cathcart whom I knew well, and who has a wife and five children. For the others we must wait; but what anxiety and agony for so many people! I *curse* the inventor and telegraphs which bring such incomplete news! These terrible battles which do not end in the capture of Sebastopol fill me with horror!

* Battle of Inkerman.

This morning I received a very long letter from my brother-in-law full of affection and interesting details, but it has been very much delayed (I think at Constantinople), as it is dated October 24. He was well, and then full of courage, and certainty of succeeding in his undertaking in spite of the immense difficulties which he finds in the *ground* and in the great resources of the Russians.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

December 13, 1854.

My husband has just received a long letter from the Duke of Cambridge of November 30. This has pleased us very much, for we can deny absolutely the rumours which appear in the papers of his pretended madness, of his quarrel with Lord Raglan, etc. ; for his letter is perfectly sane and reasonable, and he speaks of Lord Raglan's kindness in allowing him to go and spend some days at Constantinople for change of air, having been very ill with dysentery and typhoid fever. He describes the awful storm which he went through during the crossing, when the vessel was in the greatest danger of shipwreck for twenty-four hours.

My heart grieves at hearing of the death of a young Captain Tryon,* killed the night of November 21 at a *sortie* the *Russians* made into our trenches, and in which there was only this young man killed and two men wounded. I think you have seen the *Tryons* at Apethorpe. They are our nearest neighbours. Their pretty place at Bulwick touches us at Morehay Lawn. They have all three of their sons in this awful war, and I saw them in July, even then overwhelmed with anxiety, the father especially unable to compose

* Brother to Admiral Sir George Tryon, lost in H.M.S. *Victoria*.

himself. My good Francis was so pleased on disembarking at Marseilles to send them word by the telegraph that the three were well.* He will be very unhappy at this misfortune.

My sister† and Charlotte recently spent two days at Windsor Castle. The Queen expressed herself with a great deal of warmth and admiration in speaking of Fitzroy,‡ and was in tears at the losses we have suffered. She does not wish to have any of the usual theatrical representations while the war lasts. This pleases me.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

VIENNA,
January 10, 1855.

Since my last letter we have had a great many *affaires*, and some very important moments. The *light* of hope is lit once more. There is a great chance of peace if they are not unreasonable. The Emperor Nicholas undoubtedly desires it, but I have some compatriots in your neighbourhood who (in spite of their good temper and constant smiles) only see hypocrisy and deceit where I see much greatness and nobility. The Emperor of Russia is ready to make enormous concessions, and he can make them with honour, provided that *nous ne nous acharnons pas* to prevent him. All this depends on him whom you admire,§ and in whom I do not trust, although I have a great admiration for the cleverness which has made him now the arbitrator of Europe. We may shout and glorify ourselves as

* This telegram, "Three Tryons all well," sent by Lord Burghersh to their family was the first intimation of the Battle of Alma received in Northamptonshire, it having come through with official despatches to the War Office.

† Lady Raglan. ‡ Lord Raglan. § Emperor Louis Napoleon.

much as we like, but we shall do what he wishes ; I very much doubt that he will want peace : but who can know the intentions of this hidden nature ? Therefore I am at the highest pitch of anxiety, for we are at the moment which will decide the chances for or against the continuance of this awful war.

I still have good news of my son ; he does not know yet of the infamous attacks on his uncle, but he begs me not to believe the lies published by the *Times* on the state of the troops, under the name of 'Letters from the Army,' for most of these letters are manufactured in *London*. This is what I also hear from London, and they are on the track of those wretches who do this atrocity.

Meanwhile the Queen has written the most flattering and affectionate letter to Fitzroy, in which she tells him that 'she can never be grateful enough for all he has done for her and for his country ; but she has an urgent request to make him, which is, not to expose his precious life too much.'

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

VIENNA,
January 31, 1855.

I am so pained, so *humiliated*, so furious, at the part my country is playing ; so disgusted to see the nation come down from that elevation which no one formerly contested, to play the part of the obliging assistant to the Emperor Napoleon, that I blush to be English ! I do not at all regret the downfall* of the Ministry, but I do not expect a better. I have not the least idea what they can unravel from the present chaos of

* Lord Aberdeen's Ministry resigned on January 29, after its defeat by a majority of 157 in favour of Mr. Roebuck's motion to inquire into the conduct of the war.

parties. What is clear is that the Duke was right in saying that twenty years after the Reform Bill there would no longer be a *possible* Government capable of carrying on the affairs of the country. It is very certain there is not one that can carry on war, and I doubt if they will find themselves with courage to make peace. I am indignant, too, that amongst all the Ministers who have spoken in Parliament, anxious to justify themselves personally and collectively, there is not one who has had the courage to undertake the defence of Lord Raglan. They are too afraid of offending their masters, the newspapers! You see I am very exasperated, and I must repress all this and keep it at the bottom of my heart.

Prince Metternich to Lady Westmorland.

January 31, 1855.

MY DEAR COUNTESS,

I imagine your mind is full of painful feelings. You will not doubt that such is my lot. The difference which exists between our respective positions does not count in a state of things which touches the most diverse interests, but at the same time appeals to all moral sentiments, such as truth, right, honour, and personal affection. Nothing of that which is making the history of the day so painful and so full of danger surprises me.

You who have heard me characterize as 'moral confusion' that which was at first so lightly spoken of as 'a work of civilization,' and this undertaken without any thought for the conditions necessary to its success, to-day constitutes a *tohu bohu* in which no one can see clearly, which costs rivers of blood and compromises all existence.

My forecast finds itself unhappily justified by the event, and you will believe that no one suffers from it more than myself—the old friend of order, moral and material.

All that you and I feel, the Duke of glorious memory would have been able to prevent, simply by his presence in the world, by the authority which belonged to him exclusively.

Do not worry too much, and accept my affectionate homage.

METTERNICH.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

LONDON,
February 3, 1855.

I need hardly say how much grieved we all are at, I may say, everything now going on—but above all the breaking up of the Government at such a moment. I will not stop to say anything of the cause of it. Lord John* is, of course, cried out against on all sides; but you may depend upon it that, unjustifiable as I admit his proceedings to have been, it was not from any vile intriguing plan of upsetting Aberdeen in order to take his place. He is incapable of that, though some of the Whig jobbers are, no doubt, quite capable of wishing such a thing; but also he was not so silly as to believe such a thing could by possibility succeed. However, he is much to be blamed, and the possible consequences of the *crise Ministérielle* at such a moment are quite dreadful. Derby could not get Lord Palmerston to join him, though I understand he offered him five Cabinet places. If so, and if Clarendon, Graham, and

* Lord John Russell resigned from Lord Aberdeen's Ministry directly Mr. Roebuck's motion was announced.

Gladstone, had joined with him, we should have had a strong Government.

Lansdowne went yesterday evening to Windsor, of course only to be consulted as to who should be sent for in the difficulty. I suppose he will say Palmerston, which won't be much liked at Court; but it must be, and then there will be a difficulty owing to J. R.* and his adherents: for he, at least at present, cannot be thought of.

Another thing which at Court will be bitter to swallow is Grey's plan of taking the command of the army from the Crown (direct), and placing it in a 'Board.' The Duke was always most averse to this, but it must be done.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Neale.

VIENNA,

February 4, 1855.

We have the news from London by telegraph of Friday evening. Everything seems to me in confusion. I cannot conceive my cousin Clarendon at the *head* of the Government; but in these times I no longer doubt, as I no longer believe anything. I am sad and depressed in the extreme.

I *know* now what I always thought—that my excellent brother-in-law (in spite of his calmness and resignation, which persuade those about him—even my son—that he is indifferent to the wicked lies which make them all so indignant) is deeply hurt (*blessé au cœur*): that is what my sister reads from his letters. I have never doubted that the truth will one day be known, and that then justice will be given to this noble soul; but

* John Russell.

meanwhile I know what he must suffer with a heart so tender and sensitive as his!

I have a letter from Francis of the 20th. The state of things was better. The troops had received their warm clothes. Food and materials were arriving in quantities; but the cold was excessive, and the sick were not decreasing.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

February 12, 1855.

I have received a letter from my son of the 29th, and to-day I have seen a young man who spent a week with him at the headquarters, and who left both him and his uncle in good health. But the details of the sufferings of *what remains* of our poor army are dreadful. Some day we shall know all my brother-in-law prophesied, and all the superhuman efforts he made to remedy and prevent the evils which did not depend on him; but meanwhile his heart is very sore.

The King of the Belgians to Lady Westmorland.

LAEKEN,

February 18, 1855.

MY DEAREST LADY WESTMORLAND,

I ought to have thanked you long ago for your kind letter, but I waited for a safe messenger. Great events have taken place since you wrote that letter. In England a strange direction has been given to public affairs. The conduct of the various parties has been far from patriotic. The results are sad, and hurt the reputation of the country. Our dear Duke, the object of my sincerest respect and greatest

affection, said not long before his death, 'We live on our reputation': he might well have said, on *his* reputation.

It is strange that there are not any sort of flatterers to be compared to those who, nowadays, flatter the *vox populi*. We may finally see things not unlike what is going on in the United States of America.

The great rumour of the day is the expedition to the Crimea of the Emperor Napoleon, which is believed to take place on the 26th. *C'est jouer gros jeu*, and for a near neighbour it is an event of great importance.

The news from Egypt is tolerably good. I trust only that no imprudent things will be done.

We are nearly frozen to death; I never felt so cold since our winter campaign, February, 1814—in times, after all, *very* different from the present.

Lord John Russell will soon arrive with you.* I understand him to be moderate in his views.

Have the goodness to give my most affectionate regard to Lord Westmorland, and believe me ever, my dearest Lady Westmorland,

Your truly devoted friend and servant.

Prince Metternich to Lady Westmorland.

February 25, 1855.

MY DEAR COUNTESS,

In this position of things, which very justly oppresses you, you will find some consolation by the interchange of our common impressions. These impressions being the same, you will understand the happiness I feel on my side at being understood.

The fate of my public life has been that of one

* Lord John Russell was expected to arrive for the Vienna Conference.

walking in the light of reason, guided by respect for principles (which are only truths formulated and acquired by experience), and having to wrestle with idealists of all sorts and kinds. My life has therefore been militant, and it has been so of necessity; and I do not curse fate, for it has blessed me with a life sufficiently long to allow me to confess that it is not my frail wits which have gone wrong. Facts are placed under laws of logic like thoughts. Not to take account of these powers is to take a false road. To confound questions which differ in their nature (fundamentally) is to deceive oneself, and one cannot escape the consequences of the error. The greatest interests of human society can only be safeguarded and served by the help of the means, either moral or material, which belongs to them. To direct cannons against ideas and reason against bullets will not succeed. To make war without the necessary means to do it successfully will not succeed any more than trying to make peace by means of a quarrel.

Apply these truths to the most diverse positions of the day, and you will have the key to the situation before you, either as a whole or in detail.

England is sick, and, in order not to make a mistake about her internal position, it will be enough to stop at the difficulty, I would even say the impossibility, in which the great Empire is placed to find a really strong Government—that is to say, one composed of homogeneous elements. One man* whose power is in his *individuality*, and not in the weight of a majority other than that which rests on public opinion—that is to say, on a basis which is in its essence excessively variable—is to-day *alone* placed on a platform in a

* This seems to refer to Lord Palmerston.

country in which a serious mind only has any chance in the future.

This man, who is without doubt endowed with high intellectual qualities and real courage, is a monolith sitting on his own base. This base, powerful to-day, will it suffice for the demands for to-morrow ?

England is struggling on the edge of a social revolution. The difficulties in which she finds herself entangled since the Peace of 1814-15 have been, to-day still are, the premonitory symptoms of an evil which only a few serious minds in and out of the country have foreseen.

I seem to be addressing a philosophical treatise to you : do not fear ; I am only making history.

METTERNICH.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

VIENNA,
March 7. 1855.

You will, I hope, have guessed that I have not had a moment since Sunday, the day that this horde of compatriots* arrived, of whom all except the chief are unknown to me (as well as the young lady). But for this I should not have been so long in replying to your two letters, and to speak of this sad and great event which has filled me with so much grief and astonishment. I cannot conceive that there are people who, in the face of a death so unexpected of such a great man,† can still listen to passion, and continue the calumnies which have already done so much harm ; and I have already had several fits of anger against

* Lord John Russell, with his daughter and several secretaries, arrived on March 4 for the Vienna Conference.

† The Emperor Nicholas died on March 2.

the French and the Turks here, who have shown an indecent joy. But nothing can express the disgust and shame with which I have just read the articles in the *Times* arrived to-day, and the horror that such a blind and unchristian hatred fills me with! I think so much of all that desolate family and the grief of the King and Queen,* and I see by the paper to-day that that poor Countess Brandenburg† whom I liked so much has also ceased to suffer. I beg you when you think it convenient to tell the family how much I share their immense loss, and tell your sister how much I think of her, so devoted to this incomparable friend.

From these griefs on one side I find joy on the other. The Empréss's confinement‡ is over, and her satisfactory state will console the Emperor, who was overwhelmed with grief on learning the death of him whom he always loved.

Yesterday the baptism took place with much ceremony, to which we were invited, as well as to the reception the Emperor held afterwards. I much regretted not being able to be present; but I could not risk going out, especially *en grande tenue*. My husband was there, and took Lord John, whom the Emperor had desired to receive at eleven o'clock yesterday morning, so that he could be at the ceremony. He was delighted with the Emperor. On the whole I find him *dans de bonnes dispositions*, and I augur well from this visit here, as much as one can augur in these times. To me personally he is very *agreeable*, for I knew him well formerly, and he is a very agreeable talker. Lady John comes soon with her six children.

* Of Prussia.

† The wife of a Prussian Minister.

‡ A daughter was born on March 4, who died when two years old.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

VIENNA,
March 11, 1855.

I do not lose my hope of peace, although I expect they will wrangle long enough before getting it, and meanwhile who knows how much blood may be shed ! What disturbs me most are the hidden and secret intentions of Louis Napoleon. I can have no confidence in him in spite of his *savoir-faire*, and then I am irritated by the secondary and humiliating part my country plays beside him.

The King of the Belgians to Lady Westmorland.

LAEKEN,
March 15, 1855.

MY DEAR LADY WESTMORLAND,

I have been much grieved to learn that you have been far from well this winter : cold enough it was, unfortunately, and very unwholesome. I take advantage of the departure of a messenger of my own to have some conversation with you.

I think that the presence of Lord John will be useful ; his wish is to be able to conclude a reasonable peace. That such may be obtained, I should think, is possible, if the arrangements about the Black Sea have a character of *reciprocity*, which they must have, and if in the forms there is an absence of rudeness, which the English press unfortunately favours and encourages. I believe that in England peace is desired, of course very naturally, offering some guarantee for the security of Constantinople. Perhaps the hatred which was created in England against the very person of the late Emperor will subside, and therefore the war will cease

to have that character of violence which a distant political war did not seem to justify. Prussia, unfortunately, follows a line of policy which, if the war should continue, may prove even very hurtful to Russia, encouraging hopes which would be disappointed.

In our part of the world we are going on well. According to the newest communications from Paris, the Emperor* would appear more peaceably inclined. He is not quite decided, which is natural enough, what to wish. The army is to have *glory*, and the country likes that well enough, but too much money it ought not to cost to please *à la longue*.

Give my best love to my ever-kind friend Lord Westmorland, and believe me with that affectionate devotion never shaken or changed, my dearest Lady Westmorland,

Your truly devoted friend and servant,

LEOPOLD.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

VIENNA,
April 5, 1855.

A young lady here (the daughter of Maréchal Nugent) has recently returned from Paris, where she lived in great intimacy with the Empress Eugénie, whom she is mad about for her beauty, her kindness, her wit, etc., with much exaggeration. She wears a *panier* exactly like the *paniers* in which we were presented to Queen Charlotte—that is to say, a machine of *crin*, with two rows of whalebone which go all round, one above and the other below the knee, only

* Louis Napoleon.

our *paniers* were flat shape, being wider at the sides, and these are quite round, under the dress. It is hideous!

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

VIENNA,
April 9, 1855.

I wanted to write to you yesterday, but had not a minute to myself between the long church service and the arrival of our good old General Sir John Burgoyne (a very distinguished officer of the Engineers and a friend of the Duke's), come from the Crimea. He brought us a great many details, which explain many things. Unfortunately, it is not possible to make them known to this stupid public, which is always deceived in spite of its pretension of knowing all. But the difficulties of my brother-in-law's position are not suspected, and I sigh more than ever for the end of this foolish war. My hopes have got feebler lately. One must believe that all is in the hands of God, and if it pleases Him to try us further, we must submit. I do not augur any good from the visit paid,* and which overwhelms my heart. I have the happiness of having good news of my son. General Burgoyne says he is the joy and delight of all the headquarters by his gaiety and good temper, and that everyone is touched at the tender relations between him and his uncle. He says it is enough for him to come into the room for Lord Raglan's face to grow cheerful, and that he is full of constant and tender attentions to his uncle, as if he were his child whom he had to take care of.

Lord Raglan is very well, and it is miraculous all

* The Emperor Napoleon's visit to England.

the work he does. Monsieur Drouyn de l'Huys arrived on Friday evening, and to-day the Conferences have begun again. We also have a new Turkish Plenipotentiary, who at least knows how to talk French ; but I doubt if he will advance affairs more than the other, who did not understand a word of any language but his own.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

VIENNA,
May 16, 1855.

It is not surprising that I have *bile*, for I am always in a violent state of fear (sometimes of hope, much more often of despair), of disgust and shame, at seeing the humiliation of my country. I cannot share your enthusiasm for a man who has rendered a great service in muzzling the wild beasts of his awful country, but whom I believe essentially false and pitiless, and who drags and will drag us God knows where to serve his ambition ; for I do not believe at all in his protestations of moderation and pacific views, any more than I believed in his intentions of making that voyage which he announced so often and so positively. But before saying all this, I ought to have told you of my gratitude for what you said to Rauch, and beg you also to tell him how grateful I am for the precious gift* which he proposes to give me. I shall be delighted to possess it. I regret more every day the death of that great man, for I think that has also diminished our chances of peace.

I have just seen Comte Lerchenfeld,† whose wife and children have already gone to their place in Bavaria.

* A model of the Emperor Nicholas' head.

† Bavarian Minister at Vienna.

He told me he had received a letter from his sister, Madame d'Allerburg (formerly Madame Krudener), who is in the Crimea at Simpheropol, where her husband commands. She says that the typhus has already made awful ravages there, and that the daily losses of the Russians at Sebastopol by illness and bullets are awful. I dread terribly the approach of the hot weather for the health of our army.

Lerchenfeld tells me that Meyendorff has written that since they knew Alexander* to be at Sebastopol Madame Meyendorff is beside herself, that there is no way of calming her for a single moment. I can conceive it only too well. And people obstinately urge on a war which causes so much despair for shades of *amour-propre* and *false glory*!

There was a pretty fête on Saturday at the Villa Schwarzenburg, where the Princess Lory has arranged a theatre, which they say is charming. People of the highest society acted two French pieces and a pantomime, in which the little Sandor† grandchild of Prince Metternich danced like *Taglioni*, so they tell me. All mine were there, but I had not the courage to dress and amuse myself. To-morrow they are going to act above my rooms at Comte O'Sullivan's.‡ I do not know if I shall make up my mind to go up to see and hear Julian, who, much against his will, has been dragged into a small part in which he will sing two couplets.

Have you read an English novel called 'Hearts-ease'?§ If not, I will send it to you by the next

* Alexander Meyendorff, afterwards killed at Sebastopol.

† Princesse Pauline Metternich.

‡ The O'Sullivans lived on the second floor of the Coburg Palace.

§ Miss Yonge's.

courier. You know I do not much care for English novels ; but this one pleased and touched me, for in the character of the heroine Violet I find a great deal that is very like my dear niece Sarah Esterhazy.

Prince Metternich to Lady Westmorland.

May 16, 1855.

A thousand thanks for your touching note of May 15. This day marks the number eighty-two of the years which I have behind me, and is more than the pretensions of man can—rightly or wrongly—expect. Happy those who, without risk of troubling their conscience, can throw a backward glance on their sojourn in this world, which, without doubt, is not the best of worlds. Ah, well, my dear Countess, I consider I have the right to count myself amongst the number of those who have the benediction, without giving to myself the merit of it. To wish for good and to do no evil is not a merit—it is doing one's duty.

If the past does not trouble my conscience, it is impossible to say the same when I look at the position of things to-day, and at the future of the world, in which I shall only be a memory. I never have liked fights in the flesh, and I have always had a horror of those with ghosts ; of the two, the former are better than the latter : it is not even to the latter that the poor social body is given over to-day !

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

May 20, 1855.

Yesterday I did wonders, for I went up to Comte O'Sullivan's, and was present at the two pieces played in his charming little theatre. I was amused, and am

not the worse for it. It is true that it was to see Julian act that I made this effort, and I sat behind the theatre in a little room where I was able to see at my ease without being obliged to mix with the *grand monde*, who were in the drawing-rooms; and the play over, I went down to bed, while the others were at a supper which lasted till half-past two. I think I told you O'Sullivan had arranged a theatre for some of the society ladies and the gentlemen of the French Legation, and Jaucourt,* whom you know, had the principal part in a piece written by O'Sullivan. They had to divide the company and suit invitations for two days — Thursday and Saturday; and on Thursday Jaucourt received by telegraph the order to leave the next day for his new post (London). There were all the company and society in despair, not knowing where to find an actor capable of singing as well as acting, and to learn the part in two days. O'Sullivan came to *implore* Julian, who could not refuse. He had a great success; especially his beautiful voice made a great effect. The piece was really pretty; charming actresses, especially the young Princess Obrenovitz (*née* Hunyadi) and the Countess Clam (*née* Dietrichstein). Julian, with a little rouge, was admired by all the ladies; he was pleased to see that I could be amused and distracted.

I see by the paper that the Princess of Prussia has arrived at Berlin with her daughter,† who is to be confirmed to-day. I hope you will tell me a great deal of this young Princess, for I have the most lively feeling of affection for her and for her brother, who

* Marquis de Jaucourt, Attaché to the French Embassy in Vienna, afterwards well known at the French Embassy in London. Died in 1908.

† Afterwards Grand Duchess of Baden.

always seemed to me charming children and endowed with the happiest dispositions. I have never seen that dear little Vivi* since she was the most loving and amiable child that one can see. I cannot imagine her a grown-up person. All that you tell me of her will interest Rose very much, who keeps a happy remembrance of their childish friendship.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

ISCHL,
July 2, 1855.

I must write to you, for I think the papers will have announced to you the awful misfortune,† and I know you will think of me. You know what he was and how I loved him. It was on Saturday morning that I received by the telegraph the first news of his illness. My son wrote to me on the 28th that his uncle had fallen 'dangerously ill' the day before, and he added these words: 'He was better this morning, but is now much worse.' I felt immediately that there was no hope, but it was only this morning I had a fresh despatch of the 30th. All was over, but he gave me no details—did not even name the illness, which must have been cholera. My son said he should leave on the 3rd for England with the dear remains of this angelic being. It is a consolation to me to know him out of that awful country. Dear friend, I have borne this trial without harm to my health. I am calm and resigned, and especially resolved to do everything to keep my health and to console my excellent Rose, whose care and devotion I cannot sufficiently praise. . . .

I go out every evening with her, and I took a bath

* The nickname of the Princess Louise of Prussia.

† Lord Raglan died on June 28.

yesterday. I will write to you soon, dear Pauline. *Your premonitions have* often come back to my mind. You were not deceived by them.

Prince Metternich to Lady Westmorland.

KÖNIGSWART,
July 16, 1855.

Alas! I can see nothing to lead me to think that the great questions of the day are taking a shape more in conformity with my wishes than they did at the time when I enjoyed the happiness of telling you my impressions and finding them the same as yours.

Things go on their way like the transport of men and goods on the railway, without any regard to these derailments. If it were only a question of possible dangers, I would not be more anxious than is reasonable; but this cannot be for the man who sees the inevitable, there, where these Utopians only see the possible. You know, then, I am very uneasy about the English position. Do not think that I am disposed to exaggerate the evil to myself, or to deceive myself as to the power of the resistance that the country can still offer to the evil that seems likely to overrun it.

The more I cherish the conviction that my view is correct, and that my mind is closed against illusions, the more I recognize the right of admitting that others than I give themselves over to mistakes on many very important matters.

The country does justice to your excellent and noble friend. Time and the secrets which it still holds hidden will establish amply the historical truth concerning the character and conduct of Lord Raglan.

There will not be lacking a demonstration of the

fact that he has been placed opposite an impossibility, sad consolation for the friends of the dead, but real for their memory.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

ISCHL,
July 20, 1855.

Kitty* says that, from the day her father left, her mother never passed a minute without thinking of him. All her occupation was to write to him, to expect or reread his letters, which never failed her twice a week; to find out and see people who came from the Crimea, or to occupy herself in sending him anything she thought might be useful to him. She did not give a thought to anything else in the world. When I rejoin her, I hope she will find some relief in going over with me all the details that we have at last received from my son. She has also the doctor's report, and a sort of diary that his secretary kept. They do not understand this illness, for he only had slight diarrhœa for two days. It was not till the 27th that he complained of the heat, and the doctor found an apparent weakness which worried him. But that night (the last of his life) he slept quietly eight hours on end, and on awaking on the 28th he said he felt much better, and asked for something to eat. It was not till three o'clock that faintness seized him. Francis, who did not leave him, held him in his arms, and it was there his spirit fled at half-past eight—not having spoken again—looking as if asleep, with an angelic smile on his lips. He had neither sickness nor cramp nor any pain. Death came so gently that even the doctors did not perceive the actual moment.

* Lord Raglan's daughter, the Hon. Katherine Somerset.

I think I told you that the body is to be disembarked at Bristol and brought to Badminton, the family vault. The Queen proposed to my sister that the disembarkation should be at Portsmouth, so that all the fleet and all the army they could gather together in England should pay him the most impressive honours; but my sister, in thanking Her Majesty, asked that she would allow the ceremony to be *in private*, for she knew her incomparable husband's way of thinking, and knew that is how he would have wished it. The vessel will probably arrive to-day or to-morrow.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

ISCHL,
July 23, 1855.

I have received a letter from my son before he left the Crimea.

He says the thought that gives him the most courage to bear his grief is the remembrance of the unbounded affection and absolute devotion with which he always returned the affection his dear uncle showed him; also that he was able to be near him to his last breath, and that that dear man knew him: for when he seemed dazed, not having spoken or moved for a long time, the doctors said to him, 'Lord Burghersh is near you.' Then he said, 'Ah, Francis, come nearer; lift me up.' Francis took him in his arms, and he did not say another word. This good boy has sent me a lock of hair which he had cut off himself from that dear head. I see it has got very white since I saw him.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

ISCHL,
July 30, 1855.

I have just received a letter from my dear Francis from Bristol of last Tuesday—that is to say, from the boat *en route*, for he had not disembarked. This dear boy has been very ill. He was so on leaving the Crimea, and when he touched at Malta was much worse. He has had a *fièvre lente* the result of fatigue and grief. The fever had left him four days, and there only remained great weakness. He had seen Richard,* who had come on board. The emotion of this interview had fatigued him very much, so that he wished to go to bed, and not disembark till next day with the precious remains.

I should have been more anxious if my good friend† had not written to me by telegraph on Friday that he had seen Francis come to London with his father after the ceremony at Badminton; that he was well, and only *requires a few days' rest*. That quiets me, because I know that Dundas will only tell me the *truth*.

You can imagine nothing more tender and touching than Francis's letter. He cannot console himself for the loss of him he adored. Now his only desire is to rejoin me. He has heard he has been given the 'Order of the Bath.' He writes: 'This gives me no pleasure now. It would have been different if that dear good man had been alive. I know it would have pleased him that I should have received this honour, and I should have felt that I got it for my services to *him*, and that he believed I deserved it. This is a most mournful day to me. I have just delivered his watch

* Richard, Lord Raglan.

† Robert Dundas, succeeded his brother as Viscount Melville, 1876.

and keys and other things belonging to him to Richard, and when I part from the coffin I feel that everything is really over, and that I am really separated for ever from that dear, kind, incomparable uncle, whose affection and goodness to me was beyond what anybody has an idea of.'

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

ISCHL,
August 6, 1855.

The Archduchess Sophie is two doors from me on one side, the Queen of Holland as near on the other. I have not yet seen the former, but one of her new *dames d'honneur* is a friend of Rose's; and as Rose and I have only one little drawing-room, I can't prevent them chattering together whilst I write. The Queen of Holland had for many years a sincere friendship for my dear brother-in-law, who was very devoted to her. They corresponded always. So you can believe she has been most deeply affected by our misfortune. She came to see me at once, anxious for details, and full of interest for my sister. I have always been attracted by her, because she is so perfectly natural, so little royal and so unhappy; and I have been much touched by the tears she always sheds when she speaks of him. She often comes on foot alone to my ugly little lodging, and 'Je ne puis lui en vouloir,' although I must accustom myself to going out.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

BROUGHAM,
September 21, 1855.

I find that you are returned; pray give me signs of life, but above all try to come here. The weather is now

delicious, and you could 'lake' a little with comfort. I long to talk over many things, both public and private, with you, and surely dear B. could get away from London at a time when there cannot be much to do.

This Sebastopol* is a great thing, certainly, and if well used may be a good thing; but the country is still in the war-fever, and will not bear any rational course.

God bless you and incline your heart and B.'s and Julian and Rose to come into this quarter!

Prince Metternich to Lady Westmorland.

KÖNIGSWART,
September 29, 1855.

The bearer of these lines to London is a person whose acquaintance I made during my last visit to England, and with whom I formed a friendship because of the uniformity of mind and conscience which I discovered existed in so great a degree between us. His name is Travers Twiss,† and he occupies the position of Counsel to the Admiralty for the defence of the international questions. He is learned without being pedantic, endowed with an agreeable and easy intellect, and devoted to the strongest and best principles. If ever you meet him, judge him by the opinion I have given you of him.

What do you say, my dear Countess, about the present situation? Your feeling with regard to one side of this situation is in perfect agreement with my own impression, and the subject in the judgment of

* The fall of Sebastopol on September 8.

† Afterwards Sir Travers Twiss, barrister and author, Regius Professor of Civil Law in Oxford University.

which we meet is of such gravity that time and place are wanting to make the most of it. My own mind is too tranquil to give myself over to calculations where there is no base from which to calculate. In all such circumstances—always painful circumstances to me—I do not calculate: I wait. What I cannot doubt is the fact that the issue of all affairs which rest on a mistake, and which are conducted in a false way, will turn out contrary to that which those who undertook them intended. The worst of all enterprises are those in which the point of departure is not destitute of reason, but which in their conduct becomes so. The evil which arises from this misfortune is the wrong idea it throws on the worth of the cause (reason) itself of the undertaking. This is the case in the great affairs of the day.

Come back to us: that is what I desire before all things in the great *tohu bohu* which makes present history. (It is not only my personal feeling which makes me ask this. I put it for the public service.) Lord Westmorland is loved and esteemed at Vienna, as he has been wherever fate has called him to serve public interest. I thank Heaven that he has always known how to bring into accord his personal feelings and these interests.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

October 29, 1855.

I finish this letter begun on Saturday. In the interval my husband has at last received the reply he has been impatiently awaiting, and the resignation he tendered so long ago has been accepted. I feel he has done right to give up an appointment where for a long

time he has found so much annoyance, disgust, and disappointment, and at his age it is right that he should come to live on his property and think of establishing his family. But I confess to you, *to you only*, that it costs me a good deal to definitely give up Germany to settle in England. I have never liked living in this country, even when I had so many dear relations. I have always felt that to be comfortable here you needed health of iron, and a much larger fortune than ours without diplomatic appointments, and I feel that still more now that nearly all my family has gone.

I leave in Germany several friends to whom I am very much attached. You, dear Pauline, the first and far above all others, and I hope and *believe* that I shall, if I live, often make journeys to see you. I also count on seeing you in England, and meanwhile hope our correspondence will not languish.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

VIENNA,
November 12, 1855.

Rose recently received a charming letter from that delightful young Princess Louise; she speaks of her new state with naïveté and simplicity, and so I am sure she is sincere when she assures Rose her happiness is immense. I hope that the Prince Royal of Baden will be worthy of this pearl.

Prince Metternich to Lady Westmorland.

VIENNA,
December 22, 1855.

If you are at Brighton, I feel a double grief at not being there; you know how much I enjoy your society, and I like Brighton—its aspect, its climate in

winter, and the feeling of life which is produced by its situation, and its comprising town and country. What I beg of you, before all things, is to be well, and if your visit to the watering-place contributes to this end, it will acquire new virtues in my affection.

Vienna goes on its usual way, and regrets you. In this respect I am much more Viennese than in many others.* Sir H. Seymour is in a difficulty, from which there is, up to the present, no way out.

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

APETHORPE,
Thursday, December, 1855.

DEAREST,

. . . I send you Brougham's letter. His opinions about Peace are worth something, and I believe there is a chance of it, notwithstanding the objection of our Government to it; but I have no doubt our newspapers will now make a great announcement of the Duke of Cambridge's going to hold a Council of War with *Louis Napoleon*.

I had heard that this was in the wind, and I think it is a capital *dodge* of *Louis Napoleon's*, as he will make him say what he chooses, and he will make him prime mover in all he suggests.

You will see the *Times* to-day begins to touch upon it. It is a new tale thrown out to the absurd *whale* of English public opinion. . . .

I am sorry you passed your Christmas so lonely, and that you could not be here at Apethorpe, where we might have had a charming party if you had in-

* Sir H. Seymour, who was formerly Ambassador at St. Petersburg, was appointed to succeed Lord Westmorland as Ambassador at Vienna.

vited all your friends. To-day I have Wing,* Berkeley, Captain Ricketts, and Mr. Yorke, besides Henry Webster and Monty, who goes away to-morrow, July, and myself. We were only five yesterday, and we had a good dinner and a capital *turkey*. I think Auguste† has lately given himself great pains, and I have told him I mean to have the kitchen in our house fitted up under his directions. Gauthier was taken ill yesterday, so to-day our reliance is upon Park and Charles; the assistant from London is of little use. I am not the *gull* the Frenchman hoped for. I shall take no notice of him.

I could not recollect who Mr. Cooke was, but July has explained that he and a Mr. Townsend used to dine with my father.

I hope this will find you in London, not tired with the journey, and able to do all your business and mine in the perfect way in which you always do it. If you want assistance, Kitty and Francis together with Rose would be able to do all your messages and writing and inquiries in all parts of the town.

Let Francis go to Barker to see your little barouche, and let him decide whether it had better come here or remain where it is. The barouche here is too heavy for your horses, but they go capitally in the pony-chaise.

* Northamptonshire neighbours.

† The cook.

CHAPTER IX

1856: RETIREMENT

PROSPECTS of peace became hopeful during the sitting of the Council of War in Paris in January, and though there was no relaxation of the preparations for continuing the war on one hand, negotiations on the basis of the Austrian proposals were carried on on the other, as the outcome of which the Plenipotentiaries met at Paris at the end of February; and the terms of the treaty they drew up being accepted by the Czar, peace was proclaimed in the middle of March.

Lady Westmorland's son Julian was attached to Lord Clarendon's mission to the Conference at Paris for the peace negotiations.

Lord Westmorland was sent to Brussels in July as Special Envoy for the celebrations of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the King's reign. This was his last visit abroad.

He and Lady Westmorland delighted in being able to live quietly at home; and though they continued to be *au courant* of all that was going on in the outside world, their country life was full of interest to them, and Apethorpe became a centre for their neighbours, to whom they showed much hospitality.

Princess of Prussia to Lady Westmorland.

COBLENZ,
January 9, 1856.

MY DEAR LADY WESTMORLAND,

I should not have delayed so long to answer your good, kind letter if recent times had not been

more agitating than usual for me before my departure for Berlin, which ought to have taken place yesterday. I hope to return here at the end of February, after having paid one more visit to Weimar; but so much travelling at this season, and the disagreeable impressions which await me, tired me beforehand. This, my dear Countess, is what I ought to say to you as an excuse for my tardy reply. Now I want to tell you how much I am touched by your kind souvenir. May God grant you a consoling year after the cruel trial of the revolutionary period, and may He restore to you the health of which, to my great regret, you have been deprived. I know you are sad and suffering, and that distresses me; nevertheless, you have in your good children just motive for satisfaction, and you can count everywhere and always on the attachment of your friends. I very much hope you will grant me a favoured place amongst them, and that you will keep for me the kind feeling which adorned the best times for both of us, finding in me a sincere reciprocity. I always think of you with the deepest interest, and the hopes I express for your future happiness are joined to those which I feel for the future of your children.

I beg you to say a thousand things to Lord Westmorland, also to Rose and to your young poet,* whom I trust is with you at Brighton. We have the most unhealthy winter possible, atmospheric contrasts of all kinds, and a *political* horizon as grey as the season, which does not help to make one gay; therefore, I repeat, I am anxious about the visit I ought to make to Berlin to introduce my daughter, who left it as a child and returns to it *promise*, and I regret for her that

* Julian Fane.

she will no longer find there any of our old society, except our good Pauline and the Radziwills. . . .

The fate of poor Madame de Meyendorff* is cruel, and I thank you for having been my interpreter. How rich the present time is in mourning and in bad news ! One must hope, by the will of God, for a better future.

Be sure, my dear Lady Westmorland, that I think of your visit to Coblenz as one of the most agreeable times for me, and I thank you sincerely for having come.

The Prince and my children charge me with a thousand remembrances, and remember me kindly as your very affectionate friend,

PRINCESSE DE PRUSSIA.

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

APETHORPE,
January 7, 1856.

DEAREST,

I begin writing to you before the post comes in. I know neither whether Rose comes or Mr. Hood, but I hope for both. At this moment Gauthier has come in to me to *show* himself as sufficiently well to walk about, and to *reprendre son service* in a couple of days, and to wish me joy of the new year. He looks very much pulled.

The cook has asked for a woman to attend him, which I have agreed to ; but the housekeeper is to choose for him, which he has consented to—it would otherwise be too dangerous.

Mr. Day is just arrived. I shall employ him in looking over the warming apparatus in the house, which is nearly completed.

* Madame de Meyendorff lost one son at Sebastopol, and was in great anxiety concerning the health of another.

I write to give you an account of dear Mr. Wing's* having yesterday put into my hands a beautiful sermon published by the Queen's desire, having been preached before her. He thought the sermon beautiful, and, as it had a most praiseworthy paragraph about Lord Raglan, he thought I should be delighted with the entire production. I now send this sermon† as I have cut it out of the paper. I *do join* with Mr. Wing in the passage about Lord Raglan, and am grateful for it; but as to the rest I make this remark, that I had often heard the desecration of the Sabbath reprobated, but that this sermon seemed to me to be the desecration of the pulpit.

I then pointed out to him the totally false grounds on which the whole thing was built, beginning with Sinope, which was a fight after a declaration of war, whereas the attack in which I was present with Duckworth of the Turkish fleet which was destroyed in the Dardanelles was before any declaration of war or notice of hostility whatsoever. I mentioned very slightly the good faith of our late negotiations, and I compared the appeal to the population of Italy to that of the Jacobins of 1792 in France, and to their appeal to all people to rise up against their Government, and to their promise to the English and Irish people to send them over 100,000 liberators with their caps of liberty to aid them in destroying the bloody tyranny of their King, their *Aristocracy*, and their bigoted *Protestant Priesthood*.

* Rector of Stibbington.

† The sermon referred to was preached by Dr. Croly, a well-known Evangelical preacher of the day. It was a strong denunciation of all foreign Governments and their methods as compared to England, and sympathized with the revolutionary movement in Italy and the 'No Popery' cry, which was still at that time very strong, and tinged with extreme and violent prejudice and bigotry.

Poor Wing was quite astonished that I thought all this was not fitting from the mouth of a clergyman, and in the name of that holy religion of charity and brotherly love which he was called upon to advocate.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

CANNES,
January 8, 1856.

I have delayed writing some days that I might report my having accomplished my Nice visit to our friend the Duchess de Sagan, which I did yesterday, and was well rewarded by finding her as delightful and nearly as young as ever. She is really an extraordinary person. I had long known her extraordinary talents and admired her great charms, but to see them unaltered is wonderful. I must add, however, that, much as I was delighted, there was a very melancholy feeling connected with it; as she said, wisely and wittily too, 'Les morts n'ont pas de remplaçants.' Alas! alas! it is true. Even if we could have persons equal to those we have lost, they are not the *same*. I did not want her warmth of feeling for you to make me delighted with her, but if there had been anything wanting, that would have supplied it. You will naturally suppose how much she regretted your removal from Berlin, but I also regretted your removal from Vienna on public grounds.

When is the war-fever to relax? I need not say how entirely I wish we could bring Russia so low as to make it easy to dictate terms—but that we shall not be able to do; and as I have no doubt the conditions will be rejected by her, so I have as little doubt that there will be a general fury in England against all who have been for even these conditions (which are) too

good to be possible. In France the case is quite different. The war is unpopular, and the Emperor is for peace at length, having to expect immediate financial difficulties. I see the English newspapers are resolved to do all they can to disgust him and to relax, if not break, the Alliance.

Meanwhile the Russian stock-jobbing party have failed in their attempts to make peace at any price the card of the Government here, and to sow ill-will between the Allies. I find that he (L. N.) has utterly discomfited them, and their faces are very long indeed. But you may depend upon it that he approved and encouraged *the Pamphlet*. This I have from a friend of yours and mine, to whom the author (Duverryer) related all the particulars.

It was a very unwise and ill-timed movement, and will now be discovered, of course. The only kind of war he can afford to carry on, and his people can bear, is blockade, and our wise people require a march to St. Petersburg.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

CANNES,
January 22, 1856.

No doubt this is a most important event,* and I devoutly hope it may lead to peace. But my fear is that Russia may have supposed (justly) that the departure of the Austrian Embassy from St. Petersburg must be prevented at any price, and may have the project of chicanery and trickery and diplomacy undoing it all at the negotiations. However, it is such a concession as exceedingly lowers her, and that in one respect is a great advantage, but in another is a

* The Russian acceptance of the propositions of the Allies.

detriment; for if your adversary is too much humbled, it makes the treaty insecure. In one view I have much hope. She must have suffered much, and must have become aware that in another campaign or two she could never gain anything, and might lose much. There is more security in doing what she professes, and now will be felt the evils of our mob Government and mob press. The cry is as loud for war as ever, and the good news, as you and I deem it, will be a great disappointment to our silly multitude. This will lead to squabbles with France. Already I am convinced there have been differences, and even unpleasant things. Russia probably reckons upon such things. However, if that of her hereafter beginning again is our only risk, it is remote and is uncertain. The evils of the war were certain and immediate.

The notion at Paris, I find, is that this will turn out the Government (English). I don't at all see that. My friend La Bagration* condoles with Pam on this disappointment of his hopes—that is, hopes of a splendid campaign. My belief is that he is better without it.

Duchess of Gloucester to Lady Westmorland.

February 14, 1856.

MY DEAR LADY WESTMORLAND,

I have many thanks to return to you for allowing me to read the interesting and heart-breaking letters,† which I return, after having read them, with deep feelings of sorrow and regret that his honourable conduct (in a most difficult situation that any Com-

* Princess Bagration, a Russian lady, well known at that time in French society.

† About Lord Raglan.

mander-in-Chief ever was placed in) has been so little done justice to by the country, and by those who ought to have supported him. And the idea that he died (which I am sure he did) from a broken heart, the more painful and heart-breaking to his family and those who loved him as he *deserved* to be. I was so happy to see you again, and looking better than I expected.

Your affectionate friend,
MARY.

Prince Metternich to Lady Westmorland.

VIENNA,
April 18.

Peace is made, thanks to God. For me it has been made since the summer of last year, for the simple reason that I could find no reason for continuing such incommensurable sacrifice which the war would have cost on one side without a defensible object, and which without this object must have opened the chances of a general conflagration. It is only stupidity which does not admit limitations; folly does admit of them. You see I do the world the honour of not thinking it lost beyond hope.

Your judgment on the *man of the day** is perfectly true. In my heart and conscience I look upon him in the light of a gift of Providence. The position which he occupies is, without doubt, full of dangers; but to reason on such individual positions is to lose time. All that the quiet minds, because they are wise, ought to do is to enter the right road themselves, and uphold that which is generally useful on that road.

* Louis Napoleon.

Think, my dear Countess, how many difficulties (and some of them most serious) have their origin in the amalgamation which men (and those in the front rank of public life) allow to be made between questions which are social and those which are strictly *political*.

In not giving to these questions the places assigned to them by the force of circumstances, which is logic, and in confounding them, the confusion becomes extreme, and takes the place which exclusively belongs to truth.

Between two people social questions have a right to the first place, and necessarily go before political questions, which from their nature are attached to interests and ideas directed towards a special end, whilst really social questions have a general character. If, in admitting my remark, you will give it the value of a touchstone to make you distinguish the quality of question, you will find yourself in possession of a key which will show you the truth, and the direction you must follow to make plain situations covered with clouds. If I am not mistaken, Louis Napoleon belongs to the limited number of men who make the distinction which I point out to you, and it is Providential that in this same distinction is to be found the only remedy which he can well apply for his own salvation.

Do not take what you have just read for an abstract treatise; it is simply the truth, and serves to explain to right minds many cases which seem to them to hold an enigma.

The step which Lady Beauvale has just taken* was, as you know, foreseen by Melaine.† She is wise; she is a good woman, and in every way worthy of respect.

* Lady Beauvale's marriage to Lord Forester.

† Melaine, his wife, who died in 1854.

Her conduct to her husband was excellent and rich in sacrifices, mitigated, without doubt, by the fine qualities which adorned the latter.

Lord Beauvale passed nearly his whole life in my sight, and I have met few minds more conscientious than that with which Heaven endowed him. If he had followed a Parliamentary career, he would without doubt have played a striking part for his country.

Princess of Prussia to Lady Westmorland.

COBLENZ,
April 18, 1856.

DEAR COUNTESS,

I write to you knowing your sympathy and interest.* You will understand the emotion I feel on thinking that God has permitted such a happy event for the people who will be united, for their families, and for the two countries made to esteem them.

I have been interested in your charming young Princess from the moment I first saw her ten years ago, and I know that my son is sincerely attached to her. That is a good foundation for happiness which Princes have need of in their difficult vocation, and in our present serious times. The good God who has directed all for the best will bless the future!

This happy event is no longer a secret for our two families and our friends, but it cannot be made public immediately, and it will not be until later that the general joy can be manifested in Prussia.

Dear Countess, I take this opportunity to thank you for the interest you have always taken in my children, and the way in which you have helped to consolidate

* On the betrothal of Prince Frederick William of Prussia with the Princess Royal.

the dynastic relations between your fine country and Germany. I count on your attachment in all circumstances of my life, especially in this matter, and also with regard to my daughter's marriage.* It is the month of September which will separate her from me. I dread that moment, but I feel no selfish regret must be allowed when it is a question of her happiness. I hope to take her to Ostend in July to strengthen her with sea-baths.

I hope your health is better, my dear Countess, and I beg you to send me your news. A thousand compliments to your husband and your children. Adieu, my dear Countess. Believe always in the great affection of your devoted

PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA.

Prince Metternich to Lady Westmorland.

VIENNA,
May 24.

Peace is made. You know that I attach great importance to the exactness of words; therefore, in order that you may not be mistaken as to that which I attach to the word 'peace,' agree with me that all positions are compositions of several elements.

Peace, St. Augustine writes, is the *peace of order*. Is the present peace like St. Augustine's? I have serious doubts of it! Two elements compose the present-day situation—the social and political elements. They both rest on the base of principles, and the difference between them is this, that the social element embraces the whole of humanity, whilst the political admits of many differences to its practical application.

* With the Grand Duke of Baden.

Will the present peace satisfy the conditions demanded by the real state of things? The cannons have returned to the arsenals, the ships to the ports. *Political peace* is therefore signed and made. Is also social peace? And, of the two, this is by far the most important.

Ask your friend B. if I put the question well or ill, and if he thinks or does not think with me, that Europe is not yet in possession of true peace.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

BROUGHAM,
July 3, 1856.

My Paris accounts show that Louis Napoleon has gained much by his judicious but also humane conduct. Even the *Rouges* praise him, and warmly. There is, however, not the least mitigation of the selfish dislike of the Guizot set, and the total failure of the fusion scheme is manifest. I cannot make out how far he is seriously ill. Certainly, going to Plombières for weeks at such a moment, and when he has much to do, looks as if he were ill; but my accounts say it is *overwork*—I believe of more kinds than one. The notion that he was a hard-working man politically, like his uncle, I knew to be groundless: at least, of late—I mean these last two years—he has been lazy and idle.

What say you to the folly of the Conservatives of giving Pam victory after victory, and letting their own divisions appear almost every day? It only wants now the finishing stroke of their giving the Government a triumph in the House of Lords, and the childish folly of Derby is very likely to give that. I suppose there never was a great party so destroyed by the want of a head to lead them.

Princess of Prussia to Lady Westmorland.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE,
July 7, 1856.

MY DEAR LADY WESTMORLAND,

Accept my most sincere thanks for your kind letter, which touched me very much; for I found in it the proof of your affection as well as the interest you always take in my children. Believe me, I know well how to appreciate those sentiments, and if I have been long in expressing my gratitude this time, it is because of my mode of life at Baden, where my 'cure' interferes with my epistolary duties.

Having arrived here, where I join my daughter, and make my preparations to go to England, I hasten to repair my neglect in addressing these lines to you.

The details of your letter were of the greatest interest to me, and I am really delighted at what you tell me of the people who are so much to me. The amiable Princess Royal, whom I left as a child, and whom I see again at such an important epoch in her life, receives the greatest praise on all sides, and this is a double happiness to me. You, my dear Countess, will easily understand the maternal emotions which fill my heart, for you are such a good mother that from your own feelings you will understand what I feel.

I share with you your deep regret at seeing you parted from your son Julian,* who is everywhere, in all ways, so distinguished. I flatter myself he will not stay long in Russia, and that after the first step on the upward grade he will soon be placed somewhere more favourable in your interest.

* Julian Fane had gone as Secretary to St. Petersburg.

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

BADEN,
Saturday, August 16, 1856.

DEAREST,

I have just come out of the boring thing, which is, copying a letter.

I have written to King Leopold* to tell him of the despatch from Clarendon refusing to allow me to accept the King's Order. I have recapitulated Clarendon's words, but said that I could not question the decision, but that there were the cases of Durham, Wilton, and Denbigh, which might be cited in addition to that of the Duke of Devonshire, but that he, the King, could alone form a judgment upon the whole case; stating, however, that I had conceived an exception might have been made in the present case, on the score of near relationship, which guides the decision in the case of Lord Denbigh, as the Orders come from the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, the near relation of Queen Adelaide.

I have no letter from you, nor the *Morning Post*, but I have got it from the library, and I am glad some justice is coming out as to Raglan. It is as yet, in the article of the *Spectator*, but feebly put forward, and I only fear that these little defences of a triumphant career will make people doubt, when the great facts come out, that they really could be what then will be stated.

The truth is, these are evil times and must be borne with; nobody has the courage, and if he has, he does not dare to put forward the facts, which do not fall in with the existing delusion.

* King Leopold had proposed to bestow a decoration on Lord Westmorland (see 'Queen Victoria's Letters,' vol. iii., p. 202).

After all the English vituperation of Russia, I am amused to-day to see in the *Moniteur* that Brunnow* had presented to the Emperor some Russian officers who were presiding over the building of some steam men-of-war for the Russian navy in one of the French ports.

I saw yesterday the Princess Corsini, Duchess of Casigliana. She was very cordial; she is still in deep distress for the loss of her son. She spoke of you with the greatest affection, and she really made a great impression on me from the feeling and sense with which she spoke. I shall go to see her again. Madame D'Oubril is here with her daughter, Madame Budberg included. I dined again yesterday with the Elys; they go away to-day. She goes to the Queen at Osborne. . . .

You must order my shooting-pony to be got up for me, and I wish Mr. Day and Mr. Wing would look out for a quiet, useful hack that I can ride about, that will go well, that does not shy, but will go a tolerable pace. God bless you!

King Leopold to Lord Westmorland.

CAMP OF BERERLOO,
August 29, 1856.

MY DEAREST LORD WESTMORLAND,

I received your most kind letter from Baden, but having some misgivings where to direct my answer, I waited till I found by the papers that you had returned to England.

You will recollect that the Queen had written to me that there would be no difficulty about my request.

* Russian Minister at Paris; formerly in London.

Some time after that she wrote that the Cabinet was alarmed, lest granting my request would be unpleasant to the Emperor of the French, who had been anxious to decorate the English Plenipotentiaries, which desire had not been granted. I have protested against this argument, because it has nothing to do with our unique and very peculiar case.

I told the Queen, besides, what is perfectly true—that she has but one uncle, and that no power in heaven or earth can get her another; that therefore I was convinced that the Emperor, with his usual good sense, would take no offence. There the matter rests for the present.

I have been happy beyond measure to have you in this country, and that you so kindly consented to remain with us some days, and to witness what is rather a rare sight, the loyalty and affectionate attachment of an honest people. We have since continued our excursions to Namur, Luxemburg, Antwerp, Liège, the province of Limburg; and now I am, since yesterday, here in our permanent camp. The receptions we met with everywhere would have done your kind heart good to witness, and I look upon it as being of real importance for all monarchical institutions that, in a very free country, the feelings of attachment and gratitude should have become so strong and so unanimous. I return to-morrow to Laeken, and go on the 31st to Ghent for two days; the next week to Hainault, where a most affectionate reception awaits me.

I trust that my dearest and most valued friend, your excellent lady, is in better health than when I saw her last, and that you will say everything most affectionate to her in my name. And now I must end,

with the sentiments of the highest esteem and truest regards.

Ever, my dearest Lord Westmorland,

Yours most faithfully,

LEOPOLD.

Duchess of Gloucester to Lady Westmorland.

WHITE LODGE,

September, 1856.

MY DEAR LADY WESTMORLAND,

I am vain enough to believe you will be glad to see my handwriting again, and I am thankful to be able (after my long illness) to thank Lord Westmorland and yourself for all your kind inquiries after me during the height of my illness. I have been most mercifully dealt with, and supported by a most kind Providence that never forsook me, and by His merciful guidance enabled the medical men to do their duty, and those who watched my sick-bed to nurse me so admirably. And I hope I am as grateful as I ought to be for all the blessings and comforts I am surrounded with. It is difficult to describe how deeply my heart feels all the proofs of attention and kindness I have received from all my belongings and all my kind friends. For my age and time of life I am recovering my strength in a most marvellous manner, and yesterday evening resumed my place in the drawing-room. As soon as I am equal to driving out, I am going to Gloucester House to establish myself for the winter, and I hope, if life is granted me, that, should anything bring you to London, you will call at Gloucester House; you are sure of finding me at home and most happy to see you; and pray say the same to Lord Westmorland, where I still hope he will come and make up a whist-table occasionally. I was glad to

hear he enjoyed his trip abroad; the Duchess of Cambridge was so pleased to see him at Baden. She writes pleased with that part of Germany. The society was much mixed, but she found some she liked.

I must now congratulate you on Lord Burghersh's marriage,* I hear she is a charming person, and I trust this event may add much to his happiness, and to his mother's comfort, and to his sister's, too.

The Dean of Windsor's marriage† is also an event that has taken place since I saw you, and I think that he has made a good choice for himself (though so much younger), as by all accounts she is a most amiable, steady, well-informed, and talented girl, and quite fit for a clergyman's wife; and there can hardly be a doubt that she is fallen into hands that will consider her comfort and happiness in everything.

Your affectionate friend,

MARY.

Princess of Prussia to Lady Westmorland.

DURKHEIM DANS LE PALATINADE,
October 21, 1856.

DEAR COUNTESS,

I thank you very tenderly for your kind and very interesting letter. I knew the share you would take in this event, which, whilst filling me with gratitude to God for my daughter's‡ happy lot, does not impose on me a lesser sacrifice. My daughter was my companion and my friend; nothing in the world can for me replace the charm of her character and

* With Lady Adelaide Curzon.

† Dr. Gerald Wellesley's marriage to Miss Montagu.

‡ Princess Louise of Prussia was married to the Grand Duke of Baden on September 20, 1856.

the sweetness of this relation, and now I feel very solitary. But this is the maternal lot; I must submit to it, and only think of my children's happiness.

How can I thank God enough for my son's future? You know, my dear Countess, how I appreciate the union which is going to take place. All that I hope is that, when the charming Princess Royal leaves her family and her country, she will not find too great a contrast there, where she is called to do so much good. This idea often preoccupies me, and I tell you of it so that you may well see that I am not egotistical in my maternal gratitude, and I do not disillusion myself as to the difficulties.

My son returns to England this winter; I much hope he will have the advantage of seeing you, if during that time you are in town, but I should prefer that for your health you should go to some better climate.

The health of the excellent Duchess of Gloucester has given us some uneasiness; I hope it is reassuring for the moment, and that the Duchess, who always thinks more of others than of herself, will take more care of herself this winter. If you have an opportunity, present to her my respectful homage.

I much regret not having seen the Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Mary on the Continent. As to the poor hereditary Grand Duchess of Strelitz, I pity her with all my heart, for her position will be more painful on account of her husband's state.* During the weeks I expect to spend in Berlin during the Carnival, my resource will be to see again Pauline Néale and the Duchesse de Sagan. I can talk to both of them of you, and I shall do so with pleasure.

* He was threatened with blindness.

Baron Humboldt to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
October 9, 1856.

Finding myself amidst all the horrors of 'cosmic' packings in the view of my approaching removal to Potsdam (where the King returns on the 11th), I have had a moment of serene satisfaction—one of those moments in which the soul is touched. How can I thank you enough, madam, for all the kindness expressed to me in your delicious letter! I am no doubt advancing on the road to complete imbecility, but the progress is slow; and if I become absolutely petrified, the petrification will not begin at the heart. I appeal to the testimony of the excellent and amiable Countess Pauline, who is now enjoying the happiness of being in the old and venerable house at Apethorpe, and of talking with you. She, in whom are combined a keen intelligence and a noble heart, will tell you that you have gained the eternal gratitude, not of myself only, but of all the country, and, however chary of enthusiasm we may be, from the Court downwards, your noble name is held in high and dignified esteem.

Leaving to-morrow for Potsdam, I have already sent the little picture* to the care of Lord Bloomfield. This little print of my private (and nocturnal) life will, I hope, reach you in a few days. My scientific work is generally done between ten o'clock at night and three in the morning; for, living so close to an artistic and literary King, my house has become a registry office, and 3,000 letters a year are a heavy burden on a man, who (by excess of indulging a spirit of independence) has a horror of a secretary. As I grow older this

* A picture of Humboldt in his study.

torrent of letters increases. One who becomes an object of curiosity, and what is called a celebrity, generally owes it to the patience with which one endures life so long !

The young ladies from the country, who think to cheer me by offering to establish themselves near me at Tegel in order to be at hand to close my eyes, always begin their letters ‘Edler jugend Greis.’*

I hope the inscription I have written on the print—though rather Germanically long—will not displease you, and I hope you will recall me to the remembrance of the illustrious man,† who is both great and good. My admiration for him dates from long ago—from the days of Holland House, when it was still complete and filled with its annual inhabitants.

There is great joy in my family. Constance, Madame de Bülow’s‡ youngest daughter, is to marry Monsieur de Heintz, Aide-de-Camp to Prince Frederick William—a clever and distinguished officer. He may flatter himself with being a real friend of that excellent young Princess ; and as to Miss Constance, she is a charming person, born in England, and speaking your language perfectly. This will be a bond of sympathy with the young royal couple, and she may please the Princess Royal, of whom we hear so much good.

I am afraid our excellent King is much disturbed at this shabby and miserable attempt at Restoration at Neuchâtel. It seems to me that any arrangement in this dual position is impossible. The district of *Jahde*, where our formidable Armada will be anchored, Hohen-zollern, Neuchâtel, and that Terpsichore Barnum

* Noble young Patriarch.

† Lord Brougham.

‡ Madame de Bülow was daughter of W. Humboldt and niece of Alexander Humboldt.

Colony, the reef of Morerea, are four possessions which it will be difficult to defend.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

CHÂTEAU ELÉONORE LOUISE,
CANNES,

October 20, 1856.

At Paris I saw all who were there ; Louis Napoleon was at St. Cloud. . . . He is our only, or almost our only, friend. His entourage, and even his Ministry, with very few exceptions, quite hostile, especially to Pam, for his habit of meddling, which they fear may draw on Louis Napoleon, and so make some conflict which will interfere with their eternal *agiotage* in all directions. At present I believe it is Russian railways they are dabbling in. Of such men as Morny and Walewsky I have the very worst opinion, and they have some little weight with him. He is uneasy about the working classes, who are much discontented at the high prices, especially of rent. He is also, for the first time, not quite satisfied as to his finance matters ; the expenses he has incurred begin to be annoying. But the money crisis will pass away. I am very glad to find that he takes all precautions to prevent personal mischief, especially from Italians. . . . I find Louis Napoleon's position is materially improved since last year, partly by time, chiefly as regards the South, by his humane and gallant conduct in the inundations. This sceptical country admits that much in his favour.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

CHÂTEAU ELÉONORE LOUISE,
November 2, 1856.

I begin to feel a little anxious about our *entente cordiale*, but, of course, not believing a tenth part of

the nonsense I see talked about it. However, I see there will always be much difficulty with our going on smoothly with Louis Napoleon, when we have debates, speeches, and newspapers, continually handling delicate and personal questions. It is true the same difficulty exists in all other Governments of the same kind, which have no Parliament and no Press; but, then, their people are not accustomed to discuss like the French, and are not so sensitive. The difficulty in this country is that, all discussion having been put down of any kind, the English speeches and newspapers are the only things which they have to consider, and it excites them not a little, and makes their Government feel very sore. The Emperor himself is quite aware that our Government cannot help it, but he feels uneasy because the attacks indicate some unfriendly feeling in the English; and whether he feels this or not himself, he is certain that his enemies of all kinds are certain to take it up. I see no French people—whether Legitimists or Orleanists—who are not fully sensible that, for this country, a Parliamentary Government and Free Press is out of the question, and they seem to consider us in England as not much to be envied in that respect. As for Naples, I cannot comprehend what our mob*—including some who are as little mob as possible—are driving at. If we compel Bomba to liberate and pardon, what will hinder him from doing it all over again next month? Then, are we to insist upon a Constitution being granted by him? and is Louis Napoleon to join in requiring it? It really seems as if our Liberals are following the example of the Convention (November,

* The diplomatic difficulties at Naples had become so acute that the English and French Ambassadors were withdrawn on October 28.

1792). We are requiring other nations to have a Parliament as they required them to have a Republic. The only difference is that it was the Convention with the mob of Paris who acted in 1792; now it is the English mob and their Press without the Parliament. But it may end in mischief, or at least in making it be understood that there is no keeping on good terms with England.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

BROUGHAM,
November 20, 1856.

I saw all that were in Paris, including Madame de Lieven, to whom I expressed very strongly my disgust at the *prostration* of all Powers at Moscow,* and marked my prediction that they would soon have a kick in return—accordingly, comes the *coup de pied* Gortschakoff—she was angry, but, as only one person (Saxon Minister) was present, she forgave.

The folly of Louis Napoleon's absence from Paris for five months is great; and the tomfoolery† of Compiègne really hurts him, because it makes him laughed at. He was bent on repeating it at Fontainebleau, and obstinately persisted because he was remonstrated with. F. Baring told me on Tuesday morning that he was determined that nothing would turn him aside. I doubted this from a circumstance I had just heard, and on the same evening a circular went to the guests, putting the postponement on 'the continued bad weather.' He is, however, on all essential matters behaving very well, very wisely, and to us as well as ever—but the Mornys and Walewskys quite the contrary. . . .

* At the coronation of Alexander II.

† The revival of old Court customs.

The eighth volume of the Glasgow edition of my Works will be sent to you, and I beg you will read the Dissertation on Revolutions, especially that of 1848; that Revolution is, the more one thinks of it, the more frightful, as showing the impossibility of trusting to any appearances of any quiet where Paris is concerned. Thiers's new volume* is his best, and one rises from it with a conviction that Napoleon was the worst man who ever lived, and the basest and meanest.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

BROUGHAM,
December 19, 1856.

I am not quite easy about Paris and Louis Napoleon. He, plainly, is becoming less prudent just at the time when his position is becoming more difficult. The feeling at Paris is somewhat less comfortable than it was a month ago. This of Neuchâtel† is quite absurd, and the delight it gives his adversaries of all kinds is very great. The difficulty of his position is that the French, and especially the *Parisians*, must have excitement; and as the war is over, and he can give them no *Chambers* (that is quite certain), they will be making mischief.

This fancy for fêtes and chasses, but especially for Prussian Princes and other royal visits, is doing him as much harm as possible, and I am sorry to say the English are no longer more liked than they used to be.

* 'History of Consulate and Empire.'

† In September an attempt, instigated by Prussia, was made to get her authority recognized in the Republic of Neuchâtel. Some of the agitators were thrown into prison, and Prussia threatened to insist on their release by armed force. This action received some support from Louis Napoleon.

The war and the Alliance suspended the general feeling about us, which has now returned.

A friend of mine says, 'You who are only a short time in Paris can have no idea how strongly now that old grudge operates.' Nevertheless, I rely in the great *real* interest they have in keeping well with us, and I believe that will prevent mischief, but it naturally shakes Louis Napoleon.

King Leopold to Lady Westmorland.

LAEKEN,
December 4, 1856.

MY DEAREST LADY WESTMORLAND,

Accept my warmest and best thanks for your truly kind letter of November 24. I was sure that you would feel interest in the fate of Charlotte,* having at all times shown her so much kindness. She might have chosen differently, but she very sensibly said that she attached no importance to the position, and would rather have a secondary position, but with an individual who would give her the impression that his character would suit her own. The Archduke is evidently more than the generality of Princes, and I am happy to find that this is also your opinion. Charlotte is a dear, sensible, and unsophisticated being, and the Archduke may well appreciate his lot, as Princesses of that description, except in novels, are not frequently met with in actual life.

I trust that Brighton will prove beneficial to your health; it is the most delightful residence I know in England at this time of the year.

I am still thinking of the good time when Lord

* Marriage of Princess Charlotte to Archduke Maximilian, afterwards Emperor of Mexico.

Westmorland was with us in July, and hope that he has kept of those days a favourable recollection.

Your poor sister has had a large share of grief, and I am truly happy to learn that she is pleased with her daughter-in-law.*

Poor Prince of Leiningen† was much devoted to you. Since the attack of last year he has had a sad existence, but to be carried off at fifty-two was rather unexpected. He was sensible, and, as you say, he had the courage of his opinions, in which opinion he was often right.

The political affairs of England are still in a good deal of confusion. Happily, nearly all Governments are bound by their finances to keep the peace. England is, perhaps, least in that *embarras*, but, still, it will also do well to look to its own business.

I regret the course taken concerning Naples, and what good can come from insurrection which must spring from those measures?

It is time I should close my long letter, not without assuring you that I remain, my dear Lady Westmorland,

Your truly devoted servant and friend,

Offer my homage to Lady Rose. LEOPOLD.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

December 16, 1856.

I received your letter of the 12th at Woburn, where I took leave of that excellent old couple‡ whom I love so much, and where I passed four days very agree-

* The second Lord Raglan had just married Lady Georgina Lygon.

† Prince of Leiningen, son of the Duchess of Kent by her first marriage, and so stepbrother to Queen Victoria.

‡ Duke and Duchess of Bedford.

ably. It is a magnificent establishment—the finest that I know. There were a great many young people. Rose and Kitty were much amused, and I enjoyed some fine pictures, fine statues, and especially a collection of most interesting manuscripts. I returned home at the moment when a certain number of the farmers were dining in the arcade, to-day being the first of three *rent-days* when the tenants come to pay their first half-year rent. They begin with the large farmers, to-morrow the little ones will come, and the day after the tenants of the cottages.

My husband went in, and was received with cheers; then they asked if I could not come. So I went with Rose, and I was touched with their welcome. I cannot tell you how they received me and how they showed their attachment. I am sure it is sincere.

CHAPTER X

1857 : APETHORPE AND LONDON

THE violent attacks on Lord Raglan which had appeared in the *Times* during the progress of the war had never been properly met. In January, 1857, an article appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, by the editor, Mr. Elwin, from information supplied to him by Lady Westmorland. It is a satisfaction to know that this vindication of him has recently been amply completed by the publication of the 'Panmure Papers' and the Duke of Newcastle's Life.

The letters from Lord Brougham in the early part of this year refer to the political situation in England. Lord Palmerston's Government was attacked by a combination of Peelites and Conservatives on Sir G. Lewis's Budget ; but they weathered the storm, and it was not till the following year that they were defeated over the Conspiracy Bill.

Lord and Lady Westmorland spent nearly the whole year between Apethorpe and London, but in the summer Lady Westmorland went abroad for a few weeks, during which time she paid a visit to Prince Metternich (who was then eighty-five) at Johannesburg, his country seat on the Rhine. She sent to Lord Westmorland a memorandum of her conversations with him, which has fortunately been preserved amongst his letters.

The letters from Comtesse Pauline Néale in the autumn relate to the illness of King Frederick William IV., in consequence of which his brother, the Prince of Prussia, was appointed Regent.

The Duke of Bedford to Lady Westmorland.

LONDON,
February 9, 1857.

MY DEAR LADY WESTMORLAND,

Bearing in mind your kind wish to hear from me after reading the article in the *Quarterly Review* on Lord Raglan, I should have written before if my porter had not sent it to Woburn on the day before we came to London. I have, however, borrowed one from a friend, and cannot express to you the very great pleasure I have had in reading it. Such noble sentiments, so admirably expressed in defence of an injured man devoting his best energies to the service of his country, and, moreover, an early and valued friend, have gone to my heart, and given me more real, although somewhat melancholy, gratifications than anything I have read for many a day. I received the *Review* at night, and was up at half-past five to read it, and could not leave off until I had finished it. Many thanks for having told me of it. It is beyond all praise I can give it.

I have just left the Duchess of Gloucester, who wrote to me this morning to express a wish to see me; she has promised me to read the article without loss of time. I am sorry to say she is far from well, and appears very weak.

Lord Westmorland came to see the Duchess yesterday, but I just missed him.

Odo,* you may have heard, is appointed to go with Lord Napier to America, with which he is much pleased, although it is not promotion. His mother

* Odo Russell, afterwards Lord Ampthill. He had been Attaché at Vienna under Lord Westmorland.

did not like it at first, but now is quite reconciled to it, seeing how well he likes it.

My brother John is looking particularly well. His rest and his winter at Florence appear to have suited him.

He has had his say, as you will have observed, about Italy; but I have not heart to write about politics which are becoming more and more distasteful to me after a long and early career in their pursuit.

I must not close my letter without sending the Duchess's best remembrances to yourself and Lady Rose.

Ever sincerely yours,

BEDFORD.

I could not but remark with interest the Westminster School,* which I remember well. This is the only part of the article that might have been better told. I could have furnished one letter that would have added to the interest of the landing at Eupatoria.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

CHÂTEAU ELÉONORE LOUISE,
March 30, 1857.

To be sure, the luck of Pam is extreme. Nothing could have given him the cards he now has but the gross blunder of the Opposition in joining all the odds and ends of parties to turn him out. He has to contend with those whose leaders appear not to have common-sense, as they consult only such as Derby, etc., and not such as Lyndhurst and Lord Lonsdale, the best and longest-headed of them all: they are out of one scrape into another. As for J. Russell, I suppose

* The Duke of Bedford and Lord Raglan were both educated at Westminster.

that with very great care and self-government he may get back the confidence of the party on whom he alone can rely—the Whigs ; that is his look-out in case anything happens to Pam ; but they dread his knack of upsetting whatever Government he belongs to, and your true Whig regards as his worst enemy him who risks turning out the Government. You will see how easily they, the Whigs and Reformers, will be satisfied with Pam doing little or nothing for Reform ; they will stand anything rather than a change of Ministry.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

CHÂTEAU ELÉONORE LOUISE,
April 27, 1857.

As you took an interest in my illness, I now write to say that, somewhat contrary to my expectations, I have got quite well, and for the last ten days have walked as usual three or four miles a day ; but I still am condemned to *poison*—what you call *luncheon* and a glass of *port wine*. In fact, I had lived too low, and five or six weeks' illness has made me resolve to feed a little better—at least for some time.

We have now the finest weather possible, and I grudge leaving the blue sea and the light and air for Grafton Street and the House of Lords. I shall therefore stop a fortnight longer, and be in London soon after the middle of May.

We have had a curious affair at Grasse. The Capucins (*en mission*) persuaded the women, whom they always address, that it is *péché mortel* to have any books not authorized by the Pères de l'Oratoire ; so all their books were brought, the husbands obeying, to the great place before the Cathedral, and burnt

under the advice of the Rev. Fathers in broad daylight—all books, dictionaries, even almanacs. Some say the Bible was burnt also, but of this my informants (magistrates, etc.) were not at all certain.

The clergy at Grasse, as everywhere in Provence, are very moderate rational persons, and hate these missionaries. Nor was there ever anything like religious fanaticism in this part of France. The Bourbons made a political handle of a little religion as against the Jacobins—*voilà tout*.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

May 8, 1857.

I can well enter into your feelings about the Duchess of Gloucester*—amongst others, that of its being the last link connecting your family with the old Court. She was one of the best of them, beyond all doubt; everyone does justice to her.

I am greatly pleased at your good account of Prince Metternich; pray, when you write, give him my kindest regards.

What little comfort it gives one to make comparison on other people's sufferings, yet I can't help dwelling on those of my most excellent though somewhat strange-tempered friend Napier.† I had been reading the life of Sir Charles, his brother, and he tells me, in a letter I had yesterday from him, of the sufferings under which a great part of it was written—the illness and death of his daughter, one of the most angelic persons I ever saw. He had been watching her declining health for some months with the utmost

* The Duchess of Gloucester, last survivor of George III.'s family, died in April, 1857.

† General Sir William Napier.

anxiety, and at length he lost her. He is, besides, such a martyr to acute rheumatism that he passes three-fourths of his time (sometimes months together) in bed, enduring agonies. I was saying that such a case as this should make us ashamed of ever being discontented, when I met an acquaintance in this neighbourhood who really seems more to be pitied. He had two daughters—no other children. One died from hydrophobia from the bite of a mad dog; the remaining one, a few weeks ago, drowned herself in an attack of epilepsy; and the poor man has himself been ruined by an unfortunate speculation, and is sold up and must starve if his wife's little annuity were to go.

Prince Metternich to Lady Westmorland.

May 10, 1857.

I have already seen the article you tell me of in the *Quarterly Review*.^{*} All that concerns the subject has a right to my lively interest, and for two reasons: I am the friend of my friends and in all things of truth. Long observation has proved to me that it is only on the field of truth that I have met individualities between which and my own it has been possible to form a friendship. I gather consolation and security from this fact in respect of such a great condition of life. You know how much I always appreciate the great qualities which were given to that worthy pupil of a school whose traces are disappearing day by day.[†]

The inevitable misfortune comes to me which occurs to everyone whose life passes the ordinary limits of time. Each day makes me more isolated in society,

^{*} On Lord Raglan.

[†] A reference to Lord Raglan's having received his military training under the Duke of Wellington.

and sees the number of individuals diminish, who in the true meaning of the word are valued as contemporaries. In the same period there appears an *epoch of history*—an epoch which is always slow in movement and rich in products.

You are doubtless *au courant* of the French press ; it is there especially that the historical element predominates. The first Napoleon, his qualities and his faults, his rise and his ruin, occupy the first place in the histories of authentic accounts, for lack of which history is deprived of solid foundations.

The 'History of the Consulate and Empire' by M. Thiers, the 'Memoirs of King Joseph' and those of the 'Duke of Ragusa,' are immensely interesting.

Nothing concerning the man who played so great a part in the times which may justly bear his name now remains in any obscurity. It is Napoleon himself who is described in these books. What I find in reading them is full confirmation that I recognized, and in part guessed, his qualities and his weakness.

It is on the conviction I had of the truth of my impressions, and on what was, and on what was not, the individuality which knew how to turn to its own profit the events which made it possible to raise itself to the summit of immense power, that I founded the line which in moments of grave decision it was given to me to impress on the politics and military operations of the Austrian Power. This line would have failed if I had not met with the moral and material support of the men who were then directing the politics of England.

These men were my friends, and they were equally yours. Nothing therefore, my dear Countess, is simpler than the feelings which are common to us

both, and which are beyond the reach of time's influence. You will see, think and wish always that which in my eyes as in yours will bear the impress of truth, of right, and of reason, or that of error voluntary or involuntary, in social or private situations of all kinds. I apply the expression of this conviction very particularly to the position to-day.

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

LONDON,
Sunday, July, 1857.

DEAREST,

I write now before going to dinner at Lord Granville's, and shall finish to-morrow. I went to Emily, as I had not been able to get to her yesterday, as, between the Crystal Palace and Holland House, I was kept so late that I had only time to get home to dress for dinner at the Duchess of Inverness's.

Emily was anxious to know my impression of the debate,* which I gave her as very good as far as it went, and I explained why I had not spoken as I intended—that first I waited for the Duke of C., who, I felt certain, intended to rise. She said: 'I am sure he never meant to do any such thing. I have heard from Sir R. A.† all about it, and from the beginning he never meant it—in short, he said as much.' Now, I fancy she is right. I am very sorry to feel so, but, putting all things together, I believe he did not intend to give any aid. Emily says it is just like him, and that, in truth, he wanted to keep away. What I do know is that, if it had not been for my conviction that he meant, after having asked twice that the motion should be put off,

* On the Crimea.

† Sir Richard Airey.

to speak, I should have risen after Granville and before the Duke of Beaufort.

After all, it is perhaps as well as it is, but I regret I did not say what I meant, and what I had written down, and what I showed to Emily.

I find that none of the papers have any article on the debate, which shows how completely the Press rules the roost.

I have inquiries for you from all the world, the Queen of Holland amongst the most faithful. The Howards I have just left. They go to Hanover on Wednesday.

The Duchess of Wellington has invited us all for a concert to-morrow to meet the Queen of Holland.

Lord Westmorland to Lady Westmorland.

LONDON,
Monday, July, 1857.

DEAREST,

To my great comfort, I have received your two letters, and I consequently direct this to Geneva, and shall do so to-morrow. I am rendered quite easy about you. I had some fear that, when you got up after lying in bed on Wednesday, you might have felt the effects of the fatigue and heat, but I am now satisfied you have got over it. I am afraid you will have had a good deal of heat during the last days, for till yesterday it was very hot, and so it was after dinner and during dinner at Granville's. The Queen dined there, and a select circle remained, till twelve. I came home, read, and went to bed and slept well.

Now about my own movements. My wish would be to meet you at Baden, and I like the place and the chance of meeting so many friends, and the Princess of Prussia, and afterwards Metternich. . . . If I

go to Paris, I should want to see my friends there, particularly Walewski, and get a little into their politics; this I could not do under three or four days, which would get to the end of next week—that is, 8th or 9th—before I got to Baden, unless I left London by Thursday of present week; and that, I think, is too soon, and Mr. Hicks says, with this hot weather, he would not recommend my setting off and running into the chances of a hot and hurried journey. If I got to Baden the 9th, I should like to stay there a week, and this would bring it too late for Johannesburg* or your calculations of being home for the flowers in August; and in any case it would make a very hurried affair of it, unless we stayed till September. When you receive this letter at Geneva on Friday, you can telegraph me what you think of our meeting. I shall get your message on Saturday, so then I can decide whether I will go to Paris on Monday or to Manchester on that day, which I would do to meet the Queen of Holland, who will be there Monday and Tuesday.

I shall go to the Duchess of Wellington's concert to-night to meet the Queen, and to-morrow to the Duchess of Hamilton. On Wednesday I dine at Mr. Rose's, and on Thursday with Lady Ann Beckett, having declined accompanying Lady Ailesbury on that day to Goodwood and back on the same day, setting off at nine, and returning to dinner at the same hour in the evening.

Sarah† does all she can to protect and pioneer the Queen, but she takes more care of herself; she is great friends with Lady W. Russell, Clarendon, Lyndhurst, and such-like, and is very civil to me.

* Metternich's country-house on the Rhine.

† Lady Jersey.

The Duchess of Cambridge came last night to Granville's after dinner, which is her last appearance in public, as to-morrow she goes off to Rumpenheim.

Mrs. Goodman* is with me, and is good enough to allow me to write to you while she is doing my legs. I had Smart here about the pictures at Apethorpe, and when he saw Mrs. Goodman's picture he was delighted, and called it a most *spirited likeness*.†

You will see all I have to say in the Raglan affair in what I wrote yesterday. I hear no talk about it. Clarendon, whom I talked a good deal with yesterday, is very angry with the French Government, and quite conjoined with Buol, but he says with the abominable Radical Press there is no governing.

My love to Rose: I have not time to write to her; I have written all to you. My love to her, and God bless you.

I send you the letter I have received directed to you from Esterhazy.

Lady Westmorland's Account of her Conversation with Metternich whilst staying with him at Johannesburg.

1857.

Metternich said during 1813 and 1814 he went every evening to Alexander,‡ and often remained *tête-à-tête* from six or eight till twelve. In England in 1814 Alexander and the Prince Regent hated each other. Metternich was confidant of both, and found Alexander was always most to blame. The Grand Duchess Catherine fomented the quarrel. Lord Grey came to Metternich to tell him that Alexander had sent for

* An artist.

† This portrait was painted for the Academy of Music, where it now hangs.

‡ Emperor of Russia.

him 'pour lui soumettre un travail sur l'organisation d'une Opposition en Russie. Pense t'il à créer un Parlement. Dans le cas ou il y serait décidé (et je me garderai bien de lui en donner le conseil), il est dispensé d'avance de créer une Opposition. Il n'en manque pas.'

At the Congress of Vienna, Alexander took offence at the opposition of Metternich to the annexation of Saxony, and went to the Emperor Francis and told him he had determined to challenge Metternich. Ozerowski came for explanation. Coldness went on till March 5, when Metternich got from the Austrian Consul at Genoa the account of Napoleon landing, and went from Emperor Francis to Alexander. Embracings and oubli, etc. Friendship renewed.

Metternich says, 'Thiers is most anxious for the success and stability of Napoleon III. as long as it can be assured.' He would not serve him, but would 'user tous ses moyens' to be of use to him, 'mais cela ne peut durer. Même s'il vit il tombera. Il n'a aucun appui qui puisse le soutenir. Après lui il y aura une Republique. Il n'y a pas de Roi possible.

'Le comte de Chambord serait le meilleur mais personne n'en voudra. Le comte de Paris pourrait regner 3 mois, le Napoleon mineur 3 jours. Tout Paris est Républicain, la France, Monarchique Libérale, mais Paris l'emportera. Une République civile est impossible. Il y aura un dictateur militaire, et on verra se repéter ce qui se passe en Espagne moins la cour.

'Louis Napoléon est homme de capacité et de volonté, mais son esprit n'a pas de portée.

'Le Roi Léopold est l'homme le plus supérieur de l'Europe, l'esprit profond et pratique, sagacité rare. Tout ce qui entoure Louis Napoléon est canaille.

Louis Philippe n'a jamais été Conspirateur, mais Aspirateur.'

*Metternich's Account of Conversation with Count
Nesselrode, the Russian Prime Minister.*

'L'Empereur (Nicholas) est mort de douleur de s'être trompé. Il n'a jamais voulu la guerre. Il a toujours voulu et cru s'en tirer. Il n'a jamais eu les desseins ambitieux qu'on lui a prêté. Il n'a jamais rêvé à la possession de Constantinople. Les idées religieuses ont été les plus fortes causes de l'attitude qu'il a pris, et le dégoût qu'il avait pour le nom de Bonaparte et pour tout ce qui venait de Paris. Il ne pouvait croire au rôle que l'Angleterre a joué. Il savait que son fils a peu de capacité pour gouverner, et il craignait surtout de laisser des questions à déterminer par lui. Maintenant Louis Napoléon s'est fait le Protecteur de la Russie qui est à ses pieds et qui lui fait la cour avec bassesse.'

Metternich says: 'The irritation between Russia and Austria is indescribable; the Emperor voit juste, sent ce qu'il devrait faire dans les crises importantes, mais ne sait pas comment s'y prendre. Il a un sentiment de répugnance pour Louis Napoléon, et répond froidement aux avances qu'on lui fait.' The Paletôt de Menschikoff was a Frac civil couvert d'Ordres, put on out of *delicatesse*, for fear the uniform of Admiral commanding the Russian navy might *offenser* the Sultan.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

LONDON,
August 16, 1857.

I received your letter at 'Johannesberg.' I very much enjoyed the three days spent at that most

delicious place with that splendid old man, who keeps his mind and his marvellous memory, and who is a type of benevolence, gentleness, and kindness. He is very happy surrounded by a family who adore him.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

APETHORPE,
August 23, 1857.

Did I tell you the pleasure we had in seeing again that charming young Grand Duchess of Baden at Carlsruhe? We found her the happiest of mortals between the husband she adores and the beautiful child of which she is proud.

She was charming to Rose, and she has always remained the same graceful child, perfectly natural. Her establishment at Carlsruhe is very fine. May her happiness always continue!

The news from India* is awful. How many families are plunged into mourning, and how many more lives in a perpetual agony of unrest! Our poor neighbours the Tryons have just seen their eldest son depart for the scene of horrors, and they are again enduring the agonies they went through during the war in the Crimea. I am happy that Francis's post with the Duke of Cambridge prevents him from going.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

APETHORPE,
October 4.

Rose and I are at present occupied with a little girl of whom I have taken charge. The father of this child is a poor workman at Cliffe,† whose wife died recently, leaving four little children—three boys and this little

* The Mutiny had broken out on May 10.

† Kingscliffe, the next village to Apethorpe.

thing of three years and four months. It is the most extraordinarily witty and sensible child I have ever seen. Seeing the father's misery and the impossibility of this little child being taken care of at his house, I thought of making it come here, where her grandfather has a cottage. He married a young wife a few years ago, and they had two pretty little girls who died at the same time two years ago from scarlet fever. The mother always mourns for them. I proposed to her to adopt this little one (of course paying her for her care). She was delighted, and for the month she has had it she cares for it and loves it as if she really were its mother. This child is so adorable that I have to make a great effort not to spoil it. She is not pretty, but she is like Jenny Lind with her 'spiritual' eyes. I often take her to Cliffe to see her father and her brothers, and it is touching to see her affection for them, and how she wishes they could share all that is given her—cakes, toys, etc.

She was very unhappy speaking of her mother, because she could not make her come out of the 'bury hole,' as she calls her grave. Rose tried to explain to her that she was in heaven. She seems to have a thought great deal about that, for a few days after she came to ask me if I thought the good God would give her mother some tea sometimes, because she was very fond of it.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

October, 1857.

You will learn that the King's* state is alarming. I wish I could tell you the people are reassured, as the

* Frederick William IV. He had had a seizure, which resulted in softening of the brain, from which he never recovered, though he lived on for three years.

night after he was bled he was better than could have been hoped. The Queen* never leaves him; the doctors are there; the Prince of Prussia† here or at Sans Souci. I did not know till this how serious the illness is.

Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,

October 16, 1857.

The day passed yesterday better than could have been expected; that is what I have been told repeatedly. I see people reassured; I try to be so, but do not succeed, my dear friend; the terror at my heart does not cease. The improvement is very slow. May God help us, and remove the grave troubles which must ensue from the impossibility of attending to important affairs! The machinery is stopped, and no one will undertake the responsibility of meddling with it. The Prince of Prussia is admirable in every way, and an immense comfort to the Queen by his profound grief and his delicacy towards her. They dine together, and he remains always within call, without seeking to intrude farther. Everything is avoided which might cause the patient any emotion or surprise. The most vigilant care is taken; nothing that is humanly possible is omitted. May God have pity on us, and restore this so justly beloved King to perfect health!

I have no thought but of this; everyone prays weeps, hopes, doubts, so people accost each other in the streets; I saw nothing but anxious faces. The churches densely crowded both yesterday and the evening before when I was present at the touching

* Elizabeth, a Bavarian Princess; she had no children.

† Prince of Prussia, afterwards Emperor William.

service in the dome. The bulletins tell everything. The origin of the mischief was the exhausting 'cure' at Marienbad; then the great heat, the hurried journey, one day's visit to Vienna, but that at least was from a high motive and a duty arising out of his royal mission on earth—but not so the numerous inaugurations of bridges, public buildings, etc.; and still less that gathering of European ecclesiastics, so much blamed, and the consecration of a Moravian prayer-meeting, and then his public jubilee as an officer in the Guards preceding the imperial visit—I spare you no details; you know how it all grieves me; you know also the comfort your letters give me, and how much I am touched by them. You are capable of appreciating that noble soul who never desired anything but the happiness of others; who was only severe, almost to cruelty, towards himself. He did too much, and never thought of the urgent necessity of saving himself for the good of his poor country.

I am also deeply grieved for the Prince of Prussia; he is admirable towards that poor Queen who has so much to bear. The warmest sympathy surrounds her, but she is not the one I pity most; no responsibility rests on her; she can give herself up to her immense sorrow, and can have little concern for the country which is not hers; she remains alone in the world and childless.

If I could think of anyone else, I should pity the Princess of Prussia,* at this moment away from here. It is well, no doubt, but for that very reason sad for her. May her sorrow be unselfish enough to prevent her feeling any bitterness!

* The Prince of Prussia had been for some years Commander-in-Chief on the Rhine, and his family lived at Coblenz.

*Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.**Friday, October 23, 1857.*

The state of the King continues to improve, although very slowly; the Queen is radiant, and getting more confident, as she told my great-nephew,* whom she asked to see three days ago; and the King, hearing he was there, sent word he should hope to see him before long. Hitherto the Prince of Prussia has only seen him from a distance, walking about under the window, and the King on seeing him expressed great pleasure, as well as at seeing his sisters in the same way. They are established there, and a great consolation for the beloved Queen during the short intervals in which she leaves him she is so happy to nurse. The same strict régime is maintained in order not to risk any check to the improvement. Hitherto the affairs have not suffered, but this state of things cannot last long, and the position of the poor Prince of Prussia, with all his admirable devotion and delicacy, is a very painful one. . . .

The Duchess† has started for Nice; you can imagine her anxieties, but it was urgently necessary for her to breathe a balmier air and be away from all the worries she could not escape here. She met in the train the other day a highly-placed personage whom you know well enough not to be surprised at his total want of manners or of common decency. Not an atom of interest in him to whom he owed so much: he had seen it all

* Alfred de Bergh.

† The Duchess of Sagan - Talleyrand, Dorothe, Duchess of Courland, married to the nephew of the old Prince Talleyrand. She lived with the old Prince, and, as Duchesse de Dino, did the honours of his house in Vienna and London. She inherited the duchy of Sagan from her sister. She was a very distinguished woman.

coming—everything was over, there was nothing to regret. All this at the top of his voice in a carriage full of other people as much strangers to him as to the Duchess herself. She was shocked, burst into sobs and violent answers provoked by her indignation. They had introduced themselves to each other at starting. You know the warm heart of her who is so true a friend, and who all through her life has had none but charitable thoughts in that tender heart, more fit for heaven than for earth. You know how glad I should have been, could I have seen it harder, so much have I deplored her dangerous impressionability.

I met the other day an agreeable person who struck you in the happy days when you were here. You regretted that there were not more young women about like her, which I was glad to tell her; she was much flattered, and then regretted that there was no one left like you. I promised Madame de Canitz (whose name has probably escaped you by now) to tell you how much your kind approval had flattered her. You would say the same of her now, and would have the same regret. There are, no doubt, amongst the young women, many good and clever, and some very pretty ones, but there is something wanting to make them as agreeable in society as they are deserving in their own homes. What I dislike most are the 'superior persons' who make me whisper to myself, 'How hateful you make goodness!'

I open my letter to let you know what was done yesterday. The King has nominated the Prince of Prussia to replace him for three months. The Queen, with her exquisite tact and devoted love, has managed very cleverly this, which has become very urgent and

is the only chance of insuring the complete recovery so ardently desired. You will learn all this by the newspaper, but I want to give you particulars of how a first hint was not agreeable. 'I will think about it,' said the good King, who is, no doubt, less jealous of power than of his country's welfare. But what a thorny task for the poor Prince! God will help him. It was most important that a decision should be come to. It gives the King more repose, and the dear Queen too. All the future can only be vaguely conjectured. But I am sure you will rejoice with us at this respite.

Princess of Prussia to Lady Westmorland.

COBLENZ,
November 8, 1857.

MY DEAR COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND,

Accept my most sincere thanks for your kind letter, which shows me your constancy of remembrance and your interest.

Truly we live in painful times in which we must ask God for the necessary strength to well fulfil complicated and difficult duties.

The King's state is doubly sad for such an active mind as his, and it is sad to say that imprudences have impaired his health to a point which will necessitate a long convalescence after great danger. Let us hope that the daily progress will end in a complete cure. I pity the poor Queen with all my heart, but I hear that she has, thank God, kept courage and good hope. I have news as regular and frequent as if I were settled at Babelsberg, where the distance from the telegraph is less favourable for news than this place. The quiet here always does me good, and I need it, for my health

is much shaken this autumn, but I shall probably go to Berlin soon.

Yesterday I had the great delight of seeing my daughter again, who has come to spend a few days with me.

The Prince will be much touched at what you write to me about him, and which he certainly deserves.

Preserve for us that attachment to which you know I reply with all the friendship which I can have.

PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

APETHORPE,
November 16, 1857.

Since your last letter I received one from the Princess of Prussia, who tells me she is going to Berlin. She complains much of her health, and I fear her position will not help her to recover; for I can conceive nothing more painful, and I pity her with all my heart. I have subscribed again to *Kreuz Zeitung*, in order to have daily news of the King. The progress seems to me slow, but I hope it is from excess of precaution that the move to Charlottenburg has been adjourned, and that they talk of a stay at the Castle of Potsdam.

The so sudden death of the Duchess of Nemours has grieved me much, although I knew this beautiful young woman but little; but I grieve for that admirable Queen Amélie, so cruelly tried. She told me this summer she was still blessed by the home-life of her children and grandchildren, and at being able to gather them round her. Now she has to suffer for the grief of her son, who they say is inconsolable. What a fatal place that Claremont is to live in! The Duchesse

d'Aumale lost a child there, the Princesse de Joinville was confined of a dead child, and nearly died herself, and now the grave of Louis Philippe is opened again for his beautiful daughter.

I have here for four days my old friend the Duke of Bedford, also inconsolable at the loss of his adored companion,* but so resigned, so gentle, so pious in his grief, that it is edifying to see and hear him. He likes to come into my little sitting-room to talk of *her*. She must have had some of the grandest and finest qualities to inspire so profound an affection, and to leave such a memory in the heart of such a man. I do not think he will long survive her, he is so weak and old.

Since him I have had my sister-in-law Lady Jersey, and Clementina.† They left this morning for a round of visits. Lady Jersey consoles herself for everything, for I have never seen her more brilliant, more talkative, full of *go* and smiles.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

December 3, 1857.

You see I am in a great hurry to have another talk with you, dear friend, and yet I have some doubt of your reading through my gossip; but I want to tell you that I had the happiness of talking about you with the Queen, and of telling her myself of the interest you take in that which absorbs us. She is much touched and thanks you heartily. I was much moved on seeing her again on Sunday, when I spent the evening at Charlottenburg. The King had been

* The Duchess of Bedford had died July 3, 1857.

† Lady Clementina Villiers.

very well all day, and gave me a gracious bow, as did Princess Alexandra. The Queen herself, whom I had not seen for six months, looked well, though I thought her very pale. But her beautiful eyes, full of quiet confidence, do not seem to look beyond the moment, so as best to bear the good or evil in store—the latter, alas! always threatening from those who keep aloof now. So far it has been possible to keep the poor King quietly occupied without fatigue; his walks with his Aide-de-Camp and his drives with the Queen make a little change in the uniformity of that life, formerly so full and busy. But I must tell you all the Queen's questions about you and about your belongings, to all of which I replied fully, and yesterday at the Princess of Prussia's I had to repeat it all again. I was full of emotion, too, at seeing again the Princess of Prussia, always full of constant kindness to me that goes to my heart. You know I always feel at my ease with her, and have none of those stupid fits of shyness which make me so ungracious, and which I cannot overcome with the Queen. I thought the Princess better than I expected after all she has suffered; she will still have much to suffer, and yet what blessings still surround her! You can well believe that I am very reserved, and do not start any topic which would be most out of place; but in following her initiative I hesitate at nothing. The Prince is convalescent from his influenza; may God preserve him, who is so necessary here on all accounts! But what a hard task is his to fulfil! He is, however, still appreciated, which, in this most fault-finding of towns, surprises me. The greatest sympathy is felt for Mayence; poor as we are, as soon as it is a question of relief needed, there is a touching

generosity. Life cannot be restored, but the town itself will be restored more brilliant than before. But what appeals most to me is the justice unanimously rendered to all. Our Vice-Governor has behaved admirably; he was first on the scene, and at the barracks found only two men alive and able to salute him! The rest all lying dead. He thought only of giving help, forbid any care for his own house, so that nothing should be taken from others, and gave shelter in his own devastated house and ruined drawing-rooms to as many as they could hold. And nobody blames anybody else, perfect harmony reigns between us and the Austrians, and the behaviour of the people is perfect too. Dear friend, forgive all this, which you will perhaps not take the trouble to read, and will anyhow at once forget, for it is impossible to multiply one's sympathy for every occurrence in this distracted world.

How much I thought of you yesterday when I went where I so seldom go—to the Opera, where you would have been delighted by the talent of the few distinguished artists who have come to sing to us their beautiful Italian music, and have all at once electrified our cold public, so as even to satisfy my jealous desire to see real merit properly applauded. The house was full, the great Court box brilliant, and in it we had refreshments, and I felt sorry the rest of the house could not be equally well treated:

With the exception of this pleasure twice repeated, I have had none. Influenza reigns in every house, attacking masters and servants and making social gatherings impossible. It is the same in the towns, and everywhere there is a dearth of doctors.

I need not tell you what a great loss we have had in

the artistic world.* You know that really great man, who besides his talent had so noble a soul; he was so kind, so amiable, and his dignified bearing and appearance so truly expressed what he really was. He has thoroughly enjoyed the great reputation he had gained; the world has not, in this case, waited for his death to do him justice—a piece of good fortune granted to few.

If you see poor Lord Sidney Osborne, tell him how much I grieve for his poor sister. . . .† I am surrounded with sadness here; I see the ravages of an incurable disease; making a struggle to preserve the life that is going seems the most intolerable of ills. Then there are other troubles in consequence of the financial disturbance which affects the people, and causes losses in which I, too, have a share. I hope to bear mine quietly. An easy thing to do when one stands alone, but one misses all sympathy. I only mention this to you, dear friend, because you know me well enough to be sure that this is not what most oppresses me. I foresee all, and, without exalting myself on stilts, I realize how little harm it does me, compared to others.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

Christmas Day, 1857.

DEAR FRIEND,

I am sad and troubled; the troubles of yesterday increase those of to-day. If only I could tell you that our beloved King is spared pain, but he knows his state, his momentary loss of memory and inability to find name or word he wants. This would be only a slight drawback to anyone else, but his high position

* Death of Rauch, the sculptor.

† Lady Catherine White-Melville, who had just lost her only daughter.

augment, of course, its gravity. His deep and genuine piety helps him to bear this severe trial; the Queen, too, has the same support, and nothing can exceed their resignation. Yesterday was a hard day for both, yet no one was forgotten of all those who had been accustomed in former years to spend the evening there, loaded with gifts; everyone now received these gifts singly and sadly.

The Court met at the Prince of Prussia's, but only the immediate members, none of the others who used to meet at the King's; there was sadness everywhere. May we hope for better times when this year, of which the last three months have been so cruelly hard for us, is gone!

The papers are full of the rejoicings in honour of your young Princess's arrival; her heart will be full—it cannot be otherwise! How is the Prince of Prussia to get through all he has to encounter? He is admirably devoted, and so far still generally appreciated. How thankful I am to have taken his part from the first, and how I should have despised myself if I had waited for the favour shown to my nephew to do so!

CHAPTER XI

1857—1858: ENGLISH POLITICS

WHEN it was discovered that the attempted assassination of the French Emperor, known as 'the Orsini plot,' had been planned and prepared in England, a Conspiracy Bill was introduced into Parliament, which aimed at making 'conspiracy to murder' a felony, instead of a misdemeanour. An amendment to the Bill resulted in the defeat of the Government, owing to the idea gaining ground that the Bill had practically been framed at the dictation of the French Government; Count Walewski, the French Foreign Minister, having recommended the British Government to take steps to prevent the right of asylum being abused. Lord Derby now came into office. The Duke of Bedford's letters deal much with the political complications and difficulties between the various statesmen in and out of office.

The Duke of Bedford to Lady Westmorland.

OAKLEY,
November 8, 1857.

MY DEAR LADY WESTMORLAND,

Your letters are always agreeable to me—none more so than the three I have just received from you by this morning's post. I am only sorry that you should have been at the trouble of sending after the post. My pleasure in visiting you, although mixed with other feelings and reminiscences of this time last year, will be enhanced by meeting my old friend

Brougham, who has been so kind and affectionate to me in my bereavement that I can never forget or be too grateful for the many letters of sympathy I have received from him. I should have had no other opportunity of seeing him before he leaves England, and I rejoice in your having offered me this. I only wish I could go to Apethorpe on the day you expect him; but having appointed my agent to meet me at Wansford on Friday, I hardly know how to manage it. I hope, however, to be with you on Friday.

I feel much and am deeply gratified by all you say to me, a very sad loss for which I was so entirely unprepared. I try hard, however, to bear it as best I can and to submit to the will of God. 'The immensity' of that loss, as you truly describe it, cannot be exaggerated. We have lived so entirely together, and for each other (especially on her side) for so many years of blessed happiness, that the blank is felt at every moment of the day.

What you say as to how grief acts upon different minds is also very true; we are all so differently constituted in many things, but in nothing more than that. For instance, the oldest friend I have tells me that, although living with her daughter, she never alluded to the subject of her own grief, which we know to be very great, and on which time has made no impression. On the other hand, you and I feel alike, and not as Lady C. To me it is a great comfort and melancholy consolation to talk of her I have lost, to those who loved her or appreciated her charming character. I feel just as you do, and thank you for giving expression to your own sentiments. The 'knowledge of her excellence,' and the assurances I have had from all quarters—high

and low, old and young—how generally it has been felt, is indeed a comfort to me. And now, my dear friend, having given vent to my feelings, and kindly encouraged by yourself, I will release you and say no more.

Ever most sincerely yours,
BEDFORD.

The Duke of Bedford to Lady Westmorland.

If I can manage Thursday I will write again, but at present my visit to you must stand for Friday. I shall be very glad to meet those you name. Fitzroy was one of my earliest and most valued friends, and I have a pleasure in carrying on the friendship to another generation.

My best remembrances to Lord Westmorland, not forgetting Lady Rose, who made such a favourable impression upon us last year, and be assured your friendship is much prized by me.

Lord Jersey used to say, 'The sun always shines at Oakley.' It is shining beautifully to-day, but there is another sunshine missing.

The Duke of Bedford to Lady Westmorland.

November 15, 1857.

A friend writes to me by this morning's post that he has been talking with Mr. Layard, just returned from Italy. I think he gives a bad report of the state of that country, and particularly of the feeling existing towards us. The language is, 'Why did you interfere at all if you did not intend going further? We were going on quietly in our own way, and you have now excited hopes which you are not prepared to realize, and which will probably place us in an equivocal

position, or give Austria still more power.' I copy this from my friend's letter.

The Duke of Bedford to Lady Westmorland.

December 31, 1857.

You will, I am sure, be glad to know that my visit to the Queen has fully answered my expectations. Her great kindness to me, and her feeling towards her I have lost, went to my heart, and I can never forget them. I sat some time with her alone; the Prince then joined us, when, after a little while, Her Majesty asked him to go for the Princess Royal. My conversations, first with the Queen, then with her and the Prince together, and lastly with the three, were all agreeable, as you can imagine, in their different ways. I had an opportunity, before the Prince came in, of speaking to the Queen of you, and of my visit to Apethorpe, and of all the kind sympathy I had received from you, and of Lady Rose's amiable manner to me. She did not appear to know, till I told her, how great your own affliction had been, and how readily you had therefore entered into mine. I need not have written this, but I think you may like to know it.

Princess of Prussia to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,

January 8, 1858.

A thousand affectionate thanks for your kind letter, which gives me great pleasure. Your interest shows itself on all occasions, and I know well that you will take a very special share in the great event (which, God willing, will take place at the beginning of this year) in the history of the two countries and the two dynasties, to the advantage of the future. Your

sympathy will be also extended to the great trial imposed on us by the illness of our poor King. Thank God his convalescence is progressing, but it cannot but be slow. The Prince is very sensible of all that you say about him. I hope you will see him in London on the great occasion, and that I may precede him there by a few days.* How I look forward to seeing you then, and to talking to you in detail! To-day I confine myself to these few lines scribbled in haste, loading you with a thousand good wishes for your husband and children.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

CANNES,

January 25, 1858.

You cannot conceive what a shock the Duke of Devonshire's† sudden death was to me. My long and intimate connection with his family, and the great kindness I have always experienced from them, including a seat in Parliament—not only for myself, but, indeed, placed at my disposal when I came in for the county—makes me feel this loss exceedingly. But, indeed, on looking back to my long life, I have no reason to complain of any want of kindness in any quarter of my friends, nor to complain of any maltreatment.

The unusual feeling on account of the late brutal attacks on Louis Napoleon‡ rather increases than diminishes; but though in one way he gains by it, in another he loses, for it sets people a-thinking in the ranks of his Government. The difficulty will be

* The marriage of Prince Frederick William of Prussia and the Princess Royal took place on January 25, 1858.

† The sixth Duke.

‡ Orsini attempt.

extreme of doing anything about the wretches whom we harbour in England ; but something must be done to show our resolution against their vile processes, and at least they must not be suffered to preach assassination. I see at Brussels there is something doing against them.

The Duke of Bedford to Lady Westmorland.

WOBURN ABBEY,
February 5, 1858.

MY DEAR LADY WESTMORLAND,

I charged Lord Sidney last night with affectionate messages to you and Lady Rose, but I must add a little writing this morning, if only to tell you how seriously I think of the present aspect of public affairs, both at home and abroad.

This notice given by Lord Palmerston last night of an Alien or Refugee Act, whether right or wrong, necessary or not, will create great ills, will have so far added to our other difficulties, and will drive John,* I am sure, into decided opposition on this measure at least, if not on others. Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Campbell are, I am told, equally strong against this proposed law. We are altogether in such a mess, and Clarendon in such a stew about our relations with France, that I cannot but foresee enormous difficulties. What is likely to happen we none of us can divine, but I think this Government can hardly stand against such odds as they will have to encounter. Hostilities in India, angry feelings amounting to hatred in France, power of debate at home, etc.

The East India directors are acting wisely and

* Lord John Russell.

judiciously in not agitating; they have placed their petition in good hands, and asked for inquiry even into their own conduct, which it will be found difficult to resist. In the midst of all this, nothing, I am told, disturbs the equanimity of our Premier,* who still relies on the popularity he has hitherto enjoyed to carry him safely through his appalling difficulties. But I must break off here, for I have no time to add.

Ever affectionately yours,

BEDFORD.

Love to Lady Rose.

The Duke of Bedford to Lady Westmorland.

WOBURN ABBEY,

February 17, 1858.

What I now tell you, although no great secret, must not go beyond the four walls of your own little room at Apethorpe—at least, not on my authority. It is simply this, that Palmerston and John, who have been so long estranged in political matters, are now entirely together on this great question of peace or war. They think that, if left alone, the E.† will go to war‡ in the spring, and that effort ought to be made to avert such a calamity. I believe one of them (Lord Palmerston) will call attention to the subject on the 25th. Another great authority on this subject does not wish anything to be said, for the reasons I need not give, but I think he will be overruled by the others. They think the matter might be settled. Gladstone has been doing very ill, and, it is thought, has subverted the Queen's authority as the Protecting Power. It is said that he wished to be elected a member of the Ionian Parliament.

* Lord Palmerston.

† Louis Napoleon.

‡ With Sardinia (?).

The Duke of Bedford to Lady Westmorland.

WOBURN ABBEY,
February 18, 1858.

MY DEAR LADY WESTMORLAND,

It is a pleasure for me to write to you when I see that my letters are so kindly received. If I were to send you a daily journal of what I hear from political quarters in London, especially from my brother John, I could make up a large amount of writing; but I have no desire, glad as I always am to hear from you, to keep up a debtor and creditor account with you in our epistolary relations with each other. Mind that I never expect an answer except when you are quite disposed to write, or have anything to tell me with respect to the vote on the Conspiracy Bill. John feels it (the subject) so strongly that I am persuaded he must have been vexed by seeing the nephews taking the opposite side, although he has never said so to me, or to anyone else, I believe. I must, however, do Arthur* the justice to say he wrote a very becoming letter to me, lamenting that his first important vote should have been against an uncle whom he wishes to take for his guide, whenever he can do so conscientiously. I have hardly ever known John feel and express himself so warmly on any political subject. He is not pleased with his old party friends, and gave his opinion without reserve to Sir George Grey when the measure was first announced to him.

Jarnac,† who has been here some time, was sent for suddenly a few days ago by the French Princes, who have been in a state of much alarm in consequence of

* Arthur Russell, son of Lord William Russell.

† A French diplomat and supporter of the Orleanist party.

information received from Paris. He came to my room before he left, and saw Lord Aberdeen on his way through London, who gave him the same opinion he got from me, that they are not likely to be molested ; but John thinks they may be much annoyed if the Bill passes by information that may compromise others, although they will be safe enough themselves. Jarnac saw Lord Aberdeen again on his return, and has since informed me, in confidence, of all that passed. I must still think the alarm groundless. Many thanks for what you have been so kind as to send me from Berlin, and for your permission to forward it to the Queen ; I am sure it will give her much pleasure.

I have read with interest what you write about your daughter-in-law in confirmation of your first impression. It must be a great comfort to you and Lady Rose. I have often thought what a similar comfort would have been to her I have lost, as well as to myself. I rejoice, however, in your having it, and in such a prospect of happiness for your son. I return heartily Lady Rose's kind wishes, and am affectionately yours,

BEDFORD.

I can't understand why Napoleon does not publish his apology in the *Moniteur*. Is it that he is afraid of his army ?

Lord Aberdeen's language is against the French Bill, but he could have voted as S. Herbert did in the House of Commons—*i.e.*, for its introduction.

The Duke of Bedford to Lady Westmorland.

WOBURN ABBEY,
March 2, 1858.

MY DEAR LADY WESTMORLAND,

I have often thought of you during this political crisis, and sometimes of sending you a few scraps of

my political intelligence, speculations and opinions from various quarters—especially John's; but my letters have come upon me so constantly by every post, that it would be difficult to make a selection, so I give it up. I think much of John's position, which will be a very difficult one, requires much circumspection, between his dislike to offer a factious (?) opposition to Lord D. and his unwillingness to take an unfriendly part towards his old colleagues and coadjutors.

I have a most kind letter from our friend Lord Fortescue, urging me strongly to try my best to bring Lord Palmerston and my brother together in unity; but I am sure it would be quite useless to attempt that at present.

P.'s supporters may try to reinstall him if they can, but John's course for the present must be that of independence.

Lord Fortescue's letter is as kindly as it is well intentioned; but he does not know the interior as I do, and I am quite sure it would be more than useless to try to get him to act with Palmerston: they must follow their respective courses and act independently of each other.

Lord Fortescue is favourable to the Conspiracy Bill—John strongly and honestly against it, to say nothing of other points of difference.

Brougham is far from pleasant with John (he is also for the Bill), and writes to me in a very dissatisfied tone with him. It is confined, however, to this question.

I regret, of course, these differences among my old friends, but can do nothing to repair them, although both my correspondents seem to think I can. John will have to steer his course with the best judgment

and skill. It will be a miracle if he is able to comply with all the exigencies of his position.

Adieu, dear Lady Westmorland, with kind love to Lady Rose.

Ever affectionately yours,

BEDFORD.

The Duke of Bedford to Lady Westmorland.

March 6, 1858.

MY DEAR LADY WESTMORLAND,

You are very kind about John, and I cannot but admire and applaud your woman's politics, which sit very gracefully upon you in your present position and retirement from the political world.

I, like you, am now only a spectator, but find it impossible not to take an interest in what is passing, especially while my brother is where and what he is, and am sometimes called upon reluctantly to take a part behind the scenes.

What his course will now be must, of course, depend upon circumstances; in the meantime he writes to me that, although he thinks the reunion of the Liberal Party (I adopt this term because it is in general use, but have always disliked it, considering it arrogant and often untrue) desirable, he considers himself as an obstacle on one side, and Lord Palmerston on the other, under existing circumstances—which is true.

He is against all premature opposition to Lord Derby's Government or any reckless attempt to displace him.

You write in praise of Lord Clarendon's speech, which induces me to copy for you what my son says of it in a letter I had from him yesterday. He writes in these words: 'I think Clarendon made an excellent

speech on Monday, and his taking the whole responsibility of not having answered Count Walewski's despatch on himself was a noble sentiment worthy of the best days of England. However, we may, I think, be sure of this, that the public will believe the *Times*, and will not believe Lord Clarendon; that is, the clear and beautiful argument of Lord Clarendon will produce no impression on the public! It is very remarkable that, with all his infirmities and the life he leads, without intercourse with anyone now, except myself, he (Tavistock)* should be able to preserve his mind and sound judgment, and be able to arrive at such opinions, almost always right and clearly expressed. It is altogether the most remarkable and most melancholy case I have ever known. Not only Lord Clarendon's speech, but the whole debate, was very striking and very creditable to the House of Lords and to the country. In no other, I believe, could such an exhibition of talent, temper, and patriotism, have been witnessed. It must have appeared so to the many foreigners that were present.

In writing to Lady Clarendon, I could not resist telling her how sorry you were to lose him at the Foreign Office, especially on account of his kindness to your son.

Lord Stanley's speech at Lynn is said to have been clever; he is able, industrious, and, his mother tells me, very ambitious. With his advanced opinions, however, I do not see how the firm of Derby and Son can last long together, to say nothing of the majority against them in the House of Commons.

* The Duke's only son, Lord Tavistock, born June 30, 1809, succeeded as eighth Duke May 14, 1861, died in May, 1872. A man of great ability but infirm health, who led the life of a recluse.

There is a very clever article in the *Times* this morning which places them in a fix, as they would say in America, on the vote that brought them into power. I doubt whether Lord Clanricarde is wise as to the defence he has announced, although Lord Lansdowne, I am told, has advised it. We shall judge better, however, when we know what he has to say.

Lady Molesworth made an attempt to bring Lord Palmerston and John together (politically) at a dinner she gave for them two days ago, but it flashed in the pan. The former did not go till the evening, and John sent by telegraph that he was snowed up at Richmond Park. It was Lady Molesworth who brought Lord Palmerston and Mr. Delane together and made them friends. Hence the change of the tone in the *Times* that, I suppose, encouraged her to make a second attempt. Lord Clarendon did not stay in quite long enough to confirm W. Lowther's appointment to Washington, but I suppose it will be offered him by Lord Malmesbury.

The Duke of Bedford to Lady Westmorland.

March 17, 1858.

Anything like the utter confusion of parties here I have never before witnessed in the course of my very long intercourse with the political world. An important meeting of the independent Government supporters took place yesterday afternoon—forty-five present, two hours' debate. They decided to send Mr. Palmer of Berkshire to Lord Derby, giving it as their unanimous opinion that the Bill should be withdrawn.

It is not yet generally known, but probably will be

in the House of Commons this evening. I have not heard Lord Derby's answer, but his decision, whatever it may be, must be very important. I have told this only to Lord Clarendon and John. I have had a long conversation with both to-day. Lord Clarendon thinks the chances of peace favourable, but not if the Emperor can find a good plea for war. I have also seen and conversed with Lord Aberdeen.

The Duke of Bedford to Lady Westmorland.

April 3, 1858.

I hope Lord Derby will not think it necessary to resign if he is beat (as he will be) in the Government Indian Bill.* It finds no favour in any quarter, especially the representation part of it. John considers it too bad to mend, and is likely to move its rejection on the second reading, but nothing is yet determined. In writing to Lady Derby yesterday, I could not resist telling her that I hope he (Lord Derby) will rather submit and succumb under the peculiar circumstances than resign. It will be, however, to him a choice of evils of the greatest magnitude. To remain in after defeat on such a measure would be degrading and humiliating to a Minister, and yet I am inclined to think it would be the course of patriotism, postponing all legislation till next year.

You are so kind as to say you hope I have not been worried—not much, but you can't think how much I have had to do, although my work does not appear

* Before his defeat, Lord Palmerston had obtained leave to introduce an India Bill vesting the Government of India in a Council nominated by the Crown. When Mr. Disraeli took office, he proposed the Council should be half nominative, half elective (see 'Queen Victoria's Letters,' vol. iii., p. 279).

in the newspapers. On one morning I saw three ex-Prime Ministers on the subject of public affairs, and especially party affairs.

Lord Stanley passes to-day and to-morrow with my brother at Pembroke Lodge. He asked me to meet him, but I could not manage it.

I went at the beginning of the week to visit my old friend, Lady C. Greville (the oldest I know here) and her daughter. It was very pleasant and gratifying to me. We talked of some of your old friends who are gone, and a little of you.

The Duke of Bedford to Lady Westmorland.

WOBURN ABBEY,
December 11, 1858.

Lord and Lady Palmerston came here for two or three days, and met Mr. Elwin*—full of political talk and speculation—just returned from the United States, very anti-American, and therefore with Bright. His visit led to an invitation to Broadlands. From there he goes to Bowood to meet my brother John, who writes to me almost daily on what is passing, with all his thoughts on the state of affairs. I have also received some very interesting letters from Lord Clarendon. One relating his conversation with the Emperor Napoleon at Compiègne; another gives me the substance of a conversation he had with our Premier on Reform at Hatfield—a strange business to an old politician; a third, with his own views at much length, as to what should be done to reunite the old Whig, now termed (I dislike the word)

* The Rev. W. Elwin, for many years editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and intimately connected with all the most prominent political people of the day.

'Liberal' Party. This last letter was to be communicated or not, as I thought best, to John. All this has led to communication between them, passing through me, and giving me more employment than I can well afford.

There was an article in Bright's paper alluding to Lord Palmerston's visit here, and giving it a political colour; no truth in that, although we had some talk on general matters. We are in a strange state, and quite in the dark as to what is likely to happen.

The Queen and Prince were very gracious to John at Windsor Castle, but did not allude to home affairs, except as to what relates to the defence of the country, which occupies them much, as it once did the Duke of Wellington.

Clarendon* gave me some reasons for going to Compiègne, for which he and Lord Palmerston have been so much abused. I thought them valid, but, like much else in human affairs, it was a choice of difficulties and evils. I think they took the least.

Brougham writes to me from London that he was to meet Montalembert† at dinner on his way through Paris. I have not heard from him since.

Odo‡ starts for Italy this evening very much pleased with his appointment. He met here Lord Palmerston, who gave him long and good advice that will be useful to him. His mother is charmed with the appointment, and calls it in her letter to me 'Envoy to the Pope.'

My faithful fat Bishop, about whom you were so

* Much comment was caused by the visit of Lord Clarendon and Lord Palmerston to the French Emperor at this particular juncture.

† Count Montalembert, the well-known author of 'Monks in the West,' and Liberal Roman Catholic statesman.

‡ Odo Russell, afterwards Lord Amphill, had been appointed Chargé d'Affaires at Rome.

kind, is recovering from his frightful fall, but it has deranged and shaken him much.

Lord Derby made Lord Clarendon understand that they have settled the outline of the Reform Bill, but did not let his cat out of the bag.

The Duke of Bedford to Lady Westmorland.

WOBURN ABBEY,
December 17th, 1858.

With respect to what Brougham has told you of Montalembert, I believe the feeling arises from what he wrote about us, England, which was anything but popular in France.

I have been engaged in an interesting correspondence between Lord Clarendon and John, who, though still friends, do not write to each other, except through me. The Reform question must be the battlefield of next session.

How well do I recollect my many conversations at Apsley House on this subject in 1831-32, and how little did I or any of us then expect that in a little more than a quarter of a century the Conservative Tory Party, then so much alarmed at, and so strongly denouncing, the revolutionary character of Lord Grey's measure, would themselves propose a step in advance to give further power to the democracy! If in any of my letters to Arbuthnot* I had ventured to foretell this, he would have thought me crazy. As to the character of public men and the discipline of leaders, we entirely agree. I hold to the axiom that, if we are to have further reform, it should come from its friends, not from its enemies; but I am getting farther with this subject than I had intended. I am rejoiced to see

* The Duke of Wellington's intimate friend.

what you wrote from Berlin—a pleasant contradiction to the stories that have been circulated. . . .

Always affectionately yours,

BEDFORD.

The Duke of Bedford to Lady Westmorland.

LONDON,

April 8, 1859.

MY DEAR LADY WESTMORLAND,

I found your letter of yesterday on my arrival in London this morning. The first person I saw by appointment was Lord Clarendon, with whom I had much political talk. He left me with Lady Clarendon, to go to Lord Palmerston, who is to ask a question this evening relating to our foreign affairs. Lord Clarendon is even less sanguine than we are as to peace; with respect to the dissolution, it is expected that, if the Government should gain some seats, they will still be in a minority—that the Radicals will gain, the Whigs or moderate men lose seats. In the country generally there is much apathy.

Lord Derby passed half an hour (thirty-two minutes) very unprofitably in abusing John in the House of Lords, without looking at home. His speech was very distasteful to the House, not very agreeable to Lady Derby, who was present, and was considered, even by the Bench of Bishops, as a 'parting speech.' He has since, I am told, been trying to get up an opposition to John in the City; but it would fill a pamphlet to write all I could on this subject, and I am too much hurried to go on.

I hear on good authority that Ministers would have taken the resolution but for Lord Palmerston's speech.

I am here on my way to Badminton, where I have promised a visit for some time. Apethorpe will there-

fore be out of the question next week. I am very sorry, but it cannot be helped.

I hear much I dislike in politics, and much you would dislike also. What I regret most is the loss of character in our leading public men ; support, we are told, is to be given to a Radical candidate in preference to a Whig in the elections. Adieu, my dear kind friend, with love to Lady Rose.

Always affectionately yours,
BEDFORD.

I think and hope you will like that part of John's address that related to the imputation of wrong motives. I have just seen him ; he intends to say something.

I hear of a curious meeting at Lord Derby's yesterday, and a long speech made there by him. There are strange stories in circulation.

CHAPTER XII

1858 : PRUSSIAN AFFAIRS

THE marriage of the Princess Royal with Prince Frederick William of Prussia took place on January 25, 1858. Lady Westmorland and her friend Pauline Néale both felt a special interest in this event, which was to form so strong a tie between their respective countries. In return for Lady Westmorland's account of the festivities in England on the occasion, Comtesse Néale wrote her a detailed account of the young Princess's arrival in Berlin, where she seems to have charmed everyone.

Since the breakdown of the King's health in October, 1857, his brother, the Prince of Prussia, had been acting provisionally as Regent. As the King's health did not improve, he was advised to spend the winter in Italy, and before leaving in October, 1858, confirmed his brother as Regent by an act of 'provisional' abdication.

As an immediate result, Count Manteuffel, who had been for many years at the head of the Prussian Ministry, retired, and a more Liberal régime began in Prussia.

The Queen of Prussia, Elizabeth, wife of Frederick William IV. and daughter of the King of Bavaria, took no part in politics, but was a devoted wife. Childless herself, she lavished much affection on the children of the Princess of Prussia and other nephews and nieces. A Roman Catholic by birth, at the time of her marriage in 1823 to the then Crown Prince of Prussia, she had refused to change her religion; but some years later, under her husband's influence and strong religious

views, she voluntarily became a Protestant by conviction.

She survived her husband many years, and died in 1873.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
January 22, 1858.

Our young Prince* is on his way, and the time for his return approaches. I am as anxious about the weather as if it depended on me to have it fine for this reception, which all classes desire to make brilliant, and I am loyally delighted to see such joyous anticipation everywhere.

What you say of the Princess of Prussia confirms my anxiety about her; she does too much, and such constant external and internal excitement must wear her out.

I spent the evening yesterday at Charlottenburg. The Queen asked after you. The King appeared, and remained with us as before. He seemed to me more pre-occupied, though still full of graciousness. I am deaf, as you know, and stupidly shy, which makes me such a bore, that in the Queen's place I should not submit to the infliction! My sister has all the qualities I am deficient in, and I rejoice to see her considered so agreeable, while I modestly say to myself that I could be like her if I were not frightened. To complete my attractions, my sight is getting so bad that I don't recognize people round me. So, though overpowered with gratitude, I do not breathe freely till I am safe at home again; then it is late, for the Queen comes back

* Prince Frederick William, on his way to England for his marriage with the Princess Royal.

to supper after the King has gone to bed, and then after supper works and talks.

This atrocious attempt to murder the Emperor Napoleon* shocked me so that I cannot get over it; and are not other countries similarly in peril? and what would have happened if he whom God has placed there had been struck? But he will be protected so long as he is needed there. This parvenu Emperor may not be liked, but his capacity cannot be questioned. You know how I was jeered at for admiring him so much; I did so at first for so bamboozling the French, who would not have had him had he not concealed his cleverness from them. I was as stupid as they were in doubting his wisdom and being indignant at his submitting so meekly to all the restrictions imposed on his Budget as President. If you knew the howls of indignation raised on all sides at the refuge given by you to the crowd of conspirators who take advantage of it to promote, under the security of your laws, the complete disorganization of Europe! I do not know if your Government would be inclined to reform abuses so fatal to other countries; but I doubt if it would have the power to do so. There are some very religious and some very gentle people here whose nature seems changed when they declaim against your Government, and actually believe that God has allowed the Indian atrocities as a punishment!† Why am I not stone-deaf when I hear such thunderings! Lord Bloomfield‡ is assailed too—by them. He is going to celebrate the 25th by a great ball, and then leaves to receive your young Princess at the frontier.

* Orsini's attempt.

† The Indian Mutiny.

‡ English Minister at Berlin.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

APETHORPE,
January 5, 1858.

I shudder at the idea of the fêtes for the marriage, and what a journey for the Princes who come as guests!

I shall go to London on the 18th at latest, and if I *can* I shall take Rose to the great ball which is to take place on the 20th.

The Princess of Prussia in her letter speaks of the hope that the Prince may be able to follow her to London in time for the marriage. God grant it, for that will show that the King is doing well.

We ended the year here by the ball for the farmers and their families, which every year more nearly approaches a *society* ball; for not only do the wives and daughters of these good people wear hoops, big sleeves, and are fashionably coiffée, but they dance the polka, schottische, and quadrilles, instead of country-dances and reels. It makes one die of laughter to see them, for you know the English nature is not graceful in dancing. My daughter-in-law* danced a great deal with everyone, so did Rose, and they were much amused.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

CAVENDISH SQUARE,
January 20, 1858.

I have little time to-day. Visits succeed one another, and the preparations, dressing for so many successive fêtes, bore me to death, besides the fatigue and expense. But I must tell you the Queen's *the dansant* on Monday was charming for us, on account

* Lady Burghersh, *née* Lady Adelaide Curzon.

of the number of Prussians who were there, all so warm and cordial towards us. We might have thought we were in Berlin. But our poor Princess of Prussia's looks gave me great pain. I thought her so thin and changed. She was pale as death, and one could see her strength was hardly enough for the efforts she tried to make. She was very kind and affectionate to me. The Prince arrived yesterday safe and sound. I shall see him this evening at the ball.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

LONDON,
January 25, 1858.

I shall not, perhaps, have any free time at Woburn to-morrow, so I write to-day, although very tired with the ceremony this morning, which interested and touched me.

The young Princess was very pale, but repressed her emotion. Her sister, the Princess Alice, wept bitterly. Our young Prince (I speak as a Prussian), whom I have always loved so much, spoke the necessary words very clearly. His mother was very well dressed, and looked a little better. The Queen surrounded by her children—the *coup d'œil* very fine. This evening a grand concert at the Court. Happily we shall be seated, for I have stood up so much these days that my legs will not support me, but my health has stood it *miraculously*.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

APETHORPE,
February 2, 1858.

I am very pleased that the people of Berlin are so well disposed to receive our young Princess. I shall

be very curious to know the impression she makes. It is impossible she should not please those who are near her, but I am afraid the numerous spectators who will only see her will think her small and not pretty. The Prussian Princes have pleased people in London extremely, especially the young Charles* and Albrecht. We have just had here a young Prince of Holstein (Jules), who is in the Prussian service and very agreeable. He spent three days with us, and promised me to go and see you, and tell you about his stay here. I regret he did not find my son and his wife. They have gone to spend a few days at Lord Cardigan's, my daughter-in-law's uncle, and return to-morrow. We also had the Prince de la Moskowa (Edgar Ney), who is at the head of the Emperor's Hunt, which you admire so much, and whose unfortunate father I knew, and the mother to whom the Emperor Alexander paid a little court. He is a nice man, good musician, and a great hunter. I regret extremely that the three Prussians whom I expected—Count Redern, Prince Reuss, and the young Zastrow—were not able to come, having been commanded by the Queen to Windsor, and then I think they wanted to see the Drawing-Room.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
February 12, 1858.

Your young Princess has occasioned an absolutely delirious enthusiasm; everybody is enchanted with her sweet and joyous expression of countenance and the pleasure she shows; she has won all the hearts so ready to receive her well.

* Prince Frederick Charles, father of the Duchess of Connaught.

The weather, which had been so bad before, became beautiful with brilliant sunshine on the morning of the 8th, to the joy of everyone. Before the state entry here she saw the King at Charlottenburg, who folded her in his arms, rejoicing to see her; and the Queen was happy, too, in spite of her emotion; she was pleased with her from the first, felt attracted by her, and sure that she could love her. If you knew our admirable Queen well enough, you would appreciate more all that such words mean from her. Usually it takes other people a long time really to enter into the heart which is so full of all that is tender, pure, and constant. I cannot tell you what a comfort it is that all has passed off so well. I was very well placed in one of the best windows of the Redern House to see the entry, but, alas! I can see so little, no eyeglass or opera-glass being of any use; but others saw well this young bride, wearing a tiara, the gift of Their Majesties, and (what was really necessary to protect her from the cold) an ermine cloak. The next day I read in the papers all that the entire population had seen with delight—the incessant gracious and affectionate bows of the royal couple. The people have long been fascinated by the young Prince, and now they are delighted that his choice promises him so much happiness. There is not one dissentient voice, which has never before been known among people, usually such cold, critical *frondeurs*. But, as you say, it needed a royal constitution to stand all the fatigues of the journey; the ladies were knocked up, though elated with delight. Madame de Perponcher had the foremost place at the side of her young mistress, and therefore could note all her expressions of satisfaction. On first seeing the escort of Garde du

Corps at Potsdam, she cried out in English, 'How beautiful your Guards are! they are ours now.' That is one of those little things that are never forgotten, and nothing of the kind was omitted by her. It is impossible to record all the little sayings. And, after all, I only hear the echoes of it all; they rejoice my heart as much as they can in spite of all my sorrows. In all this rejoicing my thoughts are constantly at Charlottenburg, and would wish to go there, but it is impossible—no vehicle to be had for love or money. It was equally impossible to get a vehicle to see the illuminations; but our street was one of the most beautiful, so I contented myself with plunging into the crowd here. The wind interfered with some of the illuminations, I hear; but I did not venture far, and here it was gorgeous! . . .

I have had many visitors to tell me everything—a perfect kaleidoscope of descriptions; but everyone is agreed that nothing could equal the gala opera, the brilliant illuminations setting off the ladies' magnificent dresses, etc. The appearance of the young couple, their gracious bows and their happy looks, all added to the delight of that great audience of invited guests. The subscription ball at the Opera was an equal success.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

APETHORPE,
February 16, 1858.

I am delighted with the details that you give me, and to know that that charming young Princess pleases so much, and especially at what you tell me of *your Queen*. I hope with all my heart that she may find in the young wife a being whom she can love,

and who will love her tenderly and gratefully. I cannot tell you how much I think of her and the King in reading details of the fêtes where they did not appear. I cannot imagine the Salle Blanche nor the Gala Theatre without that kind King who knew so splendidly how to arrange the finest fêtes I have ever seen in any country. Has he not seen the young couple again? I have not an idea of the state he is in. Have they been able to tell him of the entry so full of pomp, and *touching* from the enthusiasm?

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
February 19, 1858.

I hope you have the fine weather we are rejoicing in, and which must react favourably on the first impressions of your young Princess, who is still in the midst of the ovations brought her from far and near. The speeches are all very well, and there is no exaggeration in them, as the unanimous and bewildering impression made by her continues to increase. She has not, so far as I know, seen the King again, and consequently, of course, not the Queen either. She was at the Dome on Sunday, and may perhaps go to the chapel at Charlottenburg next Sunday. That admirable King and Queen rejoice at everything, bear everything, and perhaps do not allow themselves to compare the present with the past—the days of their own wedding—which in perfecting the happiness of the then Crown Prince (so beloved at the time) seemed to promise so much blessing to the country. Alas! there have been many trials since; but what lives are free from them?—least of all those called to that rank of life. But in those days the great show made now

was never thought of. No gifts from towns and provinces; the late King would not have allowed it, nor the Crown Prince desired it. All the failures of loyalty in forty-eight are now replaced by exaggeration the other way.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the King's marriage was observed religiously, but silently; at the same anniversary for the Prince of Prussia people wanted to make amends, and went to extremes which amounted to indiscretion. Having got into the way of present-giving, it has been now again started with excessive profusion. But the heart and souls of our Sovereigns are far too noble to feel hurt by any comparisons.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
February 20, 1858.

One word more, in the midst of my bothers, which are causeless, and which people who could more cheerfully give up their own ways would think nothing of. But I never can and never shall, unless I grow young again—which perhaps I may be allowed to do—in the other world.

I know nothing of Charlottenburg, but I rejoice in the fine weather, which cheers everyone, and allows of the long drives there which fill up the long inaction. When I think of the difficulties of this charming young stranger's position here, I am anxious about her. The Queen is much disposed to like her, but will she be allowed to see much of her? Anyhow, the Princess of Prussia will have first claim, it cannot be otherwise, but what tact will be needed!

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

APETHORPE,

February 23, 1858.

We are in the crisis of changing the Ministry. I confess *je m'y interesse médiocrement*; for I think the new ones are no better than the old, and personally I regret that Lord Clarendon should leave the Foreign Office, for he has always been very kind to me, and he *appreciates* Julian and desires to get him on. You see *Patriotism* goes for nothing in my sentiments, but I only confess them to you. . . .

I must tell you that I thought your description of the entry of the young Princess into Berlin, and of the impression she has made, so interesting that I copied some extracts from your letter and sent them to the Queen. Yesterday she returned them to me with many thanks and the assurance that she and the Prince were delighted with them, and could not sufficiently rejoice at the success of their beloved daughter. I did not forget to copy the lines about your admirable *Reine* and her *cœur tendre, pur et constant*. I am glad people should see how much *she* is loved and appreciated.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,

February 26, 1858.

I hope the change of Government with you will not hurt the prospects of Julian. I am bold enough to think it hard that Lord Palmerston* should have been upset. His successor will have to take care how he touches the prerogatives of which (though they may

* The Government was defeated over the Conspiracy Bill.

have been abused) John Bull is so justly proud. Will Lord Stratford de Redcliffe remain aloof from all these affairs? He watches them, weighs them, and his iron will would flinch at nothing—that is a proper state of mind for a statesman, impervious to all sympathetic feeling—and yet he is not inaccessible to pity: he showed much to poor Madame de W., so deserving of it; he proved it in her lifetime, and spoke of her again to our Prussian Princes in England. But what bad luck for the poor Prince of Prussia (the Regent); a sprained ankle obliges him to lie up in the midst of his multitudinous affairs. The difficulty of them increases; we are neither one thing nor the other. I *fly* when the situation is discussed; and yet, in spite of my deafness, I hear more than I care for. I know God will help us, but He must humble us first. We have had a long respite, and, recollecting that fatal year—ten years ago—it seemed scarcely possible to realize the miracle by which we escaped shipwreck then.

We have returned to normal conditions of life, but there is still a good deal of social gaiety. It does not affect me, except that I am glad to hear that others are amused. There are some fine private concerts with the *Dom Chor* and Madame Viardot,* who must be pleased with us, as she is prolonging her stay here.

I can't believe that I read your letter right. You say that mine had pleased you, and that you had sent the Queen an extract from it! But I really saw nothing. However, with all my real sorrows and my petty bothers, my heart can still rejoice at all I hear about this fascinating young Princess. She has had a

* Pauline Viardot Garcia, the celebrated singer.

few days' rest, and has come to Charlottenburg, where she will have found loving hearts to welcome her. The other morning she inspected her future home, and our dilatory workmen were delighted at being still in the midst of their work, and so having the opportunity of watching this charming young couple, whose delightful manners win and attach all hearts. I say 'attach,' and yet—ten years ago my confidence in the stability of such feelings of loyalty was rudely shaken!

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
March 19, 1858.

I need not tell you that I am still anxious and sad, as there is no change in the invalid on whom so many thoughts are centred; and what must it be for her whose whole existence is absorbed in that sole care? The improvement in the Prince of Prussia's health is imperceptible so long as he is condemned to his present régime. He can neither walk nor get into the air, and his work would require iron nerves—which his are not. There are many bad statements abroad complicating a position already sufficiently thorny. I avoid all who might tell me what is going on; I know enough to dread hearing more. . . . I should like, however, to have more to tell you, and must now speak of the astonishing kindness which caused me to be invited the night before last to the evening party of the young royal couple—the first they had given (after several dinners). If you could only realize the gracious charm with which the young Princess did the honours—how careful she was to speak to every guest; the dignity and decorum of

everything in those fine rooms—you would share my joyful surprise. The Princess of Prussia arrived after the *cercle* had been held ; there was then a little more conversation on her part, of which I had a good share, and then we went into another room, where we had tea in perfect comfort seated at different tables. Everything done so perfectly that my delight was increased. Then we had the *Dom Chor*, who were at their best. Afterwards there was supper, and if everyone was as pleased as I was at seeing everything so perfectly done, there must have been fifty people enchanted to have been there. I received for my share some gracious words spoken in a most charming musical voice, and accompanied by the delightful smile which adds animation to the beautiful eyes so much admired. At supper I was next to the happy young husband at one of the smaller tables, placed round the principal one ; I did not feel any of my paralyzing shyness, and was able to talk and speak of my reminiscences and of my pleasure, without alluding to any shadows. The young Prince was charming, and was quite resigned to his antiquated neighbours—of whom my sister was also one. I was the only one there who had been in these rooms in the reign of Frederick William II. There is hardly anyone alive but myself who remembers those times, and I feel like a ghost. I must add how very civil and good all the members of this young Court are, the ladies handsome and attentive to everyone, with none of that shyness and abstraction which are so common. But I was knocked up by my birthday, which began at nine o'clock, when Count Munster arrived to breakfast, for which the bread was late !

The Princess of Prussia came to see me too.

Fortunately I was alone, and able to *causer* with her, which I can always do quite frankly, and am surprised myself how little I am afraid of her. I am always perfectly at my ease with her, and was much vexed at the arrival of good Prince Frederick,* full of kindness. There is no chance of such a piece of luck again in such a life of racket. You would never believe what a life it is. Unavoidable duties and obligations of all kinds, which she gets through as only people in her exalted station are able to. I was rejoiced to see her looking so well and handsome, and I long for a chance, not only of seeing her again, but of resuming our interrupted conversation; but that is not likely, and, after all, where would be the good of it? However, the Princess is not wrong in appreciating my frankness; my grateful devotion to her imposes it on me. And, besides that, I do not, like so many others, wish for anything for myself; my aspirations are loftier still. I have no illusions, and so am moderate, but that does not prevent my chattering immoderately at your expense.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
Friday, April 9, 1858.

Here is your delightful letter which sheds sweetness all round. I do not understand how these lovely violets can be out. Here the snowdrops are attempting to appear—unsuccessfully. The dryness caused by the east wind is very serious, and the sun does not help us.

As for your son's† promotion, the Princess of Prussia

* Prince Frederick of Prussia, cousin to the King.

† Julian Fane had just been appointed Secretary of Legation at Vienna.

said to me, 'I am glad for his mother's sake.' I answered, 'And I am glad for his country's sake,' which made her smile. I saw her before her departure for Weimar, and she spoke of you with all her old affection. I keep my inoffensive place there which I owe to my insignificance and value. I also saw, under most comfortable conditions, that charming young Princess at my neighbour's (Radziwill), where I was asked, and where, after a long talk with the Princess of Prussia, I took my place on her departure next to the Princess Clary,* who, though deaf too, managed to hear all that was said to her, in the kindest possible manner. I came in for my share too, and without any stiffness. It does one's heart good to hear that fascinating young Princess talk of her past and present happiness. What an admirable education she owes to her mother, whom God has so wonderfully gifted with all the qualities required to make her worthy of her exalted position, and also of that domestic happiness which so many nowadays fail to appreciate.

There was a smart party the night before last at Count Adlerberg's. Everything there superlatively well done, and last night, for a contrast, people came to me here, where they found that since the advent of crinolines there is no room to move; and, to complete the picture, no light in these little holes that I ruined myself to do up, the carpets, curtains, and all, too dark. I agreed with those who made fun of it, and joined in with them. However, everything comes to an end, and everybody had at least the satisfaction of being pleased to get home. My sister was very kind, and my *directress*. You understand me, and know how much I need both kindness and direction.

* Mother of Princess Radziwill.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,

Friday, May 7, 1858.

You will have felt sympathy for us at the death of Count Alvensleben,* an incalculable loss for the State and the whole country. He could face death with no fears for himself, but he should have dreaded it for the sake of his country, of which he was as a beacon-light, dominating all parties, caring nothing for some, the shield and oracle of others. None can replace him. The independence of his character, his lucid judgment, his experience, his profound knowledge of the country, its wants, its resources, and its weaknesses, gave him a superiority that will cause him to be missed everywhere, and we are face to face with a crisis which he himself might not have been able to avert—like a ship without a rudder. There is no one whose life seemed so necessary, and that is the opinion of all classes, and the most highly placed are the most affected by it. The King, who has nothing but sorrow, feels acutely his loss, which comes to increase the weight of the Prince of Prussia's heavy task. I feel for them all, and am even almost inclined to regret my keen appreciation of that statesman's great merits. It made me shed bitter tears—when I thought I had few left—on both occasions when he retired. He lodged in this house, which gave me the opportunity of often meeting him. He knew my appreciation and tolerated it; and when I one day expressed the hope that he would stay in office and save us, his assent satisfied me, and my hopes were all fixed on him. You know, dear friend, the passion with which I love

* A Prussian statesman.

my country—how I take that intense burning interest in it which cannot be felt by those who have other and nearer ties. This makes me very indifferent to all personal matters, but overpowered by this consuming anxiety from which nothing can distract me.

Princess of Prussia to Lady Westmorland.

COBLENZ,
May 30, 1858.

Since the arrival of your charming Princess Royal, who has become a cherished daughter to me, she has had the greatest successes, and I can tell you of my gratitude to God for having blessed this marriage. That of the Queen of Portugal* has also given me much pleasure.

The presence of Lord and Lady Raglan at Berlin has left the best impression, for one cannot see this interesting young woman without admiring her beauty.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

LONDON,
June 30, 1858.

Rose and I much enjoyed our *tête-à-tête* in the country, and returned with much regret to the tormenting life of London. We have had the finest weather—not too hot. The country looks charming, everything is so fine this year. They were gathering in the hay in front of the house. The garden is full of the loveliest roses in enormous masses; the walls of the inner court are literally carpeted with roses to the roof. What a pity to leave all that which will be

* Stephanie, Princess of Hohenzollern, was married in May, 1858, to the young King Pedro V. of Portugal, and died the following year.

over next month ! The house is filled with workmen, for we have to do a great many repairs to the walls and paint everywhere. But what interested me more than all they are doing to the house are the improvements which I have made in the village. Perhaps you remember a kind of square 'place' at the top of the village, going towards Cliffe. I have had a railing put round, which is now covered with roses and climbing plants, and inside it is divided into four gardens for the four cottages which surround it, which all have their little porches covered with jasmine, honeysuckle, and roses. You can have no idea how pretty it is. We have also taken away that smithy's shop at the corner near the stables, and which was so ugly, and in its place have built a charming cottage with a garden before and behind. I hope one day to show you all that.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
Thursday, August 5, 1858.

I was sitting at dinner with my sister, nephew, and cousins, when a stranger was announced as 'the daughter of the Duchesse de Sagan,' who insisted on seeing me ! Who could it be ? The daughter of the Duke of Sutherland, who came in with her husband and two sons (my sister so furious as quite to upset me). I recognized this pleasing young woman at once from her likeness to her father, of whom she spoke at once, saying that for love of him she could not pass through Berlin without coming to see me. I, grateful and delighted, but full of confusion at what had gone before, explained that my bad sight makes me slow to recognize anyone ; that I remembered her as a child,

and also her portrait with her son;* but I still did not know the name of her husband, who ought to be an angel of goodness to be worthy of her, and so make amends for his looks; he is red, of purest Scotch race—no doubt you know him as the Duke of Argyll. The one I knew in my youth† was the handsomest man of his day, and this one is, no doubt, worthy of him—by which I mean he is no doubt far more worthy in every way. The son is as beautiful as the portrait of him with his mother, of which I have an engraving in your ‘Keepsake.’ My intelligent maid noticed the likeness at a glimpse, and called my attention to it, and the next day the newspapers gave their names. She is charming, and if she could only realize the joy she gave me, she would forget all the rest, which seemed like a bad dream to me.

The weather has become beautiful, and I find myself enjoying my garden and my breakfast out of doors as much as if they were all novelties. How much I thank God that I never become *blasé* over the good things of life, and can still enjoy them with enthusiasm! Grievances I have indeed, but many compensations. Here at home I am in nobody’s way, and always ready to do what I can for others.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Nèale.

APETHORPE,
October 3, 1858.

I have been the last few days in a furious rage against those horrible papers which with so much ignorance and effrontery attack that splendid and

* The present Duke of Argyll.

† Elizabeth, Duchess of Argyll. The two sons were Lord Lorne and Lord Archibald Campbell, then schoolboys.

unfortunate Queen (of Prussia). We who have always seen her devoted to her home life, and never mixing herself in political affairs, and know with what a broken and devoted heart she spent her life in caring for her beloved King and husband, how can we bear to hear her accused of ambition and intrigues? They want to make believe she is trying to become Regent, and the stupid and ignorant public swallow this calumny, as it believed the lying reports about the young household. I am as indignant as you must be.

I do not like you to *dénigrez* yourself, as you have a habit of doing. How can you say 'no one wants you' when you are so dear to your friends, and so useful to all those who suffer and who always *need you*! For myself, I do not know how to tell you how much I need you, and how often I think that, if you were here, I should relieve myself in telling you a thousand things. . . .

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
Wednesday, October 13, 1858.

I am so sure that I am anticipating your wishes that I do not hesitate to tell you of these last sad days.* Though the newspapers tell of them, they cannot enter into the private griefs, the bitter tears shed yesterday at that railway-station, where a respectful, sad crowd accompanied with their tears and good wishes those who were leaving us. What a trial for that royal couple, but at the same time what a comfort! The Queen was sobbing, the King replying by word and gestures of benediction to the wishes and invocations from the faithful hearts around him. Faithful for the moment at least. One knows only

* This refers to the King's departure for Italy.

too well how little one can count on them beyond that. But all my heart was there, and when the King's Chamberlain came in the evening to tell me all about it, I felt crushed. The tears filled the King's eyes, and he kept repeating 'Gott segne euch' in reply to the ceaseless cries of 'Wiedersehen!'

The Prince of Prussia, who had accompanied Their Majesties from Potsdam, is himself overpowered by his great sorrow and his enormous responsibility, his love for his admirable brother having been, if possible, increased by this year of trial so nobly borne. May God protect him and lighten his task, more difficult than ever in these times! I do not know whether the act of provisional abdication will be published; it is all marked by the spirit of the most perfect self-denial. There was neither debate nor witnesses; everything arranged beforehand between them, and then signed. This seems like a fresh miracle to me who have seen so many, but what a trial for the country, whatever may be the result of the clash of parties! Some are silent, but others are full of clamour, insane aspirations, unjust blame. All this turmoil wrings my heart, and I don't understand how it has stood all the trials which have assailed it during my long life without diminishing its impressionability.

The Queen had desired her sisters-in-law to meet them on Sunday at church, so as best to bear this sad parting, and they left the same evening. The service was deeply touching—from the highest to the lowest of the numerous congregation—everyone struggling with deep emotion, the only one who broke down utterly being Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, who had been the dearest friend of the beloved King's boyhood before becoming his brother-in-law. So the

last two days were taken up by all these sad scenes, of which I had full details from my sister and others. You will understand that the public at large is not affected by all this. Everyone thinks himself called to the helm by the absurd opinions expressed; everyone only sees salvation through his own spectacles, and that is the most dangerous blindness. On one side excessive hopes, on the other excessive fears. What a task for that unhappy Prince who is now Regent. May he beware of empty popularity!

The King has borne everything with extreme unselfishness; his fervent piety (which is not expressed in words) carries him through all that which could not be endured but for this Divine help. And the Queen is worthy of him, by the way in which she bears everything. Her devoted love seems only to be increased by all these trials, and her delicate health is not affected by them. She is a pattern to her sex, and we may well be proud of her. She is able to do everything for him who deserves all this devotion. And yet in your country she is abused! What can the correspondents of your horrible newspapers be?

The health of the Princess of Prussia causes anxiety. Her illness is, I fear, serious, and of such a nature as to cause much nervous excitement. She is surrounded by weathercocks who think of nothing but themselves, while making use of her. If she could add a sound judgment to all her really great qualities, if instead of egging her on she could be enlightened, she would have a less difficult task. She sincerely desires the real good of the country, but what tact is needed to work for it! How much we miss [Alvensleben]: God preserve us from the presumption of those who think themselves equal to facing anything! I

know those who are to be dreaded, but not those who could be put in their places.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,

Thursday, November 4.

I cannot throw off all that is distressing me, though I am outside of everything. How should I have endured my life had it been linked with those actively connected with all that is going on in the country, whether for good or ill? I feel everything so keenly in spite of my great age and my absolute insignificance.

You will know the result of our (election) crisis before these lines can reach you.* The new choices are strange in part; but whatever they may be, they are sure to displease the greater number, and some will regret the *dismissals*. But you will agree that the Princess of Prussia is very wise to keep herself outside of everything. If she were here she would be blamed about everything. The Prince of Prussia is much pitied; if only the *chasses* he is going to could chase the sad responsibilities away! He earnestly desires the best good, but I am reminded of the old knight's motto 'All for her, nothing without her, but—who is she?' This can be more than ever applied to our present position—what and where is the best good to be found?

I paid my last visit yesterday to those whom I regret for our own sakes and interests;† their own interests are not affected. They may be glad to be relieved of a crushing weight, but is he glad, who

* Baron Manteuffel, the Prussian Prime Minister, had just resigned.

† The Manteuffels.

bore that weight with such single-minded devotion? He has the resource of a country-house he is fond of, and rest will be a novelty to him after devoting his whole life to affairs. What a consolation to him to have such a wife and a very promising young son! I have promised to go and see them in Lusatia in the spring; shall I be alive then? Everything about the house struck me as having a desolate look. I came away when the others came in. I have had incessant visits all the morning, and only begged of them not to tell me the new nominations. The world is strange; as soon as anything or anybody new appears, everyone is delighted. What about? Because it is a novelty? But you know all this well, you who have passed your life at the top of the tree and been connected so closely with so many celebrities. Where are they all now? Our country is bereft of them, yours is better able to get on without; therefore it is my country which most preoccupies me.

I must tell you that the Prince of Prussia brings his son into all the debates and conferences, so that he may gain the knowledge of both great questions and the routine of affairs.

The Princess returns on the 18th, for the birthday of the young Princess, who is very anxious to keep it by taking possession of her new house that day. That palace is hideous; they have put up some immense columns, which support nothing and seem put there by some bad fairy. It is difficult to understand this bit of bad taste, or how Prince Frederick William, whose taste should have been formed in his travels in classical countries, can have allowed such a monstrosity. However, that is a small evil compared to others, and he is probably destined to see many

a collapse. Oh, what a difficult task is that of the Prince at the head of affairs! He never expected to be called to it, being only a year younger than his beloved brother, and having had so many accidents and narrow escapes. He never foresaw this last calamity. The Princess will make up her mind to it all far more readily, and, though she is away, nothing that happens is unknown to her.

I am very foolish to worry as I do. I have spent a fortnight shut up indoors; a cold would be enough nowadays to carry me off. I have just had all my furniture re-covered and done up, and I wish to live long enough to see it all in order. It is so new that I do not grudge the expense, and my heirs will not, either. My sister is coming back; I was glad she was not here, as she would have thought it her duty to nurse me.

The Court of Charlottenburg is never mentioned, but the young Princess Frederick William is talked about with enthusiasm still, and all the qualities most to be desired are attributed to her, especially an ardent wish to promote all that is good, which she will have more or less the opportunity of doing.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
November 12, 1858.

What is to be said of all that is going on here? How grieved I am to find that I had formed only too true an opinion of him who has so much to bear!* I had hoped so much from this year of preparation, but it has been utilized by mischief-makers. I should

* The Prince Regent.

have such intense pity for him if that for my country were not still greater.

The elections are being fought at this moment ; you have no idea how all our harpies are coming out in their most hideous colours.

Your appreciation of Monsieur de Manteuffel does me good ; I am also grateful that he has been able to decline the favours with which he was to be *degraded*, and to justify his very dignified refusal, by showing his financial position. During his ten years of Ministry, he has only received 10,000 dollars, but he refuses every pension except what he is entitled to by thirty years of Government service. The gossip and calumnies, which did not, however, impose on those in a position to judge, are now checked—even in the press. What a dangerous rock to split on is popularity ! but it is not given to everyone to rise above it. In your country, where the whole machine is in order, it may be possible to do so ; but it needs more time than we have had since our late experiences to get accustomed to a state of things which, if it answers in the future, does not seem to fit yet. The tailor is not clever at his craft, and cannot be so yet.

I know the Prince is much distressed, and, by evil chance, those whose influence would be of use are kept away from him just now by unlucky accident. The most capable of all has been laid up for the last two months, and the other one might as well have broken his rib out hunting last year instead of this. Both miserable at being kept away, whilst the mischief-makers rejoice. And I, who used to admire people for keeping away, what a fool I was ! My dear friend, all would go better here if we could change the sexes ; an impressionable, gracious, amiable woman is

charming, but firmness and tenacity are masculine virtues, and those who have them always rule in the long-run. They are not hurried, and even if they provoke a storm, they profit by it in the long-run by the reaction that follows. Here I am moralizing, as if it were necessary to improve this sad occasion. But surely you are not annoyed with me for telling you all this which fills my thoughts!

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
November 23.

I must tell you that I have seen your young Prince.* I was invited on Thursday to the evening party at the Princess's, whose graciousness towards me is always the same. I was not very well, and rather bothered with the idea of perhaps meeting those whom, if I knew them, I should wish to avoid; but with my failing sight there was not much chance of that, and then the chance of seeing the heir to that vast empire decided me. There I was with my eyeglass fixed for a good view of him. I thought him charming, and would describe him if you had not known him since his birth. He looks like the most pleasing youth—younger than his age. He ought to grow a little more, and recollecting his father and his grandparents, there seems every chance of his doing so. There was a concert in that charming room you know so well, preceded by a *cercle* which was not dull, and everything went perfectly. The young Princess Frederick William looked so happy, with no trace of fatigue. She has had some excitements, however, and agitations in the midst of all the happiness that surrounds her. She

* The Prince of Wales visited his sister in November.

kept her birthday in her new palace, where the Prince of Wales is also lodged; and there was Divine service in the private chapel built there by the late King. She has many and varied high qualities, all of which she will no doubt need to exercise. I spent my time watching that charming little Prince, and to my delight saw none of those whose presence I feared. Count — came up to me very civilly, suppressing a mocking smile at finding me still alive and in the same place. . . . You may imagine it all—the room where we all sat down to tea, then music with refreshments during the interval, and supper when the last chords have ceased; then the departure of the young Princess, hurried on by her mother-in-law, who so dreads any fatigue for her. Her brother, no doubt, delighted at this hurry, though I do not think he was bored; and what does it signify if he was? as he needs to be schooled to it, in view of the future before him. Everyone was home by twelve o'clock.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
Friday, December 10, 1858.

This terrible season is sending death or illness everywhere! Those that are spared seem to think that they are fulfilling a duty in trying distractions; and perhaps they are right, for, after all, it is the will of God, who does not intend poor humanity to lead the life of monkish recluses. There are parties every evening for those who seek amusement and diversion from the heavy burdens of the time. Your young Prince is leaving us; he amuses himself, but is kept quiet, which he does not mind as long as he can be with the sister he is so devoted to. And she is surrounded by

extreme precautions, which might seem strange to the Queen, her mother, who never took any for herself. There is hardly anybody but me alive still who can recollect our beautiful Queen* dancing polonaises at the Court ball till nine o'clock, when she retired. The noise of the band, of the dances, of the supper, all went on close to her apartments, and before the latter was over, the Mistress of the Robes, Countess Voss, appeared in her dressing-gown to announce the birth of a Princess—none other than the present Dowager Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg,† who was always so fond of dancing: naturally enough, as she came into the world dancing! What old gossips I am retailing.

The fact of being in nobody's way makes me endure the troubles of old age, which are further softened by general kindness of everybody, which, however, does not fill the place of nearer ties. I try not to deplore the want of them, and not to abuse that I have, and all that is personal to me is, after all, of small account.

* Queen Louise of Prussia, mother of Frederick William IV. and the Emperor William.

† Alexandrine, born February 3, 1803; married the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

CHAPTER XIII

1859: THE SARDINIAN WAR

THERE was great rejoicing in Prussia, at the beginning of the year, at the birth of a son to the Princess Royal, and Comtesse Néale's letters at this time are full of the same interest she had shown the year before in the royal marriage.

But war was again looming on the horizon, and in April a contest broke out between Austria on the one side and France with Sardinia on the other.

Sardinia had joined the alliance of England and France against Russia, and was prepared to take up arms against Austria, who was struggling to maintain her position in Italy.

In April, a summons to the Sardinians to disarm being disregarded, Austria invaded Piedmont, and the first battle took place at Montebello, resulting in a victory for the French and Sardinians. The Austrians suffered further defeats, and Milan was entered on June 8. Peace was concluded in July, under which an Italian confederation was erected, Lombardy was ceded to Sardinia, Venetia remained subject to Austria, and the Dukes of Modena and Tuscany were reinstated.

The idea of making war on Austria was believed to have originated at an interview in July, 1858, at Plombières between Louis Napoleon and Cavour, and a letter from Lady Westmorland to her son Julian gives an account of her conversation with Lord Malmesbury on this subject.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
January 2, 1859.

This mixture of people at the Regent's Palace seems to get on well, but these evening parties matter little ; but what will happen after the 12th,* when the same caldron will contain all those whose only wish is each to blow up his neighbour, and all these hatreds prevent all thought for the salvation of the country, which is remorselessly sacrificed to the satisfaction of personal passions ?

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
January 19, 1859.

Surrounded as you are by blessings, the croakings of my solitude can scarcely interest you.

I suffer at seeing all that goes on here, and I am deeply moved at all we hear from Rome.† Calm resignation is the keynote there, and the better climate allows the enjoyment of artistic delights. And the lessons of the past, of so many vanished glories, make the present more endurable.

I am much alarmed at things here, and the way calumny is rampant to cover the past with opprobrium. I do not read the scurrilous pamphlets, but the people revel in them, and the bad-principled in all classes tolerate them.

I have a fresh anxiety about our Minister at Paris,‡ who has fallen seriously ill and sent for his wife,

* When the Diet was to be opened.

† The King of Prussia was still there.

‡ Count Hatzfeldt, who died soon after he was married to a French lady—Pauline de Castellane.

whose care may perhaps save him. Meanwhile vultures hover around, anxious to replace him, but no one is fit to do so ; there can only be an unsatisfactory choice, as all the candidates are incapable or dangerous. One cannot deny that the poor Prince [Regent] is immensely to be pitied ; his own most ardent desire is to act for the best, but everyone interferes, and only the mischief-makers succeed. Forgive me for saying all this, but we are on a volcano, as you know. And now I dread this confinement,* which is expected very shortly now. However, the young Princess is very well now, and surrounded by love and care.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,

January 22, 1859.

Since it has pleased God to take him† whose tact, whose judicious reticence and perfect knowledge of all the surroundings were so universally recognized, it must be that He, in His infinite wisdom, has deemed that another line of action should be taken. Everything is possible ; I try to think it will be for the best in the end, and no doubt after forty years of blessings, perhaps misused, we are now to enter on another road. The beginning will be perilous, bad ; but better chances may come, talents and capacities, still unknown and unsuspected, may arise. I cling to this hope and weary you with it. An old proverb says, 'He who hears only one bell hears only one sound.' I hear no bell at all, and have no relation with anything except my own too long experience. However, I cling to this, and trust I may do so to the end. After all, it is only torture to dwell so much on that which is so much

* Of the Princess Royal.

† Count Hatzfeldt.

beyond me. Forgive me for bothering you with it ; if I told all this to others, they would laugh in my face. And there is no one around me who would be fair enough to say that it is the result of my isolated position—and yet I was much the same fifty years ago. I have before my eyes what others have to bear, but they are surrounded by a numerous family, which makes them indifferent to all that tortures me. I strive not to find fault with them, and I behave well to them ; but I have to repeat my lesson every day, and that does not make me precisely very amiable any more than very happy. When I try to rouse myself, it is of you that I think, and of the benedictions that surround you—as if I did not know that there are storms everywhere. May they be absent from the joy the country here is looking forward to with touching expectation, mingled with anxiety ! I have thought a little less of the news from Rome lately ; the details, however, do one good. The family life there is ideal in its unity and devotion, so rare nowadays ; one is at once pleased and grieved to hear of the great desire to get home.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
Friday, January 28, 1859.

You will have heard of our happiness, and will join in it at the safe confinement of our young Princess, who belongs to you as much as to us. Great anxiety preceded this eagerly looked for event, which is the first real piece of good fortune this country has had for some time. May God preserve to us the precious child just born,* and endow him with all that will be required

* Frederick William Victor Albert, now German Emperor, was born on January 27, 1859.

for his tremendous future ! The event was expected momentarily from the early morning ; the cannon set, the crowd assembled. I had been to see my neighbours, who are not well, and found on my return that your excellent protégé had been to bring me the joyful news ; the porter called it out to me, and I was to send the joyful message on next door. They had promised, in consideration of my deafness, to tell me if they heard the cannon, and, after all, nobody had heard it. I shall be able to tell you more to-morrow. I cannot describe to you the universal excitement. A party had been announced at the Princess of Prussia's for last night ; what would happen ? everyone was wondering. In the evening 2,000 guests assembled at the Regent's Palace, and for the first time, I suppose, everyone was joyful. Even the most ill-conditioned could not help being so. I was tempted for a moment to join the crowd, but my courage failed me, as it was only a question of pleasing myself, and it would have been impossible to get near the happy royalties. There were spontaneous illuminations, some of which I could see across the square. What a pity that these spontaneous good impulses last so short a time ! they are like weathercocks, impossible to fix anywhere. I rather reproach myself for having said so much to you about the loss of Count Hatzfeldt, whom you could not possibly care much about. We are in a vein of ill-luck—one would almost say, 'going to the dogs.' Monsieur de Werther,* who is conciliatory, and at the same time knows so well what is due to his country, is definitely appointed to Vienna, where the other one would zealously have done us all the harm

* Baron Werther, formerly Minister of State in Prussia. His son was a distinguished diplomat.

he could ; and Monsieur de Bismarck Schonhausen, on the strength of his sudden and ephemeral great reputation, is going to try to turn everything upside down at St. Petersburg, having perfected himself in that art at Frankfort. . . .

The news from Rome continues good and sad, in so far that they give little confidence in the future. Those who are with Their Majesties seem to me to be less to be pitied than we are. The official receptions now due here will take a festive tone now, but those who give them will not be deceived by it . . . the best people keep away ; the lukewarm and the indifferent make up the crowd.

I endure my *tête-à-trois* with old Werther and his daughter. He does not allow himself to wish anything for his son, who is ready to do his duty as befits a faithful servant. But what a wretched state of things, not to have anyone besides him of whom that can be said !

I expect you have heard from the Duchess, who was to be now at her daughter's for a rest, which means that she will get ill from the boredom of solitude ; she will never own to herself that that is the one thing which most disagrees with her.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

Saturday morning.

Everything is going on as well as possible, but there were terrible anxieties before the happy event. Yesterday English flags were flying, mingled with our own, from quantities of houses of all sorts and sizes ; everywhere there is every possible outward sign of rejoicing. Formerly, though the demonstrations were less, I had more faith in them ; now I say to myself

that loyal demonstrations increase, but true loyalty diminishes. That is the spirit of the age: should I pity those who have never known any better?

I went yesterday to the palace, where the Ladies-in-Waiting were assembled in the large drawing-room from one o'clock till four. One saw nothing but radiant faces everywhere, and it must have been a pleasant sight at the Regent's reception in the evening. The young Prince Frederick William appeared there for a few minutes, and the ladies who were overwhelmed with inquiries, and I was ready to hang myself for not being there, too. I do not know now what possessed me not to go. I called to congratulate the Prince and Princess Regent, but there was no visitors' book, and I had not strength to mount to the top of the house to see the ladies. You may guess that the evening party on Thursday was brilliant, and that those who were not dancing were yet, figuratively, jumping for joy, and I might have been among the jumpers! Good Prince Frederick lighted up his solitary palace, which is such a melancholy habitation usually for him and his two sons.* . . .

Did I tell you that the Prince Regent, on Thursday, not knowing what to do with himself from nervous anxiety, went to call on Monsieur de Schlenitz, and it was there he heard the happy event from Monsieur de Perponcher, who threw himself into a 'droschke' to take him the blessed news, and the Prince jumped into this beautiful vehicle to rush to the palace.

* Princes Alexander and George of Prussia, sons of Prince Frederick.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
Thursday, February 3, 1859.

This is a birthday festival* at Apethorpe, which, though so far away, I am keeping too by going over recollections of early days, always in my mind. I believe I am now my lord's oldest foreign acquaintance. Give him all my best wishes; he has been greatly privileged in life, and is still surrounded by so many blessings that he need scarcely regret these brilliant days in which I met him here.

Everything goes on well where there was such terrible suffering this day last week. We are all joyful, and our joy is re-echoed at Rome. Their Majesties there sent the joyful news at once to all their compatriots there, and the Queen announced that she would hold a reception to receive their congratulations. It does one good to think how she is always thinking of others more than of herself. She has some pleasure, however, in retracing all the recollections of that classical city.

But now I must tell you of my wonderful good fortune—I have actually seen this precious child in his father's arms! How was that possible? Coming out of church at the Dome on Sunday, the Princess of Prussia saw me, stopped, embraced me with an emotion of happiness which she saw I shared, and said: 'I will carry you off to see our treasure'; so there I was in her carriage, and then passing through the central doors into that palace, she holding my hand, which gave me courage, as, had I been following her, I should probably have been arrested

* Lord Westmorland's birthday.

as an old witch. She explained it all to her husband and to her happy son, who were following her. I will cut short my story, and not ask you to follow me through all these rooms, which I was in so often in the time of Queen Louise, but which have been closed since her death to all that Court to which I belonged then. You will ask me what this child of so many prayers and wishes is like. They say all babies are alike; I do not think so: this one has a beautiful complexion, pink and white, and the most lovely little hand ever seen! The nose rather large; the eyes were shut, which was as well, as the light was so strong. His happy father was holding him in his arms, and himself shows traces of all he has gone through at the time. The child was believed to be dead, so you may conceive the ecstasy of everyone at his first cry. That first cry means for all alike—entrance into a life of trouble; but in this case it meant also an immense amount of happiness.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
Thursday, February 10, 1859.

I was so hurried the other day, dear friend, that I answered your letter of the 1st very badly. Re-reading your letters is my delight, but if you had to do the same with mine it would be a penance. I will begin by telling you that everything goes on excellently with the young mother and her baby; that her charming husband delights in showing his boy ('mein Junge,' he calls him) to quantities of people. Several came to tell me of it, and I replied modestly that I, too, had seen him, without adding the details I gave you, which do not concern others; they would think,

perhaps, I was inventing, and yet, perhaps, be annoyed. That happy young father is about everywhere, and overwhelmed with congratulations. Even the students of several Universities telegraphed that they had celebrated the joyful news by a 'salamander' (the most eccentric of all their toasts).

I hear that all goes well with you. Shall I tell you how I regret to see the star which shone so brilliantly on the forehead of the parvenu failing ever since that wicked attempt thirteen months ago? * Only think, there is a report going about that his child is deaf and dumb! This would explain the hurried marriage of his nephew. † But what guarantee can there be in so strange an alliance? Can he expect any, or even thereby to assure his succession? Meantime I wish him all luck, rather from cowardice and dread of what will come after him. Ignorance of the future is perhaps the greatest blessing of the present.

We had news from Rome yesterday from several quarters, all agreeing in their reports of the improvement in the King. He has no longer the difficulty in expressing himself which so distressed him. The quiet life he leads is doing him good, but will this progress be confirmed sufficiently to encounter all that awaits him here on the return home he is longing for? Queen Christina ‡ has seen Their Majesties, and they found her fascinatingly amiable. I remember well the violent fancy our young Crown Prince § of old days took to her—so much so as to regret the impossibility of marrying her; but he did not then know the

* The Orsini attempt.

† Prince Napoleon, son of Jerome Buonaparte, married Princess Clothilde of Sardinia.

‡ Queen of Spain, mother of Queen Isabella.

§ King Frederick William IV.

guardian angel who was destined for him. The Princess of Prussia stands her fatigues well ; the life she leads, thinks it her duty to lead, requires a supernatural energy which our Duchess is also endowed with, but I am afraid she will not stand so well the solitude of Roch Cotte.*

There are parties every night. Our Ministers are making the most of their time. I hear that O.'s crinoline upsets everything, and people cry out at her screams ; her silent husband would be driven wild if he were not so used to them.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
Saturday, February 12, 1859.

You will be shocked—you are so already—at my having spoken with solicitude of the astonishing being whom you call my *hero*. Is it wonderful that he should be uneasy, knowing his life menaced by incendiaries ? God, who has placed him there, will maintain him there if He deems him necessary. I should pity him himself less than I should France and the entire Continent if he should succumb. I see many who like him no more than you do, but I really do not know why. My heart aches at the thought that he had to come to our assistance, so little do I care for my country to owe him anything. That unfortunate affair has been, if not the only one, one of the causes of all we have to lament. So the imperial child is not deaf and dumb ; there are those who would wish him so, and imbecile. If he were, he would not be condemned to reign ; and a galley-slave is more to be envied than the present† or any future Emperor. But

* Mme. de Castellane's country-house.

† Louis Napoleon.

what of the Sardinian King and his Minister, who disgraces him and goes on ?

What do you think of Raikes' Memoirs ?* You must have known him, as he was admitted to the Duke's intimacy. In fact, I do not care much for people who boast of their relations with highly-placed celebrities—a weakness which often affects those who, one cannot but own, are nothing in themselves. I have heard some who, if they did not know themselves some highly-placed personage, were sure to say that their friend or relation was intimately connected with him. This is a meanness which seems to me offensive. But we have not much of it here, for the very good reason that it is so long since we have had any great celebrity here that the tradition has died out.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

APETHORPE,
February 1, 1859.

The happiness of our Queen is really overwhelming, for by being absent from her daughter at the time she was ignorant of the danger and fears. She only heard two hours before the happy news that the supreme moment was at hand. The joy of this event is much felt here. As for me, you can well believe that my attachment to the Royal Family of Prussia, and to this young Prince, whom I knew as a child, makes me take a special part in this joy.

I could not resist writing a few lines to the Princess of Prussia, although afraid of being indiscreet, for doubtless she will receive a hundred letters. Pray continue to give me all the latest details of the progress

* The Journals of Sir Thomas Raikes, a well-known character in London society, who died in 1848.

and convalescence of the mother and child. I do not doubt he has already been named Frederick William. It is impossible for the Queen to leave while the Parliament is sitting, which she opens herself to-morrow; but she has decided to go to Berlin during the Easter vacation, and they say she wishes to be present at the baptism then.

You confirm the *rumours* that had reached us of the new diplomatic nominations. . . . I think the Bernstorffs* will be left here, and I am glad of it for themselves and for your country, for I think they serve it well. But what do you think of your hero Louis Napoleon? Are you not a little disgusted? Although I detest his career and distrust his intentions, I wish he may stay where he is, because his downfall would bring about frightful chaos; but I think he will break his neck by his conduct at this time.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

APETHORPE,
February 8, 1859.

We have read eagerly all your details about that little Prince, etc. I am delighted at the kindness of the Princess of Prussia in taking charge of you coming out of church. I condole with the grief of your own folk at not finding you; all this is so perfectly described. And then my husband is very enchanted at your remembrance of the 3rd, and at your reminiscences of his youth, which I read to him.

We are very interested in the political atmosphere, and indignant at the abominable pretexts which ambitious people are seeking for to *rob* Austria. They will not succeed, and I even think that the

* Count Bernstorff, Prussian Ambassador in London.

general feeling of reprobation will at least stop the folly of your hero, who seems to have lost his head by the united results of his ambition; his vanity in thinking himself capable of commanding his troops and becoming a great captain, and his fear of being assassinated, which they say he thinks much of since Orsini's attempt.

As for the King of Sardinia, I am aghast at his having sacrificed his young daughter to this marriage.* I hope Prussia and all Germany will protect the rights of Austria, and will not let them be coaxed out of their interests and honour.

The feeling of this country is very strong against all that is done in Piedmont and at Paris, and I do not think that the friendship of crowned heads will put any curb to it.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

CANNES, 1859.

I don't at all feel easy as to things in France. This Italian matter is extremely ticklish, and a quarrel with Austria for Sardinia would only make the Emperor popular with the Mazzini people and other ultra-Liberals. The greatest alarm continues to be felt as to Italian assassins, and Italians are sometimes stopped and not seldom secured on the frontier and packed off by sea. The determination of the different party leaders to stand aloof from them continues as strong as ever. He has, however, one or two able men about him, and one, Persigny,† who is both able and honest, and speaks his mind to him with a freedom none other can use—at least only Fould.‡ The worst of it is he

* See note, p. 388.

† French Ambassador in England.

‡ Achille Fould, a Jewish banker; a colleague of Walewski, though not a loyal one, in the French Government.

is idle and indolent (most unlike his uncle); and not working, he is often obliged to rely on others, and falls into great errors—as upon the slave trade and the sending the man-of-war to the Tagus. This was Hamelin's* doing entirely against the advice of the others. That he is anxious to preserve the alliance with us is quite clear; but he has a vast fancy for Russia, and the violent attacks on him in England have considerably soured him, as he thinks there must be a great feeling against him getting up among us, which annoys him exceedingly.

It is difficult to conceive this people continuing so entirely quiet and contented with such an absolute Government; but the peace and order which it secures, and the horror of anarchy and bloodshed, are the real security of the established Government. I don't believe there is the least feeling in favour of any war whatever, and he must find this to his cost if he were to risk it.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

1859.

Now I wish you very much to assist me at Vienna. There is a history just published, 'Secrets de la Monarchie Autrichienne,' by one Michael. Who or what is he? And could you get a letter sent to him, or—which would be better still—can you have him asked what possible authority he can have, or suppose he has, for saying at the beginning of the twenty-seventh chapter that Kaunitz *supported* the celebrated historian Robertson! He was my uncle, and I have, of course, been on most intimate terms with all his family, as I was with himself; and there never was

* Hamelin, the French admiral.

a greater absurdity put upon paper. He was in the receipt of a large income from his office, and his work was long before Kaunitz was Minister (1753); and he never received or could receive the least pecuniary assistance from him or from anyone else, either at home or abroad. I take for granted the nonsense arises from his having obtained access to some documents in the archives at Vienna, which he did through Murray Keith, his friend, then an Ambassador. But I should like to know what this Michael says, as all the surviving relatives of the great historian are up in arms against him.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

March 19, 1859.

The state of things is far from giving one assurance. There is no trusting those who plainly cannot trust themselves, and you see this man cannot now rely on himself, but looks to that vile wretch of a cousin,* and leans on him. I dare say he fancies the fellow's intrigues with the Rouges and with the Italians may expose him to risks, or it may be that he only is nervous, and feels some comfort in having the man to speak to. That he made him resign I have no doubt, but it was because all the Ministers in a body would have gone out if the fellow continued. However, I should not wonder if some promotion were given him to show he were not in disgrace. The Sardinian Government is proceeding in the most abominable manner, and, being bent upon a war, will do all it can to bring about some collision with the Austrians. No doubt that orders are given to the officers by the Court at Vienna to avoid all offence, but no one can prevent

* Prince Napoleon Jerome.

some chance affray, and this would give a pretext for French interference. The best chance of peace is that, probably from the Russians joining Prussia and ourselves in representation to Vienna, there will be an opening for negotiations, and the delay is all in favour of peace. Meanwhile the state of things here as to trade is very vexatious, and the degree to which the *man* is injured is inconceivable. Those who before had no hopes (as the Legitimists and Orleanists) now reckon on some change, from the belief that the present state of things cannot last. The great alarm, even in the powerless legislative body, is an indication of the risks he is running. His speculation was that winning a victory would have set him up again. I don't believe he now thinks so. Indeed, the risk he runs is extreme, even were he to gain some advantage.

Duke of Bedford to Lady Westmorland.

WOBURN ABBEY,
February 16, 1859.

Thanks, dear Lady Westmorland, for your letter of Monday. I have been deeply affected this morning by receiving a letter from the Duke of Leinster to inform me of the death, yesterday, of his dear Duchess. I loved her much, and shall regret losing her; but for herself, she must be happy after such a life, and her poor husband may feel as sure of that happiness as of his own existence. Like me, too, he can have nothing but pleasing associations to look back upon. I feel unfit to enter upon any other subject, but writing to you will do me good. The Duchess had made a marvellous rally, which gave great hopes, but it was of short duration.

I have an interesting, clever letter from Paris, which

tells me that the Emperor is much for war, but, with the feeling of France, etc., strong against it, knows not how to bring it about. What you remark as to leaving the country to anarchy and bloodshed, if the French forces were to be withdrawn from the Papal States, is probably true, and may afford a plausible, or perhaps valid, reason to the Emperor for keeping them there.

You please and gratify me, dear friend, by telling me that my letters give you pleasure, although I can hardly understand how that pleasure can arise. However, I take you at your word, and believe it because you say it. You and Lady Rose have riveted yourselves strongly in my affection, and while I am losing so many of my old and early friends, I like to cling closely to those who are left. With love to her,

Always affectionately yours,
B.

I enclose an absurd paragraph from the *Morning Star*—Bright's paper—about the Prince of Wales and Odo.

The Duke of Bedford to Lady Westmorland.

March 1, 1859.

It certainly was 'wonderful' that, with so many active spirits ready and longing to speak on Friday night,* no combustion arose. There was much difficulty, I am told, in keeping Roebuck and others quiet. Clarendon was full of apprehension, and so was Lord Derby. It must have been a great relief to both when matters passed off so quietly. Lord Palmerston

* An amendment was moved on the proposed Reform Bill of the Derby Government. The Government were defeated, and a dissolution followed.

thanked John for having suggested to him a move that turned out so well, while John on his part acted handsomely towards Palmerston by wishing him to lead. If Palmerston declined, John would have done it himself, feeling that in all great affairs, unless something is risked, nothing is ever done. In this case, what passed must, I think, improve the prospect of peace; but there is much to be anxious about still. While writing I am interrupted by my early post with four House of Commons letters. Dizzy spoke well. Walpole and Henley* were not in the House. The Lord Chamberlain says they went out on a point of secondary character. But whether secondary or not, they must have acted conscientiously and like honest men. We shall hear next of Lord Derby's meeting to-day. The measure† omits the great thing contended for—viz., the admission of the working classes to the right of voting. I expect a contest on that. Whatever happens, however, I trust the question will be settled this session, that we may have no further agitation upon it.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,

March 3, 1859.

I often think of you, and recall my old recollections of your first coming out in the great world of London. I was young still myself then, and I remember being fascinated by a tiny foot in a soft of sandal or embroidered shoe. Lady Bagot was there, too, and her beauty quite eclipsed yours, still immature. Don't be

* Mr. Walpole and Mr. Henley had left the Government because they disagreed with some of the proposed Bill.

† The Reform Bill.

afraid—I shall not recall your later haughtiness—but I like to think of that day at Madame de Werther's when you read me a severe lesson on my harsh judgment of Marie Louise. I loved you from that moment.

Conceive, there are actually people who think that, in case of war, we should take the side of France.* They are said to be clever people, those whose judgment is so perverted as to think that our interests could be furthered by betraying our honour. All Europe would blush for us, and we should die of shame. Is anything worth having at such a price? Ah, how fortunate you are to be out of it all! I only hear very feeble echoes of all this, but I have an instinct of faith which will enable me to bear anything so long as we are not degraded. We have had reverses; they have been overcome. But if our honour is touched, what a fine opportunity for the rest of Germany to go against us and satisfy the hatred which their jealousy increases!

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
March 18, 1859.

I have been in a fever of anxiety over my *audacious* party for my faithful old friend Count Potocki. I think I mentioned it to you, and also what I thought of the extreme mistake it would be to associate the Princess of Prussia with it; but, still, I had to announce it to her, explaining at the same time all my scruples and sending her my list, feeling certain she could not possibly think of appearing at it. But on the morning of the formidable day I had a note from the Lady-in-Waiting to say Their Royal Highnesses in-

* The war between France and Austria was then imminent.

tended coming! I had the élite of all that was smartest as well as all the prettiest girls. The Princess came, and was more gracious than ever, talking even to those who do not, as a rule, get many words from her, and generally see more of her back than of her face. Seeing all the animation round me, the flow of talk and general *go*, my nervousness departed, and I did not even feel tired till I found myself alone after midnight. I certainly did not this time have a fiasco, and am glad to tell you so, as I have so often had to tell you otherwise.

Do not be afraid I am now going to inflict on you the history of my day* yesterday. From nine to four o'clock I was surrounded by visitors—more or less. My head was in a whirl, and I began to think I should have a stroke by way of celebrating my eightieth birthday. The Princess of Prussia came when everyone else had gone—that is, those still here retired, and others turned back from the door. She stayed a long time, and told me all she is going to write to you herself. I do not understand how she has either the physical or moral strength for all she does. Oh, my dear friend, how I wish she would show herself as she really is! There is much danger in such a position as hers in being too highly gifted. May God help and guide her, and guide the Prince, too, in his task of such difficulty and responsibility! How I wish he had the youth of the two Emperors†—he whose task is of the most difficult of them all! It would be immensely so for a man in the prime of life, but at his age how can he possibly fulfil it, short of a miracle? The King himself is less to be pitied, as, whilst appreciating what is going on, he has now no responsibility.

* Her birthday.

† Of Russia and Austria.

The resignation which nothing but his strong religious feelings could have given him makes him bear everything. God is sanctifying him even here on earth. Alas! I wish I could comfort myself as I should with these thoughts, but I find my life has been too long and too sad with all my tormenting forebodings.

If you give way in England, we shall be drawn on and lost. Two women are helping, no doubt with the best intentions.* If God does not have pity on them and on us, we shall go under, without being able to say, with Francis I., 'all but honour.'

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
March 19, 1859.

I do not know if you have heard from the Duchess, or if she ventures to tell you what we hear, or the pretty stories of the *bridegroom*;† of the amount of interest he shows, or of his manners—receiving a distinguished Algerian prelate, lying on a sofa, in his dressing-gown, with a cigar in his mouth, and merely remarking that he cared little about things out there. Judge of the impression given! It is difficult to understand what the chief intends; he is a conjurer who astonishes and alarms. This is what I have come to, and you will now think me less unworthy of you; but I am afraid—not of him, but of ourselves. Prince A., whom I foolishly thought nothing of, has not lost his time. He has observed everything, knows all your

* This must refer to the Princess of Prussia and the Empress Eugénie.

† Prince Jerome Napoleon, just married to Princess Clothilde of Savoy.

strength without looking at things solely from your point of view. He also knows what may be said on the other side. I hope all this will be appreciated in high quarters; but what a task to take up at sixty-two years old, with everything so new and so threatening!

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
March 24, 1859.

The Prince of Prussia's birthday was celebrated yesterday with every possible joyful demonstration. He must have been quite overwhelmed, but nevertheless went through sixteen or seventeen hours of it all—family congratulations, civil and military receptions; in short, all expected at such times, exaggerated by the special circumstances. Nothing was wanted—even true hearts were there, though there were sad ones among them. I am the only one left who could recall his early days: the christening of that little baby whose remarkable ugliness was such a grief to his beautiful mother, all the more so as she had seen only two days before the little Radziwill baby, whose beauty was so remarkable. Now, seeing them together as elderly men, the metamorphosis is complete, and they have changed places. I was at the evening party, thanks to the Princess's constant kindness; and then my great age gives me some claim, though nothing else as old appears in such high quarters to disfigure the place. However, I had every privilege, including that of being invited to see the birthday presents. As soon as the Court was assembled, we passed through to the hall, where there were tableaux accompanied by the music of the Dom Chor—the same that had been so admired at the Exhibition. I cannot, however, explain

to you what was supposed to be their appropriateness. We had the Manger, Moses breaking the Tables of the Law, and Jeremiah! *Lamentations*, no doubt, belong to all times, and are certainly not wanting in our time. On leaving the hall we proceeded to the ballroom, where there was a concert, and the whole evening was charming. The party lasted four hours, and never flagged. At supper there was plenty of conversation, and I enjoyed mine with the white-bearded Prince Pückler, who was delighted to find someone even older than himself. He is always pleasant, especially when he restrains his sarcasms, which he can very well afford to do, as he has quite enough cleverness, tact, and good taste, to make his conversation very interesting. He does not forget his old acquaintances, for he is always the same to me, though he knows I always speak my mind. I am very much interested in Raikes' Memoirs and all he says of the Duke. However much one may have known of his virtues, they always seem fresh, because they are so rare. And there is no self-conceit in the author, which would put one off. But Louis Philippe, what an old well-born rogue he was, and what a retribution that all the treasures he had amassed were lost to his family!—they could not have brought them any blessing.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
April 2.

You want to hear about this first party at Prince Frederick William's palace. Great efforts have been made to bring it up to the standard of modern ideas, but that is impossible, as the actual dimensions are so

unsuitable. But the Prince was determined to live there, and did not realize the difficulties. I was the only person there who remembered the old days, and was called upon to explain how things were managed then, and how our beautiful Queen contrived to dance so joyously from seven o'clock till five in the morning. Her portrait is there—a full-length in the costume of the time, which makes her look like what one imagines the 'White Lady' to be. *Literally*, I was the only soul in all that crowd who remembered her in life. I saw the gracious young Princess, so cordial to everyone; she held out her hand to me with a smile and a bow. She hardly knows me, but there is nothing so small or so old as myself, and so I always have the ill luck to be seen—though I can see nothing myself. On this occasion, however, it was anything but ill luck, rather exceptional good fortune.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
April 7, 1859.

What a triumph for you, and what a shame for me (though I care little for the latter), if, after all, he* who so astonished me, and whom you so distrusted from the first, should prove to be only a juggler, who, while subjecting France, has made fools of all the rest of the world! If that is really the case, there would be reason to regret that God did not see fit to put an end fifteen months ago to so destructive a life. But it was massacre to humiliate us before punishing us. I am as much distressed at it as if the existence of the great-grandchildren I might now have had was endangered by it. It is just because I belong to no

* Louis Napoleon.

one that I suffer for everyone. First of all for my country—less for the risks we run than for the dread that we may make shipwreck of our honour by detaching our interests from those of the rest of Germany through a dishonourable alliance. Austria has always been hostile to us, and her ruler is not a statesman* to have fomented these bad dispositions, and to have been influenced by hatred of Russia. One should be above such impressions to be fit to govern an empire. How is it that everyone else knows what is right, and those at the helm do not see it? Is it to annihilate those giants people fancy themselves to be, that God often blinds those who we fancy ought to see clearly? But even in your country it seems as if, since the Duke's time, no one had seen clearly, and these prosperous years have only confirmed the blindness. I thought myself very sad before in thinking of the King, but now I am sadder still. I was so upset a few days ago by private details about him; he realizes his position, but his strong faith supports him in his long trial.

Lady Westmorland to her Son, Julian Fane.

APETHORPE,
April 12, 1859.

We hear that Ministers consider war now as inevitable and immediate. I know not on what ground, but I know that an official message was sent to the Admiralty two days ago desiring a report of our present naval means, and what additions can be made at once, as war is expected immediately, and our position is to be one of armed neutrality.

It is very shocking that we should have allowed the

* This refers to Count Beust, then Prime Minister of Austria.

fellow at the Tuileries to force on a war that can only produce misery and mischief in Europe. I think we have shown ourselves 'manacled' to him, as Aberdeen said, with a vengeance.

Lady Westmorland to her Son Julian.

APETHORPE,
April 14, 1859.

Mr. Elwin mentioned that he had two days ago, for the first time in his life, met Carlyle. He said he had passed two hours with him and been perfectly enchanted with him—that the moment you talk with him you see at once that his extraordinary style is his *nature*, and that he could not write in any other. He says he is singular in everything, but true, sincere and unaffected to a degree that wins you at once. Elwin says he is sorry that an article upon Carlyle's 'Frederick the Great' will appear in the *Quarterly*, which is now ready, finding fault with it. He saw and approved the article before he had seen Carlyle; now he would have had nothing but praise of him in his review. This will show you his fascination.

Lady Westmorland to her Son Julian.

May 1, 1859.

I had a great deal of conversation with Lord Malmesbury* on the subject,† and the impression left on my mind was that *cowardice* rules the day. Fear of Louis Napoleon abroad, and fear of the prejudices at home—and the great bugbear of all, dread of the unpopularity which, after all, is sure to be incurred by running after it. Nothing could be stronger than

* Then Foreign Secretary in Lord Derby's Government.

† Of the supposed intrigue at Plombières.

his language concerning Louis Napoleon and his *Pal*. He said he had received the strongest assurances from Louis Napoleon direct to himself, and the same from Cavour, that there had been no written agreement between them, 'only friendly assurances of goodwill, and the inclination to give assistance hereafter should it be required;' and he added: 'I think it is all a trick; the written agreement may not have been *signed* on purpose to enable them to deny it, but it is ready and exists to all intents and purposes. However, we must appear to believe them!' By the 'Pal' I mean the Frog.* Lord Malmesbury said that he now knows that the whole scheme was settled and concocted at Plombières last year when Louis Napoleon and Cavour met there; that both swear that the other originated the idea;† that he believes Napoleon did originate it, but that the other has been the ready agent to carry it out, and that he has gained complete power over Louis Napoleon by working upon his fears for his personal safety and that of his wife.

We could not express more eager desire for the success of Austria than Malmesbury did, and yet, after all this, he owned without hesitation that they dare not think of doing anything to give even moral support to him. 'All we can do is to try and *localize* the business.'

Lady Westmorland to her Son Julian.

LONDON,
May 24, 1859.

You ask about the chances of Lord Derby's Government. His friends talk with confidence of

* Italy—'the Frog who had not yet blown himself out into a Great Power.'

† Of attacking Austria in Italy.

his stability, and I am inclined to think he will be tolerated this year, from the undiminished distrust entertained of both Palmerston and J. Russell.

I do not believe my old friend's* hopes of a reconciliation have been verified. There is only one feeling general, and expressed by high and low of all parties and conditions—hatred of Louis Napoleon and disgust at the whole concern of the French. And yet Lord Derby and Malmesbury still show *fear* of giving offence there!

Lady Westmorland to her Son Julian.

July 9, 1859.

The news of the armistice has been received here, like everything else, without knowledge or reflection, and is talked of as *peace at once*. I cannot believe it. I see a thousand difficulties in the way, and I believe it is only a halt, which is probably more necessary to the French than to the Austrians. There is no truth in the report you mention about Lord Derby. The party is closely united, and as hostile as possible to their successors, particularly since J. Russell and Palmerston so openly express private opinions utterly at variance with their public declarations.

Lady Westmorland to her Son Julian.

July 20, 1859.

I went to Persigny's† on Monday evening; the Austrians were there for the first time,‡ and Persigny danced a quadrille with Madame Apponyi,§ and Apponyi *vis-à-vis* with Madame Malaret. I thought

* The Duke of Bedford.

† French Embassy.

‡ Since the war.

§ Apponyi was Austrian Ambassador in London.

the Austrians looked much more radiant than the others.

Persigny appeared to me very *preoccupied*, and Azeglio* walked about *scowling*, and I hear he makes no secret of his anger and disgust,† which is fully shared by J. Russell and Palmerston.

I have often told you how shocked I used to be in former times, when I was behind the scenes, to hear the positive falsehoods uttered in Parliament by men who would have scorned any subterfuge in private life. I really think Sir R. Peel was the only statesman besides the Duke who never would and never did go the least one side of truth. I have had a very strong repetition of these former feelings of mine lately on reading Lord Malmesbury's despatch. Remembering his positive assurance to me in this room that he had not in any way attempted to bias the Prussian (?), I don't understand his attacking Lord John for repeating his own acts.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

April 9, 1859.

We are in the midst of a political crisis which does not agitate me at all. I am content that the present Ministers should remain, because my nephew Richard‡ would be very sorry to lose his post at the Court. This is a miserable reason, but the fact is that our Ministers (although Conservative) have shown so much weakness and condescension to the Radicals that, as for a Government, one is as good as another.§

* Italian Minister.

† At the Peace of Villefranche between Austria and France.

‡ Richard, Lord Raglan.

§ The Government was defeated on April 1, on the Reform Bill.

As for the individuals, all that I loved and admired are dead or retired from affairs, and I understand nothing of the ideas of the day. I think all parties here desire peace, and will work to maintain it; but I do not trust in it as long as the parvenu in Paris remains the supreme power.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

May 10.

I awaited impatiently your letter which came to-day, and which gave me the details I wanted about the great man who has just ended so peacefully such a great life.* I could hardly hope to see him again in this life. I am pleased and proud to think he always showed me friendship. He had a rare happiness in preserving his faculties till his ninetieth year. I at once thought of the grief our poor King will feel if they cannot hide this death from him.

The Princess of Prussia is very good to remember me at this moment, when suffering increases her torments; but I cannot conceive them making her travel by train so soon after such a blow on the *head*. You are the first to tell me that the young Princess will not come to England. I know that the Queen was very much afraid her journey would be stopped last week, but I did not know it was decided. It is quite natural, but it will be a terrible disappointment.

I wish I could share your credulity about the French Emperor's intentions for Russia. I do not know if the young Emperor will let himself be led by Gortschakoff, but I am sure that, if there is no signed treaty† it is

* Baron Humboldt.

† The existence of a signed treaty between France and Russia was denied by Louis Napoleon to Lord Cowley (see 'Queen Victoria's Letters,' vol. iii., p. 330).

because they wished to be able to get out of it, but there is not the less *entente* between the two Powers.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

May 10, 1859.

I am very much affected by the death of Prince Metternich. I have known him for forty-six years, for it was then I saw him for the first time at Frankfort. Since then I have often seen him in Germany, in England, in Italy, and during all my sojourn in Vienna I saw him constantly. Since my return to England we corresponded regularly, and I have always found him the same faithful, constant friend. I spent, as you know, a few days with him at Johannesburg in 1857. I have never seen old age more beautiful. The mind always clear, the gentlest and most benevolent character, a heart full of benignity and pardon! Never one word of bitterness or vengeance. To-day I received the news of his beautiful death. He went out like a lamp, without pain, from pure weakness, having walked in his garden the day before. Having kept all his faculties, he received the Holy Sacrament on Sunday at midday, and expired two hours after. He had been much agitated by two long conversations which he had with the Emperor before his departure for Italy, and the news of the army had grieved him very much. All his own people attribute his death to these emotions.

The last letter I received from him was of March 25, and filled two sheets twice as big as this. He regretted that events would prevent him from going this year to Johannesburg, where he had hoped (without any foundation) to see me again. He recapitulated his whole life and the times when we saw each other, and finally

he said these words, which I shall never forget : ' I enter into my eighty-seventh year with a very sad heart, but a perfectly easy conscience. There are some things on which Napoleonic ideas and covetousness have no hold. They are the attachment, the respect, the tender friendship, I bear for you.'

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

Tuesday, May 10, 1859.

The strong partisans keep harping on the misdeeds of Austria. These cannot be denied, but ought now to be completely forgotten. There is much delay on all sides. If blame and worse could egg people on, Austria ought to be victorious, but there are many impressionable people who do not see things in this light. May God help them, who alone can ! Here we are arming, and many houses are stripped of their servants, all recalled to their colours. This is very expensive for the State, but our finances are said to be in good order, and the Minister at the head of them to be capable. I cannot understand why the case should not be the same in Austria, that vast and fertile country.

Whilst I am writing to you, all that is distinguished and highly placed here is gathered at the 'Dome' to show the last marks of respect to the mortal remains of him who brought his country so much glory.* I am with them all in thought ; my place is too insignificant to justify me in asking for a ticket, and, as you may suppose, I had not the absurdity of venturing into the crowd, which would have crushed me. But no one in this huge gathering can have appreciated more than

* Humboldt.

myself, outsider as I am, the magnificent gifts with which he was endowed, admiring as I did his kind heart, which his wit sometimes belied, so that the real depths of its tenderness were not understood. No one was more full of good deeds than him, always ready to serve and to help, and never hurting anyone; he was too superior for that. It is one of my most precious memories to have known him well in my youth, to have seen him when he returned to this country with all the glamour of the fame he had so well earned. But even then my only regret was seeing him a cosmopolitan rather than a Prussian. He belonged by his immense learning to all the world, and the only surprise of his modest compatriots like myself was that he should have been born on so arid a soil—he and his brother, so far above everybody else. Beginning with their father and mother, whose insignificance was proverbial, and the children themselves never showed any sign of their extraordinary talents till they were grown up. I remember so well how they used to go over their childish reminiscences with the Princess Louise Radziwill (who was the same age and had the same masters). You did not know the brother* so well; his conversation had at times a lighter vein—perhaps more engaging. You have probably heard that the shape of his extraordinary head was the despair of Gall (the phrenologist), as it upset all his system, being entirely without any of the usual indications of the attributes he possessed to so great a degree. Gall therefore asked him as a favour to bequeath his *skull* to him, but, having fortunately died first himself, he never had it.

I make no excuse for telling you all this, for I know

* William Humboldt, the statesman.

how thoroughly you appreciated him, who himself knew so well what you are. He found many drawbacks here, but did not trouble about them. People now vie with each other in praising him.

I can imagine all you felt at that first meeting with Lady Jersey, and also begin to understand what I have often experienced on first meeting those stricken as she has been,* who in their solitary hours are absorbed by their grief, but seem to throw it off when with others, whilst they are all full of it. And, then, her smart dress seems strange; it is the force of habit, no doubt. Poor mother! she must be pitied, even if we do not understand her.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

May 27, 1859.

All those who have seen the King cannot get over their joyful surprise at the lucidity of his conversation. He is interested in all the improvements he is making at Sans Souci. He needs much resignation; for all the rest God will help us in all these trials. Everyone has their share of trouble, especially as regards the recent successes,† exaggerated, as is their wont, by those who have gained them; but we must be neither discouraged nor surprised. But still I, like many thousands, am on tenterhooks as to the result, so dreaded, of yesterday's operations. We should need to be harder than iron to stand another victory on this ominous date of *Marengo*. We are hotly denounced in Austria and all over Germany for not throwing ourselves into the fray. Our turn will come soon enough, and then they will all abandon us. Meantime, instead

* By the loss of her daughter.

† Of the French and Sardinians in Italy.

of fighting, our entire army is confined to barracks; not a private even can get a day's furlough.

Many of the great ladies in Vienna have started to follow the army as nurses, etc., Princess Colleredo one of the first. I only hope they may have duly prepared themselves to be really of use; all the zeal in the world is not enough without the experience and courage and training necessary for this noble mission.

Our mischief-maker* from Paris is here, delighted with the civilities shown him at Paris. A nice servant, who thinks of nothing but his precious self! We are served much the same at St. Petersburg, where our Minister,† in following his own policy, is more agreeable to that country than useful to his own. I am so tired of it all, and yet I am a fool; afraid of death, and yet unwilling to live.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

NEW PALACE,
POTSDAM,
June 2, 1859.

The palace is being got ready for the return of our young Princess. I amused myself by going through the fine rooms she will inhabit. They all recall the great King who built this palace after the Seven Years' War, and furnished it with a magnificence which throws all modern work in the shade, everything nowadays seeming tawdry and shabby in comparison. In this respect she will have no reason to regret even the stately home she is leaving. I saw her happy husband coming out of church, rejoicing at the prospect of her return. He, like the Prince his father, is always

* Pourtales.

† Bismarck.

graciousness itself to me. I wish both were equally happy, but that is impossible for him, who has so many heavy anxieties.

I have been to the Friedenskirche,* close to Sans Souci, which was built by the King, and where there seems always an atmosphere of religious peace. The King and Queen were there, and the church was crowded. I saw the Queen well enough to see that she was looking less ill than I had been told. Her health maintains itself in spite of her broken heart. If she could enjoy her surroundings, and set aside all thoughts of the past and the *future*, she might still find many sources of comfort and happiness.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
June 17.

I do not think I am going to die yet, but hope I am resigned to do so; and I know that, the river once passed, none will regret me, and you will have a kindly remembrance of me, I am sure. I thought much of you on hearing of the death of Prince Metternich, who was so faithful a friend of yours, and who, with all his other great qualities, had a heart capable of appreciating you. He has left a great reputation, in spite of the *Times*, which tries to belittle it. What a difference between him and Prince Talleyrand, who had no thought for anything beyond this life, so long as his own lasted. Prince Metternich is fortunate in not having lived to see what would have grieved him for his country's sake. It is terrible that there seems no one left worthy of replacing those that are gone, and

* The church where Frederick William IV., Queen Elizabeth, and the Emperor and Empress Frederick, are all buried now.

the general dearth is all to the advantage of the juggler.*

We have been so much abused for not rushing at once like savages into the arena, and now we are equally abused for mobilizing. Everyone does for the best, and those who err will find a juster judge in heaven than here on earth. Our beloved King knows too much not to be much affected, but his pious resignation helps him to bear everything.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

June 25, 1859.

Here we go on mobilizing the army. The only thing people are at one on is general disapproval of everything. Frightful responsibility for the chiefs, despair or worse in all ranks, and the clamour so general that no one hears anything but his own voice. Only those who have no pressing private anxiety in connection with it all are to be envied.

I must tell you of the pleasure the King has in going often to see his young niece,† who has gaiety, reason, and tact, and knows so well how to start subjects that are interesting and not too exciting for him who is so highly gifted, and whose heart is so full of kindness, rejoicing in the happiness of others. The Queen, too, is delighted with this young Princess, who seems to understand her own position so well; which is, perhaps, less complicated in the absence of her mother-in-law, whose great ability cannot be questioned any more than her great wish to do good. She has eminent qualities, which may be misused, but her desire to do what is right is sincere and intense.

* Louis Napoleon.

† Princess Royal.

The Prince is much to be pitied, for he has to take the final decision in everything. To begin to reign at his age, in such difficult times, is a crushing load, which is not made lighter by its being a regency. We have had long years of blessing, and must now be prepared for reverses, which might be borne more easily perhaps if, instead of finding fault with everything, people tried to do what is right themselves.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

LONDON,
June 29.

Since Sunday I have been in mortal sadness at the defeat of those poor Austrians, who *fight* so well, and who are always badly *led*. What a grief for that brave young Emperor to fail there, where all ought to be for his glory! I am afraid, with all his fine qualities, he has the misfortune to be *entêté*.

If it is this fault which has caused the disaster, he is well punished for it. But what an awful loss of life, and for nothing! for the results of this battle are *nothing* at the bottom, except to increase the renown of the author of this horrible war, and heap up glory for the French army and intoxicate it more and more.

I dined the day before yesterday at the Court, where were (and still are) King Leopold and his son.

I sat by Prince Albert at dinner, and talked a great deal with the Queen after dinner. I told the Prince what you had written to me about the young Princess,

* Defeat of the Austrians at Solferino, June 24.

and of the tact she showed in her relations with the King, and of the pleasure it gave His Majesty to often go and see her. He thanked me *effusively*, and told me he often thought that, if the King had been as he was before his illness, what a happiness it would have been for the young Princess, who, he said, is made to appreciate the mind and the gaiety of the King, and who by her passion for beaux arts and literature would have pleased him so much. The Prince of Wales was at dinner, having returned the day before. He is nice, talks well, and has an intelligent face; but, alas! he has not grown, and he is too set to give a hope that he will shoot up. He does not look more than fifteen, though he is nearly eighteen. I found the Queen and the Prince much grieved at all that is going on in Italy. But how wrongly informed one often is! Did you not believe that it was the Queen's will which ordered hours *à la mode Anglaise* at Berlin during her stay at Babelsburg? She told me, in speaking of that visit, that she had much enjoyed it, only she would so much have liked to live in the German fashion, viz., to dine early, so as to have the fine evening hours in the open air, but that the Princess of Prussia had insisted on dining at eight o'clock. She said she quite knew the Princess had done it out of regard, and believing it would please her; and finding all the arrangements made, she had not liked to upset them, but *cela lui avait couté*.

I am sure she will have been blamed in Prussia, as she was here, for having *imposed her way of living on the Prussian Court*.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Nèale.

July 6, 1859.

I had a long visit from my old friend King Leopold on Saturday. He stayed more than an hour with me, talking with great wisdom, and profoundly impressed with the dangers which threaten the whole of Europe. He deplores the vacillation* with you, and thinks that by trying to please everyone they have ended by disgusting and offending *all*. He is quite persuaded that Napoleon has a complete understanding with, and entire influence over, the Emperor of Russia, and that the latter will do nothing to stop the designs of the other on the Rhine. The irresolution and conduct of Prussia, which have done so much harm to Austria, and so much irritated other Courts and German countries, have not had the slightest effect on the hatred of the French and on their thirst for vengeance—on the Prussians first, and afterwards on us. They will do so, or try to do so, if they are allowed to go on crushing Austria. You will understand I am repeating all he told me in confidence. His opinions always have great weight, and I am very glad to know that he has given them in writing to those who would have done well to listen to them two months ago. He tells me his niece and her husband are deeply pained at the march of things in Germany, as well as the sad change of Government here. Everything seems to turn into triumph for this great and clever scoundrel, as formerly it did for his uncle.

* Of the Prussian Government.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

July 13, 1859.

Peace is made!* What do your people think of it? It is fortunate for the contracting parties, and it has all been done without a Congress, without discussions. Austria is rid of a rebellious province, and Louis Napoleon crowned for the moment with a halo of glory. Here we shall be the scapegoat in due time, after having been clever enough to displace everybody, and to impose enormous expenses on the country. This apparent abandonment of Austria will perhaps be better for us than the prompt assistance we gave our neighbours formerly. For instance, Dresden was saved by our troops, and Baden protected by them; even Hamburg bears us a grudge, though, when years ago a horrible fire there did enormous damage, our stores and our money were the first to be showered on them. No doubt the fact of our having a formidable army on the Rhine decided the forces of France, and nobody minded the cost to us. I do not know what I feel most—the ingratitude we have incessantly met with, or the half-measures imposed on us by our miserable geographical position.

I try not to think of what happened to us fifty-four years ago; but when I think of the long strips of our country, it seems to me that we need fresh frontiers to be able to defend them.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

July 26, 1859.

Our friend Esterhazy leaves the day after to-morrow with orders to stop at Paris. They are right in Vienna

* A treaty of peace was unexpectedly concluded on July 11 at Villafranca.

to wish to keep now on good terms there, for the other good Allies on all sides seem very little favourably disposed towards Austria. I regret it very much. What will become of Italy and Germany, torn by so much passion? The old Holy Alliance, so much decried, was more natural, more useful, and more sure, than these sad rivalries on one side, this rage for Liberalism. I do not foresee the issue. Here we have the most dangerous men at the helm (*les plus dangereux*).

CHAPTER XIV

1861—1863: LONDON AND WIMBLEDON

LORD WESTMORLAND died in October, 1859, and from that time Lady Westmorland lived almost entirely in London, spending the summer months at Wimbledon. Visits to and from her old and intimate friends were a great delight, and Wimbledon was sufficiently near town, even before the advent of motor-cars, to allow of this without the fatigue of living in London.

Her correspondence with Comtesse Néale continued to recount everything of social and political interest, and when the Prince of Wales was married in 1863, her description of the bride's entry into London, and of the procession, are as detailed as those of her friend had been on the occasion of the Princess Royal's marriage.

In December her son Francis was taken seriously ill whilst staying at Compiègne. Lady Westmorland and her daughter went over to bring him home, and whilst he was gaining strength for the journey they stayed a week with the Emperor and Empress, then at the height of their magnificence.

The party at Compiègne was a very large one, and included a good many literary celebrities, among them Sainte-Beuve, Émile de Girardin, and Monsieur Sardou, besides diplomatic and official guests. In the evenings there was always dancing and music. The Emperor himself danced, it was said, for the sake of the exercise, which was good for his health. A sort of country-dance, called 'La Boulangère,' was usually performed, in which every one of the younger members of the party joined.

The hunt, which took place most days, was very

magnificent, the ladies following in carriages with postilions wearing pigtails and green and gold liveries of the eighteenth-century style.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

WENTWORTH,
September 20, 1861.

I could not write to you from Edinburgh ; I was so busy the five days I was there, three of which were rainy, but with intervals, and the last two very fine. I was delighted with the beautiful situation of this town, and the superb views of the neighbourhood. I know nothing to compare with it (if the air and sky were meridional) except Naples. Pesth and Prague are very beautiful, but they lack sea. I was sorry not to be able to stay long enough to go to several of my friends' country-houses—amongst others, those of Madame de Flahault and Lady Willoughby. Rose and I are now here in this magnificent house of Lord Fitzwilliam. It is an enormous palace, with a marble hall as large as that in the house at Bruhl, a precious collection of the finest pictures, a magnificent park. All this spoilt by the proximity of the coal-mines, which blacken everything, and make you pay dearly, I think, for the enormous income they produce. We are twenty-four guests in the house. Most of them (including Rose) have gone to-day to Doncaster for the famous races. For myself, I prefer to remain quietly at home after so many journeys. At Edinburgh I went to the famous shop for woollen stuffs, where they sell dresses called 'winceys,' which are now the fashion for morning dresses. As it is a warm stuff and pleasant to wear, I got a dress of it for you, which I sent to the Foreign Office, and which will await you in Berlin.

I read with astonishment and admiration all that the Queen * did at Cologne, etc., and with mortal fear that she will suffer for it later. I am very uneasy about our poor Duchess. I hope you will have seen your Princess Royal, and that you will tell me about her. They say at the Court here that the little one was a beauty.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

COBLENZ,
October 2, 1861.

If I could describe yesterday's evening party, you would be interested. I was an attentive observer, as far as I could see, without anything to distract me; for you can well believe that I make myself as dumb as age makes me deaf and blind, or nearly so. The Queen never ceases showing me a thousand little attentions, and that fascinating young Grand Duchess † adds still more to them. She is made up of sensibility, of agreeableness, of attraction. I do not believe that beauty alone could have so much charm as she has. She seems happy, and I am beginning to lose the dread of her husband, who also overwhelms me with kindness. As to the Crown Prince, no one can go beyond him in all these qualities. The Princess rather frightens me, though there is nothing imposing about her. I love her at a respectful distance, and bless her for being all that is most perfect in her demeanour towards the Queen. She has eminent qualities, and wins the heart of all who know her. But if you could see how much the King is beloved here, as well as everywhere where he is seen, it would give you pleasure. As for me, who am Prussian to my

* Of Prussia.

† Of Baden.

heart's core, I am jubilant over it. His fine figure and his irresistibly fine expression carry all before them—so much so that I sometimes feel almost jealous for the Queen.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

DOVER,
October 22.

First let me thank you for having remembered me at this sad anniversary.* I spent it quietly here without leaving the house, thanking God for all that remains to me—the tranquillity of my life, the well-being of my children, and the *means* which the will assures me, and without which I should often be embarrassed. With all this I cannot complain, although I often have worries and anxieties, and every day I notice the dreadful approach of old age, with its infirmities. You speak of decadence; I am sure mine is more rapid than yours, for you seem to forget nothing, whilst my memory fails more and more in a dreadful way. I forget from one day to the next in a way which makes Rose laugh, but which worries and frightens me. That is why I forgot to tell you of the wit of the 'Maladies Royales,' thinking I had told you how witty I found it, and did Julian and others whom I made read it. I think Monsieur de Bacourt may be the author. Am I right? What you tell of the improvement in the state of our dear Duchess gives me great pleasure. The visit that the Queen wishes to pay her is a fresh proof of the constancy of heart of that admirable Princess, who never fails her friends. I am sure it will do our friend good.

* Of Lord Westmorland's death.

I read with interest all the details of Königsberg* and of Berlin, and I rejoice to see all the demonstrations of love and loyalty, which I am sure will do the King's heart good. I am touched and filled with admiration at his modesty and constant remembrance of his poor brother, which he shows in all his speeches. Up to now everything at Königsberg seems to have gone off in the most satisfactory manner; God grant it may be the same in Berlin, and that the Queen's health will not suffer from so much emotion and fatigue.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

BERLIN,
Friday, November 1, 1861.

Our festivities are over; those at Breslau just beginning. I do not know how the royalties stand them all. As to the Queen, the audiences she gives in the intervals of the fêtes consist merely of a few formal civilities; but the King is terribly to be pitied for all he has to listen to and say. Everything is noticed—often, of course, falsified in order not to miss the pleasure of criticizing every word.

But one word of the festivities. At the ball of the French Ambassador, organized by experienced people, assisted by 300 Parisian workmen, a magnificent temporary room was built for a sumptuous supper, where people were frozen with the cold, after having suffered from the tropical heat of the three old-fashioned drawing-rooms given up to dancing. The crowd and jostling so great that I thought with terror of any possible panic—to destroy the crinolines.

* For the coronation of King William I. of Prussia and Queen Augusta at Königsberg.

Thank God nothing untoward happened, and the Princess Royal is the only person I have heard of who was ill after this atmosphere—first torrid and then glacial—but, then, she was not well before; she must be really knocked up, for her health seems strong enough for anything.

The Austrian Ambassador, assisted by an Archduke, gave what is said to have been the best ball of all. He had to do the honours (having no wife of his own) a most charming woman—the Countess Chotek, who eclipses everyone by her figure, her complexion, and her expression of intense happiness, which shows that trial has not yet come near her. Her husband, who, like his chief, C. Karolyi, was some time in England, could not possibly have found anywhere a more charming wife; and he, too, is radiant with happiness. He needs it personally, for there is little enough of it in his own country.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

December 4, 1861.

If a war (which seems inevitable) breaks out with America, I shudder at the bare idea, at the same time rejoicing (selfishly) that, my son having left the service, I have no one in the army in whom I have any particular interest. But how many hearts will be broken! And then, having already an income-tax in time of peace, one can foresee that this tax, already so heavy, will be doubled.

Lady J. told me she had seen a letter from the Princess Royal (I do not know to whom), which gave an enthusiastic description of the coronation fêtes, and especially the great beauty of the Princesses met

together, and the extreme richness and elegance of the ladies of Berlin. She especially mentions the Princess Putbus as one of the most brilliant apparitions. I am delighted, but I confess that, in spite of my love for Berlin, I never found the dresses remarkable for their richness.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

LONDON,
Christmas Day, 1861.

I am grateful to you for having copied for me those words of the Queen's—of that dear, adorable Queen, who always shows such a splendid heart. What a happiness for the Princess Royal to have a mother-in-law like that! The return of the Prince Royal* will bring her the consolation of all the details about her mother and all the tearful family. They say he is taking for the Princess one of the crowns of flowers which rested on the coffin.

You can have no idea what London looks like. All the shops draped in black, not a coloured stuff or ribbon in any one. Not a soul of any class without mourning clothes. On Sunday all the churches in black, all the sermons and prayers funereal. At that one to which I go in Vere Street (where there is a very distinguished preacher) you could hear stifled sobs on all sides.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

CANNES,
December.

This is really a very serious blow,† but all accounts represent the Queen as bearing up wonderfully; and if

* From Prince Albert's funeral.

† Death of Prince Albert.

she can only take to work, it is the best medicine both for body and mind in her state. I fear the poor Prince was permanently injured by the fall he had a year or eighteen months ago, and I find the Germans are subject to gastric fevers. If the Prince of Wales resolves to work, he will be a great help to his mother.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

January 4, 1862.

I regret the death of that amiable young Lady Eglinton,* whom I met at Apethorpe, and who was so charming to me; she wanted to take off a sash I admired to give it to me, which made me die of laughing, and her, too, when I told her to keep it for me till she could add to it the *youth* necessary to adorn it. Such a lovely shade of pink!

My recollections are so far my greatest pleasures, and I have some of all kinds. Thus, I recall the tiny feet of Miss *Priscilla* shod with sandals, of which you offered to give me the pattern, but I would not have it, conscious of the difference between us.

But you wish to know what is passing here. I am glad to give you good accounts of our young Princess. Her health is better, and her resignation in her great sorrow is edifying. Her parents-in-law rejoice to see it, and admire her, as does everyone who comes near her. She likes her ladies, especially the one about her children, whose brother was one of the victims of that terrible shipwreck.

The last check discourages our people, and so now, suddenly, everyone is blaming the idea of this navy to be created, and the smallest grant for it will be refused, instead of increasing it. It is a complete

* *Née* Lady Adela Capel.

absurdity to refuse to undertake what is said to be vitally necessary. I do not belong to these times, and yet cannot help associating myself with them so far as deploring mistakes go. It would be much more comfortable to have no interest outside one's own, no small or great anxieties for others; only, one cannot make oneself morally any more than physically, and so I have always carried this heavy burden, which, however, cannot go on much longer.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

February 8, 1862.

To give Louis Napoleon his due (to which he has a right as well as another potentate), really he has throughout behaved as well as possible, doing the *right thing* in the *right way*. One proof of his gaining by it is that Cousin (Thiers's right-hand man), who is here, praises him warmly. To be sure, the poor Orleans party are very low in the world. There is not much to boast of in Vienna. Lady M.* is very gloomy indeed about things, and dwells much on the determination of the army to have a fight in Italy, which, however, the Emperor cannot indulge them with.

I reckon that the Pope is in much worse danger than Vienna, though Louis Napoleon's dread of the Ultramontane Party has not left him.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

February 19, 1862.

My Julian saw a great deal of the Prince of Wales during his little visit to Vienna, and is quite enchanted

* Lady Malet, Lord Brougham's step-daughter.

with him, as are all those about him. The Emperor went to see him at his rooms at once, and begged him to let him be his *cicerone* at least, and he conducted him himself to see the arsenal, the galleries, the stables, etc., which was exceedingly kind of him.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

LONDON,
April 30, 1862.

It was a great pleasure to see Meyerbeer again, as charming and kind as ever, and I talked a great deal about Berlin with him. Yesterday I went to the rehearsal of his beautiful composition for the opening of the Exhibition. It is well worthy of him, and *c'est tout dire*. He was astonished at the execution at *first sight* by an orchestra of more than 400 instruments. He is sure that to well understand and perform such music a *great many* rehearsals will be needed; but that will not be possible, and there will only be a second one, which takes place to-day, at which I promised Meyerbeer to be present, but I shall send Rose instead, as I caught cold yesterday. . . .

Meyerbeer told me that it was the Princess Royal who persuaded him to come here for this occasion. He admires her very much.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

LONDON,
May 7, 1862.

I wrote to that dear Queen to tell her all I heard of the effect produced by the Prince Royal's speech at the Royal Academy of Arts, which was the *chef d'œuvre* of good taste and tact. He was received with the greatest enthusiasm, especially when he spoke with so much

feeling of the Princess Royal. Rose had the pleasure of seeing this young Prince at the Duchess of Sutherland's. He was charming to her, talking of old days, of their games with his sister, of his children, etc. I am much disturbed at the news I see in the newspapers of King Leopold's illness. I am very anxious, knowing how suffering he was here. You know what kind and constant friendship he has shown me for fifty years, for it was in the year 1813 I made his acquaintance, and since 1814 I can say we have been friends without interruption. He was very fond of my mother, and always had a tender remembrance of her, and a gratitude of which he often spoke, for the good advice she often gave him.

Yesterday I went to the Exhibition. The building is still full of workmen. Nothing is finished, and the noise and the dust are very disagreeable, so I shall not go there again till all is in order.

The picture-galleries are fine, and very well lighted. The portrait of old Schadow, by Begas, is much admired, but why has Magnus sent nothing? He ought to have sent Jenny Lind's portrait, which is a *chef d'œuvre*, and would make our daubers blush, for since Lawrence we have not got a portrait-painter.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

LONDON,
May 18, 1862.

I told you I was to go and see Queen Amélie at Holland House last Tuesday. I went there with Rose, whom she had been kind enough to ask, and I am always glad to take my children to see this sainted and admirable Princess, so that they may always recall having seen how true piety (without

regard to the difference of position) can bear the greatest sacrifice with so much dignity, resignation, and resolution, still preserving the tenderness and sensibility of heart. I can never see her without emotion, and this time it was painful, for I found her much changed. The daughter of Princess Clementine told me she was more feeble than usual because she had caught cold at the Exhibition; but I never in my life saw anyone so thin, and her voice is extremely weak and trembling. I found her surrounded by her grandchildren—two young daughters of Princess Clementine (Coburg), the eldest fifteen and remarkably beautiful; a very pretty little brother of theirs born a year ago;* thirteen or fourteen years separates him from his youngest brother. There were also the Princesse de Joinville and her daughter, and a very pretty little girl of the Duc de Nemours, whose birth cost her mother's life. The old Queen proud of all these children, caressing them and delighted with them. All the family go constantly to the Exhibition, which, as you know, is close to that beautiful place Holland House.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

LONDON,
July 8, 1862.

I go out often with Rose, and I take her to balls, where I leave her with friends, for I cannot sit up late. Last night I went to Lady Jersey's, who had the courage to give a big dinner to the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar and to Prince Herman and his wife, who is the daughter of the King of Würtemberg, and consequently *half-sister* to the Queen of Holland. The

* Ferdinand, now King of Bulgaria.

Grand Duke has a tone in his voice and a look in his face which reminds me of his sister, the Queen of Prussia, although that is very flattering to him and not at all to her, but it gave me pleasure to talk to him.

The young Prince Liechtenstein has come. He is like his mother, and has a noble, handsome face ; but he is still very *young* for his age, very awkward and shy, which gives him a certain stiffness which is not pleasant.

At an evening party at Lady Palmerston's on Saturday, attention was divided between Prince Napoleon and the Comtesse Castiglione, and the inquisitive people made a circle round each of them to *stare well at them* in the English way you know.

The Prince bears a striking resemblance to the portraits of his uncle, but it is a fat and ugly likeness. He looks like a butcher, with a sinister and common look which is very unpleasant. The Comtesse Castiglione has changed much since she was here five years ago, but is still a beautiful person. . . . She had an edifice on her head a *foot high*, composed of hair, feathers, lace, diamonds, like the coiffures of Marie Antoinette's day, and the hair slightly powdered, which made her look very ridiculous, I thought.

Our young Princess Alice has gone with her husband. She will be much missed by the Queen and her brother, who adores her, and who has been much grieved at the loss of his tutor, whom he was so fond of. This poor General Bruce was buried in Scotland. When the coffin was taken out of the carriage, they found on it a wreath of flowers with an inscription attached, 'A last token of love and respect from Albert Edward and Alice.' Was it not touching ?

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

WIMBLEDON,
September 16, 1862.

Among other delights of this neighbourhood, we have Jenny Lind established a few steps from our gate. She returned last week from Sweden, where she has been to see the charity homes she has established there. She is perfectly happy adoring her husband and her three beautiful children, living in her own house. She has grown thinner, and is certainly plain; but one quickly forgets her looks, such is the charm of her conversation, so original, so poignant, so witty. She only sings now for charities, but her voice is still perfectly preserved. . . .

What do you think of the foolishness and arrogance of my stupid compatriots in sending an English surgeon to take care of Garibaldi?

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

HEATH, YORKS,
September 28, 1862.

The inauguration of the school (at Sharlston)* took place on Thursday. The building is really pretty and picturesque, although plain, as I wished. Besides the schoolroom there is a little chapel for Divine service (which is wanting in the village), where after prayers there was a beautiful discourse, which ought to have been given by the Archbishop of York; but he was suddenly called to London the day before, and had to send his substitute. The ceremony over, I was begged to go to a vast barn in the village, where the farmers (by clubbing together) had arranged a fête for all the

* Lord Westmorland's Yorkshire property.

villagers, great and small. It was very well arranged, even tastefully with flowers and garlands. The weather, which had been detestable in the morning, got better after midday, and was fairly fine. I returned home, however, to my kind hosts at five o'clock; but Rose stayed till the evening, quite happy in the midst of these good people.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

LONDON,
December 11, 1862.

Adza* was delighted with her visit to Compiègne, which she enjoyed *enormously*. Every day there was hunting and riding, and every evening dancing, acting, or tableaux, and all quite easily without ceremony, and as it would be in our country-houses, *sans gêne*. There were 100 people each day at dinner. The Emperor and Empress indicated each day the four people who were to be placed at their respective sides (each day it was someone different), and the rest of the company where they liked without any regard to *rank*. There were no English people (besides my children) except Lord and Lady Cowley and their two pretty daughters. Amongst the French people were the two sisters *née La Roche Lambert*, who remembered me in Berlin. One of them married Labédoyère.

My daughter-in-law is infatuated with the young Princess Metternich, who is clever, gracious, and amusing.

My son thought the Emperor much changed since he saw him at Châlons in the year 1860. The Empress looks well and seems to be wonderfully so, as she takes long walks and rides and seems very gay.

* Lady Westmorland's daughter-in-law.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

PORTMAN SQUARE,
January 7, 1863.

Here I am returned from my very agreeable visit at the Grove,* where Rose enjoyed herself very much with that charming gay family, who were all there together. The married daughter with her husband, who is worthy to belong to them, and the three sons home for the holidays from Harrow. Julian's arrival completed our happiness. Rose danced much, walked much, and laughed much; for me, my greatest pleasure was to talk to Lord Clarendon, who is one of the most agreeable *causeurs* that I know. His mind is so clear and bright, and, then, we have so many youthful and childish recollections which we recall to each other. The day I arrived Lord Clarendon was still at Osborne, the Queen having sent for him. He thinks Her Majesty infinitely better. She looks much better, is not so thin or so pale, and, in fact, is much more cheerful. She is very much occupied and delighted with her future daughter-in-law,† who seems to have been made to enchant all those who come near her. Everyone agrees in praising her beauty, and the charm of everything she says and does.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

January 21, 1863.

I rejoice in your evening with your pleasant neighbours, but I regret the King's convalescence should be so slow. He must be crushed with grief and disappointment at seeing all his good intentions misunderstood and turned to evil.

* Lord Clarendon's house. † Princess Alexandra of Denmark.

I should not dare say so to you, but I am sure you sometimes think as I do, that now he is paying for the fatal mistake he made when he dismissed the Minister Manteuffel. Then he deprived himself of an *homme de bien, et de moyens*, and I do not see that one remains to him to be compared with him on one side or the other. I do not understand that anything is being done here. I think I see my uncle's face if someone said to him, 'They will give the Ionian Isles to Greece in open *revolution*, and offer Malta to the Pope.' He would have said, 'It is the dream of a lunatic and absolutely ridiculous;' but we live in a world he did not know, although he has been only dead ten years.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

March 8, 1863.

I want to begin this letter (which will not go till Wednesday) by telling you about the arrival of our Princess,* and her journey to London yesterday.

I saw her very well from the balcony of the Duke of Cambridge, who lives in the house which belonged to the good Duchess of Gloucester in Piccadilly. It is impossible to have an idea what London looks like, for, as you know, they have never been accustomed to decorate the houses here; but yesterday, in all the streets through which the procession passed, there was not a house which was not decorated with draperies, garlands, flowers, laurels, inscriptions, and thousands of flags. Everywhere enormous stands covered with red cloth, and everywhere crowds packed as tightly as possible.

The immense enthusiasm which showed itself on the

* First arrival of Queen Alexandra in England.

young Princess's face, the extreme grace with which she bowed continually (for the three hours her journey lasted), the happy and delighted look of the Prince of Wales, were a charming sight; the rest of the procession was very shabby. In the City the Lord Mayor's procession and that of the different corporations must have been rather fine, but from Temple Bar the Westminster authorities replaced those of the City in half a dozen of the worst carriages, which seemed to be hired. There was only the Duke of Buccleuch (who is High Steward of Westminster) who appeared with a fine equipage. The royal carriages in which were the Princes and Princesses and their suites were only the ordinary *travelling* carriages of the Court—open landaus, with undress liveries—the servants wearing black crape bands on their arms. All the men in *fracs*, with tall hats. The horses were not at all fine—the ordinary harness. I could not help making the comparison with the entry of the Empress of Austria into Vienna before her marriage, with such a magnificent procession of carriages, mounted gentlemen, everyone *en grand gala* and even the harness covered with precious stones. In the streets yesterday there was not one uniform except the Duke of Cambridge and his staff, who looked very well preceding the royal carriages. Several thousands of volunteers lined Hyde Park closely. But what was perfect was the sight of the charming face of the young Princess. I was beside the Duchess of Cambridge, and Rose beside Princess Mary, when she passed before the balcony at a foot-pace. She raised her head to throw kisses to her aunt (the Duchess), so did the Prince of Wales, so we saw them wonderfully well. She had a beautiful colour, and seemed to me excessively pretty. The

Prince was opposite her. They never ceased bowing from one side to the other during the whole journey. I can't conceive how they are not dead of fatigue; but they did not seem so, although we saw them nearly at the end of their way. The weather, which had been so beautiful all the week one might have believed it was the month of May, changed the day before yesterday. Yesterday it was cold, and rain threatened from the morning. However, the weather was fairly fine till four o'clock, but it poured in torrents when the Princess arrived at Windsor. . . .

There was great grief that the young Princes and Princesses did not see the reception of their brother and his fiancée in London. I believe the Princess Royal wished to see them pass, and would have come to the Duke of Cambridge's if the Queen had allowed her. Rose and I were delighted to see the Prince Royal of Prussia. He passed in a closed carriage an hour before the procession, having just received the Princess Alexandra at the Bricklayers' Arms Station, and going to the other station for Windsor. We were alone on the balcony at Gloucester House (the Duchess of Cambridge not yet having arrived), and the Prince saw us and saluted us.

There, dear friend, that is enough for to-day; I will continue my letter on Wednesday.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

Wednesday, March, 1863.

This morning I have seen several people who were present at the ceremony,* and all agree in praising the beauty of the bride, the magnificence of the spectacle,

* Marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

and the affecting interest which was caused by the appearance of the Queen in her widow's dress in her little rostrum above the altar. You will see all the description of the procession and of the ceremony in the newspaper. The Princess Royal attracted a great deal of attention, leading her son,* whom people think very pretty.

Rose walked out in the evening in the town to see the illuminations, which were marvellously fine.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

March 25, 1863.

Our young couple have spent a few days in town, and showed themselves walking in the Park and in the Zoological Gardens. The Princess of Wales turns all heads by her beauty, her happy expression, and her grace. They are now at Windsor with the Queen, but at the end of the week go to their place in Norfolk, which will rejoice both of them, for they are very much in love with each other.

The presents continue to pour in from every town in the three kingdoms. That is quite a *novelty* here. Another novelty is the show of all the presents received by the newly married pair, which is to be at South Kensington Museum.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

May 7, 1863.

We have to-day returned from Oxford. We both enjoyed our visit extremely. Dr. Stanley is a very remarkable man. For a long time we have admired

* Now H.I.M. the German Emperor.

his works, especially his journeys in Palestine and Syria, and his 'History of the Jewish Church' and 'History of the Eastern Churches.' He is charming in his own house, and so easy to get on with, and he is most interesting talking of his travels, especially the last in the Holy Land, where he accompanied the Prince of Wales.

He has a great affection for this young Prince, who has (according to him, who knows him intimately) the most attaching qualities—so much heart and so sincere—which are often lacking in Princes.

Dr. Stanley's unmarried sister* is also a very charming person, and it is touching to see the affection which unites the brother and sister. She is no longer young, and has devoted her life to charitable works. She even spent some time in the Crimea during the war, to take care of the sick.

Rose saw all the marvels and beauties of Oxford, and I enjoyed the beautiful gardens, where I could go in a bath-chair, for we had three days of the finest weather; and in the evening our charming hosts invited the celebrities of the University.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

WIMBLEDON,

July 4, 1863.

I write to-day by the Queen's command, whom I saw again yesterday with real joy. She commanded me to the Prussian Embassy at 4.30. I found half a dozen there, but, after talking to them for a few minutes, the Queen begged me to follow her to her room, and there we had a little *tête-à-tête* for half an hour, and I found her again as she is when at her ease,

* Miss Mary Stanley.

and not acting. She was full of kindness and affection for me. She said at once, 'Let us talk of our dear Pauline'; and she spoke of you with the most lively tenderness and appreciation. She told me you were the one person in the world in whom she had the most confidence—the *only one* who knew all her life and all her trials—the only one to whom she could open her heart. She does not yet despair of persuading you to accompany her to Baden again this autumn.

I thought her looking much better than the first time I saw her, and she said the quiet life at Windsor, where she hardly left Queen Victoria, has done her a great deal of good.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

WIMBLEDON,
September 9, 1863.

We regret the departure of our nice neighbours, Jenny Lind and her husband. They left on Saturday for the seaside, where they take their three charming children every year. The day before their departure they came to take leave of me in the evening. She sat down at the piano, and sang for two hours, to my great delight, especially those old English airs, which are so touching.

Count Wimpffen was at my house, having come to dine with me. He is passionately fond of music, and when he heard 'Auld Robin Grey,' which you must surely know, he said, 'But it is an absolute tragedy'; and it is quite true that she sings this touching story in a way to make one cry.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

COMPIÈGNE,
December 10, 1863.

Francis is still weak and pale, but he went out yesterday for half an hour driving, and to-day walking on the beautiful sheltered terrace in front of the castle windows, so we hope to move him to Calais tomorrow. We shall have a special *convoi* (with a *compartiment à lit*), as the ordinary trains only go at eight in the morning and eight in the evening. We shall leave at midday, and arrive (D.V.) at Calais at six o'clock. Since I am happy and reassured about my son's state, I have much enjoyed this visit. There is nothing in the world more magnificent than this castle and the way they live here. Ninety-eight guests at dinner, and all very well put up (there are 800 beds, so the Minister, Count Bacciocchi, tells me). Hunt and walking in the morning; in the evening they act, dance, or have music, etc. Everyone does what he likes without any ceremony. The Empress is very pretty and very gay; not at all *grande dame*, but very nice, wishing everyone to be at their ease. The Emperor, on the contrary, is a very grand seigneur. He is grave and serious, with a sad expression, but great gentleness and kindness in his face and in his conversation. Small and almost fat, without a fine feature, he has a peculiar charm in his gentle, polite manners, and is perfectly simple and natural. He tries, too, to put others at their ease, and he is always himself a perfect *gentleman*. I am pleased to have been able to talk to him, and I bring away a much more favourable impression than I ever had before. However, I do not think I am impressed as Madame

de Sévigné was when Louis XIV. danced with her.

I can't tell you the attention and care both the Emperor and Empress had for Francis during his illness, nor the kind welcome they gave me.

I am perfectly well, and Rose is wonderfully happy ; but what will give you more pleasure is that my daughter-in-law is charming to me, and overwhelms me with caresses and gratitude for having come.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

LONDON,
December 23, 1863.

Tell me if you know Monsieur de Latour d'Auvergne, who is the new French Ambassador here ? I think he was at Berlin. I made his acquaintance yesterday, and liked him. He is thought very agreeable. I saw him at my sister-in-law's (Lady Jersey), who receives every evening, and there is always an agreeable society there.

In spite of all her misfortunes and her age, which is nearly seventy-nine, she is still brilliant, talkative, gay, and beautiful, always dressed in the latest fashion in sky blue or rose colour, with flowers in her (own) hair, which is not grey—*décolleté* with short sleeves, with arms and hands still remarkably beautiful. One cannot believe her age. She has kept her sight, hearing, and memory, without any change ; and seeing her light-heartedness and the delight she has in her dress, etc., one cannot imagine she has lost three daughters and three sons ! There only remains one son, whom she seldom sees, as he is always in the country.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

CANNES,
April 21, 1863.

Palmerston, I hear, is looking very ill. I was bitterly attacked for going to a public dinner when Chancellor, and defended myself by the example of Eldon. But a Premier attending working men's meetings and discussing his measures there is rather a stronger case.

All in Paris and all in the provinces are full of the approaching elections. Several, perhaps half a dozen, ultra-Liberals may get in, and so the Opposition be increased to ten or twelve. The Court is very uneasy about it.

What can Flahault be about, that he has not taken pains to have a full exposure of Kinglake's romance about the *coup d'état* and massacre? No one knows more about it than Flahault, who was mixed up with the movement. But I cannot help thinking that he and his wife are offended at the appointment.

CHAPTER XV

1864—1870: THE GARIBALDI INCIDENT

THE letters of Lady Westmorland in 1864 to her son Julian Fane, then Secretary at Vienna, contain many details regarding Garibaldi's visit to London. It was well known that the refugees in England, headed by Mazzini, were, from the safe refuge they had found in England, taking advantage of the difficulties in Austria caused by the Schleswig-Holstein War, to foment revolutionary plots against the Austrian and Italian Governments. It was thought that Garibaldi would be utilized as the tool of these dangerous and unscrupulous men, and the Government found themselves in a difficult position between enthusiasm of the ignorant and credulous public on the one hand, and the natural resentment of the foreign Governments, who, while nominally in alliance with England, were threatened in their very existence by the machinations of these outlaws who were tolerated in England.

Comtesse Néale's letters in 1866 are mostly occupied with the war against Austria, which culminated in the Battle of Sadowa.

Comtesse Néale was then nearing her ninetieth year. Her death occurred in 1869, and the last letter is from her sister, Madame de Bergh, written in 1870, at the commencement of the Franco-German War.

The last years of Lady Westmorland's life were spent chiefly in retirement from the world, her affection and interest being centred in her numerous grandchildren until the time of her death in February, 1879.

*Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.**February 24, 1864.*

As for this awful war,* I do not know to which side to give my prayers. I have too many friends and acquaintances in Prussia and Austria not to share their feelings; but I think the Danish are cruelly treated, and one can't help admiring their courage. . . .

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

LONDON,
March 16, 1864.

I spent more than an hour with King Leopold on Sunday. I can't tell you how he overwhelmed me with marks of affection, and how he always remembers my mother and her kindness to him. He is quite cured of the painful illness from which he suffered so much, and he looks very old. His daughter the Archduchess Charlotte† left yesterday morning with her husband, and there is hardly any probability that she will ever again see her father.

The French troops ought to stay three years in Mexico to give time to the Emperor to *consolider* his throne. Can he do it? That is doubtful; but the King has a high opinion of the methods and mind of his son-in-law, and he believes that if it is *possible* he would do it.

Mélanie Zichy, daughter of the late Prince Metternich, accompanies the Archduchess as Grande Maitresse, and her husband as Grand Maître, but they come back to Europe at the end of a few months,

* War between Germany and Denmark over the Schleswig-Holstein question.

† Married to Archduke Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico.

when they have been able to establish a Mexican Court. She came to see me, and seemed delighted to make this journey. It is true she has neither father nor mother nor children to leave, and her husband accompanies her, and it will not be at least a month before they arrive at Vera Cruz.

You say that I have told you nothing of the dinner the three Princesses of Cambridge had at my house. It was a great success. We sat down twelve, and I think they were amused, for they stayed till past midnight. Yesterday Rose met the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg walking in the Park, and she wished to walk with Rose for an hour, and told her again that they had spent a delightful evening.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

LONDON,
April 5, 1864.

You will learn by the newspaper the folly, or rather the absurdity, that is going on everywhere in this country for Garibaldi.

I know the worth (or rather the worthlessness) of these demonstrations, which I saw lavished on Sir Francis Burdett when he was put in the Tower for conspiracy—on Maréchal Soult—as on Blücher, or Kossuth, O'Connell, as on the Duke of Wellington, Jenny Lind, what shall I say? *Anything for a sight*, but it is very disgusting, and in this case might have very disagreeable effects for the Government. The Ambassadors of France, Austria, and Italy, must be very shocked at it.

Lady Westmorland to her Son Julian.

LONDON,
April 18, 1864.

The Garibaldi fever rages, but it begins to give a good deal of uneasiness to the Government, as they have found it impossible to guide or restrain 'the hero' or the 'bad hands' from which it was desired to keep him. I will give you a conversation which I am certain is *truly* reported, for it took place in a *tête-à-tête* between Dundas and Azeglio,* who found themselves alone at the Travellers the other evening. He said that Lord Shaftesbury, Gladstone, and the Duke of Sutherland, had undertaken to advise Garibaldi to make the first step towards reconciliation by calling on Azeglio; and that he had not only refused, but had declared in the most brutal way 'that he never would have anything to do with the Italian Government in any way, and never would forgive or be friends with them.' Azeglio added that it was not very friendly to the Italians that, after professing such opinions, this man should be courted and received by Palmerston, J. Russell, especially, and he showed great soreness. He went on to say that he knew Garibaldi kept up constant intercourse with Mazzini and those of his set, and that, though as long as he remained at Stafford House he must be to a certain degree restricted, the two sons, who are at an hotel, have their rooms swarming from morning to night with the worst characters among the Italian, Polish, and Hungarian refugees.

A curious corollary to Azeglio's conversation (bearing in mind that he had been ready to respond to any initiative for reconciliation, and had agreed to give a dinner on it) is this.

* The Italian Minister in London.

Rose yesterday saw Lady Houghton, who said she had received a letter from Dickey* from Turin on the 16th, in which he says he had just had an interview with King Victor Emmanuel, who told him he had sent positive orders to Azeglio to have nothing to do with Garibaldi, and to take care not to be in any house where he should be received, and that Victor Emmanuel is much annoyed at the reception given him. 'Indeed,' Lady Houghton said, 'he writes that from the King down to the lowest beggar in Piedmont the indignation felt at the fuss made in England with Garibaldi is as strong as it could be in the Emperor of Austria.' All this is true, as you will see by my authorities, and not merely gossip. What I cannot vouch for, though I was assured it came from good authority (but it was not given to me), is that, when Garibaldi expressed his determination not to see Azeglio, he gave his reasons for never forgiving the Piedmontese Government, which are that he was basely betrayed at Aspromonte, that he undertook the expedition with the perfect knowledge and connivance of the Government, and that they threw him over and tried to kill him when they found that, out of fear of the Emperor Napoleon, they dared not support him, and that without support he must fail.

It is said the Government begin to be heartily sorry for the line they have taken, and to fear that mischief will result from this visit, which they hoped would separate Garibaldi from dangerous friends. There is no doubt that he is an individual who must be admired for his courage and disinterestedness, as well as for his constancy and earnestness in one object—all qualities very extraordinary in an Italian; but for anything else

* Lord Houghton.

he is but an ordinary mortal, without judgment or capacity, and very easily made a tool of by others who have not his honesty of purpose.

Lady Westmorland to her Son Julian.

LONDON,
April 20.

The announcement in the *Morning Post* yesterday morning, of Garibaldi's sudden resolve to leave England, caused all sorts of reports as to the cause. Some said the Emperor Napoleon had desired it, others that it was the Queen; but the idea which *I believe* is the *correct* one is that, having been in constant communication with Mazzini, Saffi, and all the Polish and other refugees, he has made all his arrangements, and thinks, as the Conference meets to-day, he has no time to lose in putting his projects in action before Peace withdraws the Austrian armies from Denmark. This is the notion which several serious people entertained yesterday. This morning the papers have all got letters from Ferguson, the surgeon, stating that it is the state of his health which obliges him to go. I have not yet seen anybody, so I do not know what others think, but it strikes me that the letters are got up. *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse*, and there is *too much* said to be natural. It is also singular that only on Monday the other doctor (Partridge) published his account of Garibaldi's health as perfect, and said that he was a great deal better and stronger than when he arrived in the Isle of Wight. You would suppose from the papers that *everybody* joins in the frenzy of the day, but that is not so, nor is the regret at the indecency towards our Allies, and the danger of what is likely to arise from the union of Garibaldi with Mazzini and his party, here confined to anti-Liberals and superannuated Tories, but a great

many even of those who have gone out of curiosity to see the *Lion* blame the Ministers, and are shocked at the absurdities that are indulged in. I can name Lady William* and her sons. Arthur, when asked if he was going to Mr. Seely's party, said he should have nothing to do with such 'tomfoolery.'

There is a complete contradiction to Ferguson's letters about Garibaldi's health from Garibaldi's own Italian doctor, which appears in the *Standard* this morning. He says Garibaldi is perfectly well, and that his health has nothing to do with his sudden departure. There is also a letter signed 'An Englishman,' who states himself to be a friend of Garibaldi's, and says he had it from his own lips that he had resolved to go solely because he finds (or it has been intimated to him) that his stay here is an *embarras* for the Government. The writer offers to give his name if required.

The *Morning Star* contains the letter of Dr. Basile, and an account of the meeting at Herzens of Garibaldi and Mazzini. I think Garibaldi's declaration that Mazzini is his *friend* and *teacher* will not be agreeable to those who, as Gladstone told me, fancied that by receiving Garibaldi at Stafford House and fêting him at the Ministers' houses, they should prevent him falling into the hands of Mazzini and the low refugees, etc.

Lady Westmorland to her Son Julian.

LONDON,
April 21, 1864.

We walked yesterday afternoon in Apsley Gardens, and coming out near Stanhope Gate we saw a crowd

* Lady William Russell.

and some mounted policemen, and stopped at the railings, guessing it was Garibaldi returning from the City. He passed quite close to me, and, as he was sitting on our side of the carriage, I saw him very well. It is a very nice face—good features, and a very frank and open, good-humoured expression. He looked flushed, and his red beard is grizzly.

Lady Westmorland to her Son Julian.

LONDON,
April 22, 1864.

As to Dizzy's position, I cannot tell you the precise cause, but it is certain that General Peel is now considered the head of the party, and not only in the House of Commons. Lord Derby has extremely disgusted his friends by his flippancy at the beginning of the year, and his weak and wavering conduct since, and now for having joined the mob in paying court to Garibaldi. General Peel peremptorily refused the invitations that were pressed upon him to do likewise. It is thought by many that, if the Government should succumb, he, and not Lord D., would be the head. The speeches published in the paper* I sent you have produced a painful impression on the worshippers. The *Times* has never published them, but the *Globe* has, and the *Morning Post* had them in a corner of the paper without any remark.

A member of the Government came into the box where I was last night, and he (who only reads the *Times*) had not heard of them. When they were repeated to him he was aghast, and could not believe that Garibaldi had called Mazzini *his friend and teacher*.

* *Morning Star*.

The letter of Dr. Basile has not appeared in any paper but the *Standard* and *Globe*.

I have been reading Gladstone's speech last night.* I have been enough behind the curtain in my time to know how members of both Houses make *candid* speeches, which conceal the truth, and compound with their consciences to give a totally false impression, though their actual words may not be untrue, and I therefore do not believe what Gladstone intends to have believed.

I am quite sure health has nothing to do with the Hero's departure, and he is himself too honest to make it a pretence for leaving, for you will observe in all his letters and speeches he never alludes to it, but speaks of being 'obliged to go,' and of 'having many reasons' which prevent his visiting Manchester, etc.

It must, I think, puzzle foreigners (and Englishmen, too) why Mr. Stansfeld† was obliged to leave office in consequence of his intimacy with Mazzini, while the 'friend and pupil' of the latter is idolized and worshipped.

Lady Westmorland to her Son Julian.

LONDON,
April 23, 1864.

I have written every day this week, and find still I have food for another letter this Saturday, and I think you will be curious about the facts and the *on dits* of

* Mr. Gladstone made a speech on April 21 in the House of Commons to explain that Garibaldi's sudden departure was due to his health. See Morley's 'Life of Gladstone,' vol. ii., p. 112.

† Mr. Stansfeld had to leave the Government because it was proved that Mazzini's letters, fomenting revolutionary plots abroad, had been forwarded through his agency.

the departure of Garibaldi. I have just been reading the *Indépendance Belge* of the 22nd, in which is a letter from the correspondent in London, dated the 20th, and that letter contains the real and exact truth as to the reasons and motives of his quitting England. I own that I think the Hero has behaved uncommonly well, and I honour the honesty and sincerity he has shown; for you will observe that, while he at once decides to go away upon finding that his patrons and admirers wish to get rid of him, he has shown that he will not sanction a *lie*, and has carefully abstained in his letters, speeches, and answers, from saying one word about his health, which he would of course have done had that been the cause of his departure. On the contrary, in his answer to Manchester, he says that 'for several reasons he is obliged to go.' Gladstone may save his conscience by the fact that, when the friends (for the reasons given in the *Indépendance*) agreed that they must *get him off*, they took the plea of health to hang their representations on; but I heard from certain authority that the day before yesterday Garibaldi told a man who called upon him that he was so far from suffering from the fatigues, etc., that he was much stronger and better than when he arrived in England, and everybody says he looks better and younger.

The subterfuges, the want of wisdom displayed by Palmerston, Russell and Co., are very shocking to my mind, and are universally blamed, for it hurts those who admire as well as those who are against Garibaldi, and I am sure they will produce very bad effects hereafter. Lord Derby, having joined in the adulation, has to a certain extent gagged himself, and he is abused by all parties.

Lady Westmorland to her Son Julian.

LONDON,
April 26, 1864.

Lady Jersey told me that Lord Clarendon had called on her, and reported his conversation with the Emperor Napoleon. Lady Jersey is always, I think, very correct in her reports, and after I left her I met old Ralph Sneyd, and he told me Lord Clarendon had repeated the conversation to him also, and he told it in precisely the same words, so that I think that is good authority. Lord Clarendon said 'nothing had been said by the Emperor or himself about Garibaldi when he determined to take the bull by the horns, and said: "J'ai été témoin d'un bien beau spectacle avant mon départ de Londres—l'entrée de Garibaldi." The Emperor: "Comment donc? Un beau spectacle?" Lord C.: "Oui, c'était très beau de voir toute la classe ouvrière si enthousiaste pour un homme sorti de ses rangs reçu et fêté par toute la noblesse—car voilà ce qui enchantait la foule—Oh oui, vous avez raison c'est très beau." They then talked about something else, and the Emperor said suddenly: 'Et quand part donc *votre Polichinelle*?' You will like the humour, which seemed to have very much tickled Lord Clarendon; but you will also feel with me that this conversation was very slight foundation on which to build the statement in the House of Lords, and you will remember what I have often said of my own experience in *modifications* which honest men allow themselves in that *atmosphere*, which elsewhere they would spurn.

I had a visit yesterday from Lady Langdale and Janey,* who is just returned from Italy, where she

* Lady Langdale's daughter, married to Count Teleki, a Hungarian.

passed the winter. She was loud in abuse of Garibaldi, and horror at his reception here, calling him 'the greatest enemy to Italy, who wished to subvert all order and good government.' This is curious, remembering that her husband was Garibaldi's A.D.C., and was with him in Sicily and Naples. They did not mention him, and, as there were other persons here, I did not like to ask about him.

I had a visit from Foster on Sunday. He found Clanwilliam here, which he had done before. By-the-by, Clanwilliam calls the fine ladies and gentlemen who adore Garibaldi the 'swell mob,' in distinction to *the mob*, which is good !

I have sent down to the City (having failed to procure it nearer) for a copy of the *Morning Advertiser* of yesterday, in which I am told there is a letter signed by a man who found himself by chance present in Garibaldi's room at Stafford House, when he was coaxed, bullied, or persuaded, to cut short his visit. If the account I have heard of this letter is correct, it must be a very curious document, and a complete contradiction to all the statements of the Government. I hope I may get it in time for the post. If it is not to be got to-day, I fear it will be difficult to get it at all.

Lady Westmorland to her Son Julian.

LONDON,
April 27, 1864.

I could not get the *Morning Advertiser* on the 25th, though I sent to the office where it is printed in the City. I will tell you all I heard about the article and my authority, and then you may judge how far it is to be believed.

Lord Malmesbury told Rose the letter was written

by the editor of the *Morning Herald*, whose name is Hamburg (or something like it); that it appeared in the *Morning Herald*, and not in the *Morning Advertiser*, and was signed 'An Englishman.' It stated that the writer had heard from Garibaldi's own lips that his health was not the cause of his sudden departure, though his great friends tried to persuade him that it was. It went on to say that this writer, having known Garibaldi in Italy, went to call upon him at Stafford House, and was shown into his room, where he found the Duke of S., Lord Shaftesbury, and some others. (Rose is not sure if Lord M. named Gladstone.) That Garibaldi received him very warmly, and that, he not being known to any of those present, they went on talking, and then he describes how they coaxed and bullied Garibaldi to get him to go. This is Lord M.'s account of the article to Rose. I afterwards heard another account from Mr. Baillie Cochrane at Lady Jersey's. He went farther, and said that Garibaldi had resisted and denied that his health was suffering, and that at last he had got into a rage, had torn up some paper which had been given him, and thrown it down, saying, 'I see you want to get rid of me. I will go.' *This* I did not think very credible. Afterwards at Lady William's* several persons talked about the article and told pretty much the same story.

I had a visit yesterday from my neighbour. You know his incongruous conversation, and I must tell you of one of his speeches, which I can do verbatim. Dundas was here, and would corroborate its correctness. 'I'ad a very pleasant day yesterday. I joined a party of antiquarians who are a sort of club, and your ladyship knows the antiquarians are always

* Lady William Russell's.

going about the country in search of *novelties*; so we went to Canterbury in 'opes of finding some, and we were quite successful, for we were taken to see a most curious crypt far beneath the regular crypt under the cathedral, and it was full of curious figures on the wall, and we were assured it was at least eighteen hundred years old.' Pray admire the antiquarians searching for novelties, and finding them in a crypt 1,000 years older than the introduction of Christianity!

Lady Westmorland to her Son Julian.

LONDON,
April 20.

The news of the taking of Düppel makes me hope that this horrible outpouring of blood is going to cease, and that your army will be satisfied with the glory they have gained. To-day the Conference holds its first sitting. God grant that peace will reign and result from it! But in what a state these Plenipotentiaries come together! at least three of our Allies must be furious with us and our Ministers. One must confess that these Ministers have accomplished an extraordinary thing by at the same time offending the Emperor of Austria and the King of Italy! For the latter is as furious at the welcome to Garibaldi as the latter can be.

At last this hero is going to leave us without receiving the ovations which are preparing for him in every town in the kingdom.

Of all the follies and extravagances I have seen in my life (and insular eccentricities have never been wanting), I could never have conceived anything to equal this frenzy of all classes, and especially the total lack of regard for the Corps Diplomatique in the recep-

tion of Garibaldi by the Minister for Foreign Affairs as well as by the others. They say the Queen is very indignant at it. Why did she not forbid it? She prevented the desecration of Apsley House by commanding the Grande Maîtresse to Windsor. The Duke my cousin, did not even dine with Garibaldi at Lord Clanricarde's.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

LONDON,
May 18, 1864.

Your last letter interested me much in giving me the details of the last honours paid to my old friend. You were quite right to think that I also should have wished to place a wreath on his tomb. I was sincerely attached to him. His brilliant and original mind and the constant affection he showed me for nearly forty years touched me as much as his beautiful music ever charmed me. How many celebrities of Berlin have disappeared since my time! Humboldt, Savigny, Rauch, Begas, Mendelssohn, and now Meyerbeer! There is not a town in Europe which can boast such talented people as those we so often had the pleasure of seeing at our house.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

FOLKESTONE,
June 7, 1864.

From the papers to-day I fear that war is going to begin again. I think Maréchal Wrangel is fortunate to have retired. The public here is so very *monté* for the Danes that I always dread they may push the Government to war in the end, although very un-

* Death of Meyerbeer.

willingly; but our Ministers have great difficulty in resisting the Houses and the public. The example of that fatal Crimean War ought to make us cease mixing ourselves in things which do not concern us.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

WIMBLEDON,
July 12, 1864.

Events in Parliament during the past week have delivered us from great suspense, and I hope we shall no longer hear of any talk of war between England and Germany, since it is evident that, in spite of *public opinion*, the country does not wish for war. God grant that the other countries will be satisfied, and this terrible outpouring of blood will cease! All three of us are pleased to be here and out of London, where the two parties tear each other's eyes out and abuse each other. Apropos of this, I must tell you what Jenny Lind's youngest child said the other day. This little one, who is not yet four years old, was with his mother when Mr. Goldschmidt, who had been to hear the debate in the House of Commons, was telling his wife the big words and lies that one of the Ministers received from a member of the Opposition. The little one interrupted him, saying, 'But why did they not turn the naughty man out of the room for speaking so?' I think he was quite right, for their abuse passes all idea, and must make them very ridiculous or very despicable in the eyes of other nations.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

LONDON,
December 7, 1864.

Another little bit of gossip! My daughter-in-law had a visit the other day from one of the great ladies

who, according to the horrible fashion of the day, paints her lips, as well as her eyebrows. The little boy, being with his mother, said, 'See, mamma, poor Lady ——'s lips are all bleeding, she must be hurt.'

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

LONDON,
March 1, 1865.

Your last letter gives me the greatest pleasure, because of the good news you give me of the dear Queen and her kind remembrance of me. When you have the opportunity, pray tell her I am not unworthy (*indigne*) of it, by the tender devotion I bear towards her, and the deep gratitude I feel for all the kindnesses she has showered upon me for so many years.

I wish I could amuse you with as much news of society as you give me in your charming letters. However, I will tell you what is occupying all their gossip just now. It is a blunder made by one of the underlings in the Lord Chamberlain's office, who had the charge of making out the invitations for the 'Reception' the Queen held yesterday instead of a Drawing-Room. She did not want to expose herself to the fatigues of these crowds to which everybody comes, and she wished to have several receptions, each of a restricted number of invited guests.

Her Majesty received at 2 p.m., said two words to a few, did not speak at all to the others, and everything was over in half an hour. Yesterday the entire Corps Diplomatique was invited, and each Ambassador or Minister received an invitation for himself and 'all the members of the Embassy (or Legation), *male and female*.' Imagine the ridicule which will amuse all the

Courts of Europe! Some say it is like Noah's ark. Others are reminded of the Zoological Gardens. But can you imagine this inconceivable stupidity?

The Queen appeared for the first time in a dress (with a train) of black silk: until now she has not left off woollen dresses. Her gown was trimmed with crêpe. She wore a bonnet which is a mixture of a *widow's cap* and a Marie Stuart bonnet, with a great many diamonds round the bonnet and on her dress.

The Duchess of Cambridge came to dine with me yesterday. She is always very kind to me and very agreeable in society. I had collected a little company of twelve people, amongst others the Bloomfields, who are just returning to Vienna. Lady Bloomfield asked a great deal about you, and begged me to give her love to you. My son and his wife came from Ape-thorpe expressly for this dinner. They return there to-day to finish the hunting. Queen Amélie recently gave a little fancy-dress ball at Claremont for her children and grandchildren, several of whom are recently married. It was especially to amuse the new bride, an heiress from Brazil, become Countess d'Eu. The two Princesses who have married the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres are very pretty. This venerable and interesting Queen, whose heart remains young, is happy surrounded by the beautiful family who adore her. Queen Victoria sent her two daughters, the Princesses Helena and Louise, and Prince Arthur from Windsor to this ball in fancy-dress *poudré*. Just imagine! the postilions lost their way between Claremont and Windsor, and the Royal children did not get back to the Castle till past three in the morning.

Lord Brougham to Lady Westmorland.

CANNES,
April 25, 1865.

We have had Lady Malet here for a couple of weeks, and it is a great comfort to us and her son, the Colonel, who is a very nice fellow indeed. She has a very bad opinion of things in Germany—as who has not? They are evidently a wrong-headed race, and they will end by their disputes and the disrepute into which they are fallen being too great a temptation to Louis Napoleon, and by his making some bargain against them. He (Louis Napoleon) is most fortunate in having such an antagonist as Thiers, who has done for himself in the opinion of all rational people. The Liberals are against him, though pleased to have him attack the Government even on the points on which they suffer most from him, as the *Pope* and *Italy*. Then the Papal party, though pleased with his absurd deference, yet don't consider that he goes half far enough with them, and as for his hostility to Free Trade, all are against him.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Neale.

SCARBOROUGH,
October 24, 1865.

This place is so bright and the walks so charming that it is all we want. But this week we have a charming woman, a great friend of Rose's. She is the wife of the Archbishop of York,* who is himself an extremely nice man, and very young to be an Archbishop, for he is only forty-five. His wife is very

* Archbishop Thomson.

pretty, young, and *excellente*, and they have some charming little children.

I pity Lady Palmerston very much, who adored her husband as much as when she was young, and I doubt if at seventy-eight she can long survive a loss which breaks up her whole existence.* As for himself, I think his death completes the extraordinary happiness of his life. What can one desire better than to die, at eighty-one, in full possession of all one's faculties, and of everything that can make life pleasant? He never had any children, but those of his wife loved him and lived in his house as if he was their father. As to his colleagues and his successors, they are found amongst my old acquaintances, and Lord Clarendon is my relation, and has always been my friend, whilst the *Conservative party* no longer includes anyone who is to me more than a *common acquaintance*.

As for political opinions, I trouble little about them. Everything is so changed *since our time*, that I am not sure that the so-called Conservatives are not more destructive than others.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

LONDON,
December 13, 1865.

The sad news of my august friend† reached me on Sunday. I was prepared for it, for since the commencement of his illness I never had any hope. His death was peaceful, without pain. There were with him his daughter-in-law, whom he loved much, his two sons, and the two eldest of his grandchildren.

* Lord Palmerston died in October, 1865.

† Death of King Leopold.

He certainly had a presentiment of his death when he wrote to me (for the last time) at the time of starting for the little journey to Ardenne a few weeks ago. He said he was better than he had been for seven months, and that if he could pass the winter in the South of Europe he should hope for a new *lease*; but that being impossible, he viewed the approach of winter with *dismay*. His letter was long and full of affection. He recalled past years; all that he said showed gratitude to my mother (whom he loved much), and to her good advice, and to my uncle how much he always loved my husband, and then he recapitulated our old friendship of more than fifty years. How much his first wife, with such a *noble and generous heart*, was attached to me, and how pleased he had been when his *angelic Louise* had confessed an equal affection to me. You can guess how this letter has touched me. It was so imprinted with melancholy that I have been uneasy about him ever since. I am sure that your dear Queen will be very grieved at this death. He was very attached to her, and often spoke to me of her with admiration. When you have the opportunity I beg you to express to Her Majesty all my gratitude for the kind remembrance she graciously keeps of me, and tell her how much I think of her at this sad time. I have just received a touching letter from that sainted Queen Amélie. She knew the attachment I had for the King, and his kindness to me. It is a terrible loss to Queen A., for he was, as she writes to me, 'not only the most devoted son, but my adviser and upholder in my painful circumstances.'

This splendid Princess, now eighty-three, is still the most admirable, the most pious, and the most resigned of women.

Lady Westmorland to Comtesse Pauline Néale.

December 27, 1865.

Rose is very much pleased at the idea that when you and I are no longer in this world, she will possess these poor letters, which I have always written with so much pleasure, and which you receive with so much kindness and affection. Good-bye, my dearest friend. Know all the tender thoughts in my heart for you for the new year; but, indeed, they are the same every day, for I do not cease to think of you and love you very tenderly. God bless you!

P. W.

Comtesse Pauline Néale to Lady Westmorland.

[Just after the Battle of Sadowa, in which the Austrians were defeated.]

BERLIN,
July, 1866.

Blessings on you, dear friend, for your letter, which completes my happiness! You have all the details of our noble King and his glorious army, and they are eagerly looked for, in spite of torrents of tears; but the wounded prisoners are cared for as brothers, and they begin to doubt the lying imputations against us in their own country. I shall, perhaps, have the courage to send you to-day's paper, which will show you that there is no swagger, and that we have not recalled the calumnies poured on us. Austria has been very perfidious. She has often reaped fruits of glory before.

You have no idea of all the works of charity here; all classes join in them, and the gifts increase enough to enrich everyone. I saw all this fifty-three years ago. I worked in the hospitals then; now I cannot

stir out, but work and knit and sew all I can at home. My senses are going, but my head is the same; and so I think much of you and of your dear child, whose happiness is yours.

Innumerable cares and works absorb the time and thoughts of everyone here, mingled with many tears and anxieties and aching hearts—only endurable by the constant active work that goes on.

The King's letter to the Queen shows his noble and generous heart, and recognition of the grace of God, to whom we owe all.

*From Comtesse Pauline Néale's Sister to Lady
Westmorland.*

POTSDAM NEW PALACE,
August 18, 1870.*

I received yesterday your kind letter of the 11th. I read it with emotion, but not with surprise, for I was sure you would think of us and join with me in blessing God for having recalled to Himself our dear Pauline—so warm in heart, so weak and feeble in body—before this time of sorrow and agony which overwhelms us, and of which no one, alas! can see the end. Her ardent soul would have, in her inaction, succumbed. She would have wished to suffer with and help others, and would have had the terrible grief of not being able to be of use. This horrible war† would have broken her heart, and the death of Prince G. Radziwill would have wiped out the recollections of a lifetime! I thank you for your sympathy for that dear family. I have seen the birth of them all, and they are rooted in my heart's affection—though I have also seen die off increasingly

* Comtesse Pauline had died in 1869.

† Between France and Germany.

many members of it. The King, who had taken leave of Prince Radziwill on his departure for the army, is much affected by his death. Born in the same year and the same month, and bearing the same name as himself, he had been the favourite companion of his childhood, and remained until his last breath the most faithful and devoted of his friends. The mental faculties of the deceased had become clouded in the last days; but, on seeing the King for the last time on the 29th, his mind seemed to become clearer; he tried to talk, and murmured some farewell words, which made the King burst into tears. The Queen has been an angel of consolation to the poor widow, who, deprived of her three sons, had not even the comfort of seeing her brother arrive in time for the Requiem in the Roman Catholic Church, where the coffin will remain till his son can return to take it to the family vault at Antonin, where his parents, two brothers, two sisters, and two daughters already rest.

I will not talk to you of our victories, which, alas! are causing so much blood, and so many tears to flow. The newspaper gives all details. God has visibly assisted us so far, and you can understand the state of anxious expectation in which we are living here at the New Palace. The Princess Royal is admirable in her courage and constant activity, which does not in any way interfere with her nursing her baby, which is thriving satisfactorily. She is much occupied about a hospital she is establishing at her own expense, with thirty-six beds and every appliance for nursing the wounded. The general enthusiasm reigning in all classes encourages everyone. Nobody complains of the sacrifices imposed upon them, but offers them willingly for their country's sake.

I am writing these lines on the chance of sending them off. I am here with no carriage, no servant nothing but my good old legs to depend upon. The legs are better than my head, which is occasionally subject to tiresome attacks of giddiness.

Dear my lady, how well you express all your feelings, which find an echo in mine! It was on the 13th of this month that the best part of my life left me; it was on the 28th that his birth shed a bright ray of light around it. I still retain in my heart a soft radiance that illuminates my old age. Yes, my dear my lady, one is not really to be pitied so long as one has happy memories, and they are a possession which death itself cannot rob us of.

I hope you may be able to read this—a task I am imposing on you, but not undertaking myself. This is, however, excusable at ninety years old, which I shall complete on September 4—always a joyful day for me, as it was also the birthday of my Georgina. I beg of you a kindly remembrance of your old and faithful

SOPHIE DE BERGH.

INDEX

- ABBEVILLE**, 49
Aberdeen, Lord, 64, 65; on the condition of the King of Hanover's health, 71; letter from Queen Victoria in acknowledgment of his services, 79; his support of Lord J. Russell, 95; on the publication of his letters in the 'Revue Rétrospective,' 133; his Cabinet, 168; speech on the debate on the Address, 197; Ministry resign, 249
Adlerberg, Count, 364
Adlerburg, Madame d', at Simpheropol, 262; on the losses sustained by the Russians at Sebastopol, 262
Ailesbury, Lady, 313
Airey, Sir Richard, 311
Aix-la-Chapelle, Congress of, 184
Alava, General, 35
Albany, Leopold, Duke of, his birth, 173
Albert, Prince, question of precedence, 32; his view on the plan of a United Germany, 129, 132; increasing popularity, 130; plans for the constitution of the Empire, 132; conversation with Lady Westmorland, 154; on the loss of Sir R. Peel, 154; his death and funeral, 428
Albrecht, Prince, 354
Aldboro, Lady, 44
Algiers, 118
Alice, Princess, her grief at the marriage of her sister, 353; her marriage, 434
Alien or Refugee Act, 335
Allied army, enter Paris, 1; cross the Danube, 229; relations with Austria, 229; assemble at Rustchuck, 232; land at Eupatoria, 237, 239
Alma, victory of, 237, 239; number of killed and wounded, 240
Alvensleben, Count, his death, 365
Anson, Mr., 84
Apethorpe, 31, 89, 122, 274; plan of a conservatory at, 97; improvements, 367
Apponyi, Anna, Comtesse, 407
Apponyi, Rudolf, Count, Austrian Ambassador in London, 407
Apsley House, 33 note; damage caused by a storm, 94
Arago, his death, 181
Arbuthnot, Right Hon. 'Charles, 48, 88
Arbuthnot, Mrs., 19 note
Argyll, Elizabeth, Duchess of, her visit to Comtesse Pauline Néale, 367; her sons, 368
Argyll, Duke of, 368
Arnim (Bortzenburg), Count, 116
Arnim (Heinrichsdorf), Baron, 225, 244, 245
Arthur, Prince, his birth, 154; at the fancy-dress ball at Claremont, 464
Auerswald, General, murdered, 140; trial of his murderers, 140-142
Aulaire, Count de St., 36
Aumale, Duc d', his arrival at Lisbon, 118
Austria joins the Allies, 18; sends no representative to the Duke of Wellington's funeral, 167; relations with the Allies, 229; distrust of, 235; invades Piedmont, 379; defeated, 379; hostility to Prussia, 404
Austria, Empress Elizabeth of, her appearance, 202; birth of a daughter, 257
Austria, Emperor of, 181; his shyness, 161; love of dancing, 161; appearance, 162; visit to Berlin,

- 168; attempt on his life, 168; attends a thanksgiving service in the cathedral, 170; rejoicings on his recovery, 170; festivities on his marriage, 186, 199; reception of his bride, 202; entry into Vienna, 203; marriage, 203; his policy, 214; at Olmütz, 219
Austria, Archduke John, elected *Reichsverweser*, 130
Austria, Archduchess Sophie, 188, 190; at Ischl, 270
Austria, Archduke William, 188
Austria, Archduke Francis Charles, 170
Auvergne, M. de Latour d', Ambassador in London, 445
Azeglio, Signor, Italian Minister in London, 408; his relations with Garibaldi, 450
- Bacciocchi, Count, on the number of guests at Compiègne, 444
Bacourt, M. de, 36
Baden, Grand Duchess of, 180; her marriage, 273, 286, 293; at Carlsruhe, 317; characteristics, 424
Baden, Grand Duke of, his marriage, 273, 286, 293
Bagot, Caroline, 88
Bagot, Cattie, 85
Bagot, Lady, 19, 397
Bagot, Sir Charles, Minister at Washington, 19 note
Bagration, Princess, 282
Balaklava, Battle of, 237
Barèges, waters of, 31, 36
Baring, F., 299
Baring, Mrs., 84
Barth, Mme. Hasselt, 60
Basile, Dr., his letter on Garibaldi, 453, 455
Bavaria, Princess Elizabeth of, her marriage, 186, 199; entry into Vienna, 199, 203. See Austria
Beaufort, Duchess of, 175
Beauharnais, Viceroy, 11
Beauvale, Lady, 73, 77, 92; her marriage, 284
Beauvale, Lord, 32; his conscientiousness, 285
Beck, Mr., 107
Beckett, Lady Ann, 313
Bedford, Duchess of, 302; her death, 325, 331
Bedford, Duke of, Master of the Horse, 72; visit from Lady Westmorland, 302; on the article vindicating Lord Raglan, 305; death of his wife, 325, 331; visit to Queen Victoria, 333; on political matters, 335, 336-348; on the death of the Duchess of Leinster, 395; affection for Lady Westmorland, 396; letters from, 305, 330-333, 335-348, 395-397
Begas, his portrait of Schadow, 432
Belgians, King Leopold of the, his visit to Walmer Castle, 42-44; receives Lady Westmorland, 59, 60; admiration for the Princess of Prussia, 62; character of his government, 131, 143; on the death of Lady Mornington and the King of Hanover, 157-159; on the death of the Duke of Wellington, 168; his stay at Vienna, 174; proposed marriage of his son, 174; on the prospects of peace, 258; celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his reign, 276; his wish to bestow a decoration on Lord Westmorland, 289, 290; reception and loyalty of his people, 291; the marriage of his daughter Charlotte, 301; visit to Lady Westmorland, 419; his illness, 432; in London, 448; death, 466; letters from, 157-159, 168, 172, 253, 258, 290-292, 301
Belgians, Queen Louise of the, 58; at Walmer Castle, 42-44; her appearance, 44; on the flight of her parents from France, 117, 119, 126; letters from, 117-119, 126, 143
Belgium, Princess Charlotte of, her marriage, 301. See Mexico
Bergh, Alfred de, 321
Bergh, Sophie de, letter from, on the death of her sister, 469-471
Berlin, 54; first Prussian Parliament in, 55; the Opera, 103; new museum, 103; celebrities, 103; outbreak of the Revolution, 113, 119; restoration of order, 114; under martial law, 137; meeting of the Congress of Princes at, 139
Bernadotte, General, Prince Royal of Sweden, 3
Bernstorff, Count, Prussian Ambassador in London, 301
Berri, Duc de, 183
Bessborough, Earl of, 147 note; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 84 note

- Beust, Count, Prime Minister of Austria, 404
- Bidwell, John, 91 note
- Bidwell, John James, 91
- Bidwell, Thomas, 91 note
- Birch, Miss, 61
- Bismarck, Schonhausen, M. de, 384, 414
- Bloomfield, Lady, 464
- Bloomfield, Lord, 194; Minister at Berlin, 351
- Blücher, General, 11
- Bolguhoff at Peterwaldau, 18
- Bonaparte, Joseph, 3
- Bonin in command of the army in Schleswig-Holstein, 211
- Bordeaux, 45; reception of Louis Napoleon at, 166
- Bordeaux, Duc de, fusion with the Legitimist and Orleanist parties, 183
- Bothnia, Gulf of, 6
- Bourquenay, Baron, 194, 206, 209; his interview with Lord Westmorland, 212; preparations for war, 213; negotiations with Lord Westmorland and Buol, 226-229; accident to his son, 231; his wish to sign the Convention, 235
- Brabant, Duc de, his proposed marriage, 174, 177
- Brandenburg, Countess, her death, 257
- Breslau, 8; member returned for, 122; festivities at, 426
- Bresson, Mme., 133
- Bretby, 45
- Brighton, 216, 273
- Brogie, Albertine, Duchesse de, letter from, 21; her affection for Lady Burghersh, 21; sympathy on the loss of her baby, 24; grief on the death of her mother, 27; birth of a child, 28
- Brogie, Duc de, 183
- Brougham, Lord, 74; on the death of Sir R. Peel, 151; of the Duke of Wellington, 164; on the reception of Louis Napoleon in the South of France, 166; at Cannes, 171, 181, 182, 280; speech on the debate on the Address, 197; congratulations on the Battle of Alma, 239; the overthrow of the Aberdeen Ministry, 251; negotiations of peace, 281; Louis Napoleon's position, 297; his 'Dissertation on Revolutions,' 300; illness, 307; on the death of the Prince Consort, 428; letters from, 134, 164, 166, 171, 181, 182, 197, 239, 251, 270, 280-282, 287, 297-301, 306-309, 334, 392-395, 428, 430, 446, 465
- Brougham, Mr., 23
- Browning, Mr. E., 97
- Bruce, General, his death, 434
- Brunnow, Mme., 87
- Brunnow, Baron, his views on Lord Westmorland remaining at Berlin, 83, 86
- Brunswick, Duke of, 57, 228
- Brussels, 58
- Buccleuch, Duchess of, 73
- Buccleuch, Duke of, High Steward of Westminster, 439
- Bucharest, Prince of, 218
- Budberg, Mme., 290
- Bulgaria, King Ferdinand of, 433
- Bülöw, Constance von, her marriage, 296
- Bülöw, Baron von, his relations with the Foreign Office, 69; leaning towards France, 69
- Bulwick, 247
- Bunsen, Baron, 55; his views on Lord Westmorland's remaining at Berlin, 83; at Windsor Castle, 96; meeting with Lady Westmorland, 65; on the relations between the King and Prince of Prussia, 65; his project of a Constitution, 66-70; conversation with Lady Westmorland on revolutionary affairs, 123-126; his wish to accept the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs, 131; appointed to transact the affairs of the German Empire, 211
- Bunsen, Mme., at Windsor Castle, 96
- Buol, Comtesse, 191
- Buol, Count, his interview with Lord Westmorland, 212; negotiations with him and Bourquenay, 226-229; agrees to sign the Convention, 235
- Buonaparte, Jerome, 388 note
- Burghersh, George, Lord, his death, 113
- Burghersh, Ernest, Lord, his marriage, 144; his death, 109
- Burghersh, Francis, Lord, A.D.C. to Lord Dalhousie, 155 note; his return to Southampton, 155; appearance, 156; wish to go to Apethorpe, 156; at Vienna, 179; A.D.C. to Lord Raglan, 186, 191,

- 192; on the movements of the army, 217; brings the Alma despatches to England, 237; return to the Crimea, 237; care of the Russian wounded, 241; return to London, 242; visit to Balmoral, 243, 244; promoted Lieutenant-Colonel, 243; visits his mother in Vienna, 245; leaves for Trieste, 245; affection and care for his uncle, 246, 260, 268; telegram to the Tryons, 248; on the death of his uncle, 268; attack of fever, 269; Order of the Bath, 269; marriage, 293; his post with the Duke of Cambridge, 317; illness at Compiègne, 422, 444
- Burghersh, Lady**, in Paris, 1; at Florence, 2; birth and death of her first child, 2, 23; birth of a son, 17, 20; confidential intermediary between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Melbourne, 32, 50; visits from the Duke, 37, 45, 50; at Walmer Castle, 39; her children, 39; account of the visit of Princess Victoria, 42-44; on the Precedency Question, 50-53. See Westmorland
- Burghersh, Lord**, appointed English Commissioner to the Austrian army, 1; in Paris, 1; Minister at Florence, 2; resigns his post, 31; return to England, 31; founds the Academy of Music, 31 note; returns to Florence, 33 note; relations with his father, 47; Minister at Berlin, 54; succeeds to the title, 54. See Westmorland
- Burgoyne, General Sir John**, at Vienna, 260
- Byron, Lord**, his reception in Geneva, 22; poem on Switzerland, 23
- Cambridge, 146**
- Cambridge, Princess Augusta of**, her marriage, 89, 174; at Windsor Castle, 96. See Mecklenburg-Schwerin
- Cambridge, Duchess of**, 61, 64, 244, 464; her illness, 176
- Cambridge, Adolphus, Duke of**, 52, 65; his illness, 151, 152
- Cambridge, George, Duke of**, visit to Vienna, 198; to Constantinople, 247; at the Council of War in Paris, 274; present at the debate on the Crimea, 311
- Campbell, Lord Archibald**, 368
- Campbell, Lord**, his opposition to the Alien or Refugee Act, 335
- Camphausen, Prime Minister**, 121
- Canitz, Mme. de**, 322
- Cannes**, 181
- Capel, Lady Adela**, 429 note
- Carlsrona**, 11
- Carlsruhe**, 317
- Carlyle, Thomas**, his meeting with Mr. Elwin, 405
- Castellane, Pauline de**, her marriage, 380 note, 389
- Castiglione, Comtesse**, her appearance, 434
- Cavour, Count**, his interview with Emperor Louis Napoleon, 379, 406
- Cawdor, Lord**, 60
- Cerito, style of her dancing**, 94
- Charlottenburg**, 112
- Chartres, Duc de**, 464
- Chobham Common, camp on**, 175
- Cholera, epidemic of**, 241
- Chotek, Count**, 427
- Chotek, Countess**, 427
- Clam, Countess**, 264
- Clanricarde, Lady**, 34
- Clanricarde, Lord**, 342
- Clarendon, Lord**, at Windsor Castle, 96, 97; on the settlement of affairs, 208; abuse of the King of Prussia, 211; of the Emperor of Russia, 219; on the policy of the Emperor of Austria, 214; his mission to Paris, 276; speech on Count Walewski's despatch, 341; conversation with Emperor Louis Napoleon, 345, 457; visit from Lady Westmorland, 437
- Clark, Sir J.**, 72
- Clary, Princess**, 364
- Clifford, Mr. and Mrs.**, 23
- Coburg**, 55
- Coburg, Ernest I., Duke of**, 54, 56; his death, 62
- Coburg, Ernest II., Duke of**, at Vienna, 206, 209, 221; his policy in connection with Emperor Louis Napoleon, 217
- Cockerell, Mr.**, 98
- Cochrane, Mr. Baillie**, 459
- Coercion Bill, Irish**, 72 note; defeat of, 55
- Colleredo, Princess**, 414
- Cologne**, 54, 136, 241; restoration of the cathedral, 54

- Compiègne, French Court at, 422 ;
 number of guests, 444
 Connaught, Duchess of, 354 note
 Conspiracy Bill, 304, 330, 359
 Constantinople, 247 ; news from,
 179
 Cook, Colonel, 13
 Cooke, Miss, 210
 Cooke, Mr., 275
 Coppet, 20
 Corn Laws, repeal of the, 55, 87
 Cornett, the conductor, 107
 Corporation Reform, 38 note
 Corsica, 1
 Corsini, Princess, Duchess of Casig-
 liana, 290
 Costa, 92
 Cowley, Lady, at Compiègne, 436
 Cowley, Lord, Minister at Paris,
 214 ; at Compiègne, 436
 Crimean Expedition, 228 ; War,
 237
 Croker, Right Hon. J. W., 101 note
 Croly, Dr., characteristics of his
 sermon, 277
 Crowe, Mrs., 156
 Curzon, Lady Adelaide, her mar-
 riage, 293. See Burghersh.
- Dalhousie, Lady, her death, 175
 Dalhousie, Lord, 155 note
 Dalmatie, Marquis de, 70
 Dawson, Mrs., 74
 Day, Mr., 97, 278
 Deal, 43
 Delessert, M., 133
 Denman, Judge, 164
 Denmark, proposed incorporation
 with Germany, 124 ; war with
 Germany, 448
 Denmark, Princess Alexandra of,
 her appearance, 437, 439 ; arrival
 in London, 438 ; procession, 439 ;
 marriage, 440. See Wales
 Derby, Lord, 87, 111 ; entrusted to
 form a Ministry, 163 ; his speech
 on the debate on the Address,
 197 ; his India Bill, 343 ; Reform
 Bill, 346 ; abuse of Lord J.
 Russell, 347 ; defeat of his
 Ministry on the Reform Bill, 396 ;
 vacillating conduct, 454
 Devonshire, Duchess of, 23
 Devonshire, Duke of, his death, 334
 Dietrichstein, 64, 87
 Disraeli, Mr., 111 ; on the Reform
 Bill, 397
 Doberan, 108
 Douhoff, Countess, 108, 177
- Douro, Lady, 84
 Dresden, 10 note, 11
 Drouyn, M. de l'Huys, 209 ; Pleni-
 potentiary at the Vienna Con-
 gress, 237, 261
 Duckett, Captain, 120
 Dundas, Hon. Robert, 269
 Düppel, taking of, 460
- Eastern Question, Settlement of,
 162
 Edinburgh, 423
 Eglinton, Lady, her death, 429
 Elbe, the, 9
 Ellenborough, Lord, his reckless
 talk, 74
 Elliott, Sir Gilbert, 1
 Elwin, Rev. W., his article vindi-
 cating Lord Raglan, 304 ; at
 Woburn Abbey, 344 ; his meeting
 with Carlyle, 405 ; fascination for
 him, 405
 Esterhazy, C., Austrian Minister at
 St. Petersburg, 229
 Esterhazy, Paul, Prince, 206
 Esterhazy, Prince Nicholas, 180
 note
 Esterhazy, Princess, 180, 263. See
 Villiers
 Eu, Countess d', 464
 Eugénie, Empress, 259 ; her ap-
 pearance, 444
 Eupatoria, allied army land at, 237 .
 239
 Exhibition, opening of, 432
- Fagel, R., 64
 Fane, Arthur, his birth, 17 ; death,
 23
 Fane, Ernest, 36 ; sent to school,
 47. See Burghersh
 Fane, Francis, sent to school, 47.
 See Burghersh
 Fane, George, 39, 44. See Burghersh
 Fane, Julian, 39, 40, 47 ; his de-
 light in Mdle. Rachel's acting,
 88 ; wins the Chancellor's medal
 for English poetry, 106 note ;
 his poems, 110 ; portrait, 112 ;
 recites his prize poem, 146 ; result
 of his examination, 148 ; attends
 the levée, 151 ; takes part in a
 play, 262, 264 ; attached to Lord
 Clarendon's mission, 276 ; Secre-
 tary at St. Petersburg, 288 ; ap-
 pointed Secretary of Legation at
 Vienna, 363 ; letters from his
 mother, 112-115, 121, 135-142,
 404-408, 450-458, 460

- Fane, Hon. Louisa, 44
 Fane, Mrs., 93
 Fane, Lady Rose, 37, 43, 55; at Laeken, 59, 60; her début, 143; at Cambridge, 146; meets her brother at Southampton, 155 *et seq.*
 Fern Hill, 48
 Fitzroy, Lady Anne, 19 note
 Fitzwilliam, Lord, 423
 Flahault, Mme. de, 423
 Fletcher, Mrs., 19
 Florence, 2
 Folkestone, 461
 Forester, Lord, his marriage, 284 note
 Fortescue, Lord, Lord Steward, 79; in favour of the Conspiracy Bill, 339
 Fould, Achille, 392
 Fox-Strangways, Mr., 129
 France, Louis XVI., King of, takes the oath to the Constitution, 31
 France, Louis Philippe, King of, 60; his abdication, 113; flight from France, 117; at Claremont, 126; attack of grippe, 144
 France, Louis XVIII., 183
 France, Queen Marie Amélie, her flight from France, 117; at Claremont, 126; grief at the death of her daughter - in - law, 324; at Holland House, 432; her grandchildren, 433; fancy-dress ball, 464; on the death of King Leopold, 467
 France, revolution in, 113
 Franco-German War, 447, 469
 Frankfort, the proposed seat of Government, 124; suppression of the revolt, 135
 French, their losses at the Battle of Alma, 240
 Gagern, Head of the Frankfort Assembly, 221
 Galipoli, 222
 Gall, the phrenologist, 412
 Garcia, Mme. Pauline Viardot, 360
 Garibaldi, his visit to London, 447; demonstrations in his honour, 449; relations with Azeglio, 450; intercourse with Mazzini, 450; treatment by the Piedmontese Government, 451; characteristics, 451; reasons for leaving England, 452-456; meeting with Mazzini, 453; his appearance, 454
 Gauthier, 224; his illness, 275; recovery, 278
 Geneva, 22
 German Empire, plan of a United, 123, 129
 Germany, project of a Constitution, 66; in 1848 and 1870, 113; result of the elections, 121, 122; loyalty of the army and rural population, 135; war with Denmark, 448
 Ghica, Prince, 231
 Girardin, Emile de, at Compiègne, 422
 Giurgevo, fight at, 229, 231
 Gladstone, Right Hon. W. E., his wish to be elected a member of the Ionian Parliament, 336; explanation of Garibaldi's departure, 455
 Gloucester, Mary, Duchess of, 58, 61, 89; her illness, 199; on the victory of Alma, 243; her opinion of Lord Burghersh, 244; on Lord Raglan's honourable conduct, 282; on her recovery from illness, 292; weakness, 305; death, 308; letters from, 174-176, 199-201, 241, 243, 282, 292
 Goldschmidt, Mr. Otto, 462
 Goltz, Comte, A.D.C. to the Prince of Prussia, 154, 178
 Goodman, Mrs., her portrait of Lord Westmorland, 314
 Gordon, Sir Robert, Minister at Vienna, 79, 95
 Gortchakoff, Prince, 224; his wish for peace, 226; Plenipotentiary at the Vienna Conference, 237
 Granville, Lord, Chamberlain, 72, 76
 Gras, Mme. Dorus, 64
 Grassalkowich, Mme., 135
 Grasse, books burnt at, 307
 Greville, Lady Charlotte, 331, 344
 Grey, Sir George, 337; Secretary for the Colonies, 72
 Grey, Sir William, Minister at Stockholm, 213
 Grey, Lord, 72
 Grisi, Mme., 85
 Gröben, Count von, 165, 196
 Guizot, M., 70
 Haacke, Countess Edith, 177
 Haacke, Countess Adelaide, 179
 Hailstorm, damage caused by a, 93
 Hamelin, Admiral, 393
 Hamilton, Lady, 22
 Hamilton, Mr., 40
 Hanau, trial at, 140-142

- Hanover, Ernest, King of, 52; letter from, 57; condition of his health, 70; death, 157
- Hansemann, Mr., his political views, 136
- Hardenberg, Count, 9
- Hardinge, Sir Henry, 40
- Harrow, speeches at, 151
- Hatzfeldt, Count, his illness, 380; death, 381
- Heintz, M. de, Aide-de-Camp to Prince Frederick of Prussia, 296; his marriage, 296
- Helena, Princess, her christening, 89; at the fancy-dress ball at Claremont, 464
- Henley, Mr., disagrees with the proposed Reform Bill, 397
- Hervey, Mrs., her distress at seeing Lord Byron, 22
- Hicks, Mr., 313
- Hohenzollern, Stephanie, Princess of, her marriage, 366
- Holland, Queen of, at Ischl, 270; grief at the death of Lord Raglan, 270
- Holstein, Prince Jules of, 354
- Hood, Rev. W., 36, 54; at Cambridge, 146; letters from Lady Westmorland, 55, 119-121, 144, 162, 169, 192
- Hopkinson, Dr., 147
- Houghton, Lord and Lady, 451
- Hübner, Baron, Austrian Minister in Paris, 214
- Humboldt, Baron Alexander, 103; his 'Cosmos,' 104; peculiarity of constitution, 104; on the death of Lady Westmorland's son, 109; attack of rheumatism, 110; leaves for Potsdam, 295; his portrait, 295; amount of his correspondence, 295; death, 409; funeral, 411; characteristics, 412; shape of his head, 412; letters from, 107-112, 295
- Humboldt, William, 412
- Hunyady, Comtesse Julie, 187
- India, outbreak of the Mutiny, 317, 351
- India Bill, 343
- Inkerman, Battle of, 237, 246
- Ischl, 108; baths at, 237
- Isle of Wight, 65
- Jablonowski, Prince, 225
- Jackson, Francis, 11
- Jackson, Sir George, 11
- Jarnac, Comte de, 337
- Jassy, 220
- Jaucourt, Marquis de, Attaché to the French Embassy in Vienna, 264
- Jerome Napoleon, Prince, 394; his marriage, 388, 400; uncouth manners, 400; appearance, 434
- Jersey, Lady, 40, 48, 180, 313, 325, 433; her characteristics, 445; age, 445; report of the conversation between the Emperor Louis Napoleon and Lord Clarendon, 457
- Jersey, Lord, 332
- Johannesburg, 314
- Joinville, Prince de, his arrival in Lisbon, 118
- Joinville, Princesse de, 325, 433
- 'Joseph, Memoirs of King,' 310
- Kalisch, 7 note, 8
- Karolyi, C., 427
- Kent, Duchess of, 302 note; at Walmer Castle, 43, 96
- Kew, 176
- Kilmansegge, Count, 71, 86
- Kingscliffe, 317
- König, the furrier, his view on the result of democratic principles, 137
- Königsberg, 426
- Königswart, 266
- Kossuth, result of his presence in England, 158; reception, 160; character, 160; supposed instigator on the life of the Emperor of Austria, 169; his speech at Sheffield, 217
- Koutousoff, Prince, his characteristics, 10; illness and death, 10 note
- Krudener, Mme., 262. See Adlerburg
- Kuhn, 177
- Laeken, 58
- Lamb, Lady Caroline, 23
- Lamb, Frederick, 32, 37; his opinion of Bunsen's principles, 132. See Beauvale
- Langdale, Lady, 457
- Lansdowne, Lady, 23
- Lansdowne, Lord, 23; at Windsor, 252
- Lansdowne House, concert at, 91
- Lascy, Mme. de, 21
- Laute, Duchesse, 61.

- Layard, Mr., 332
 Legitimist Party, 183
 Leiningen, Prince, 209, 222; his death, 302
 Leinster, Duchess of, her death, 395
 Lerchenfeld, Comte, Bavarian Minister at Vienna, 261
 Lewis, Sir G., his Budget, 304
 Leyton, Sir, 59
 Lichnowsky, Prince, at the opening of the first Prussian Diet, 115; his speeches, 115, 117; elected to the Frankfort Parliament, 122; murdered, 140; trial of his murderers, 140-142
 Liechtenstein, Prince, his appearance, 434
 Lieven, Mme. de, 49, 167, 299
 Lincoln, Lady, 84
 Lind, Jenny, 105, 191, 204; her portrait, 140; at Wimbledon, 435; appearance and conversation, 435; singing, 443
 Linden, Mme., 194
 Linz, 199
 Liverpool, Lord, Lord Steward, 76; at Windsor Castle, 96, 97
 Lock, Miss Leila, her marriage, 144
 Lombardy ceded to Sardinia, 379
 Long, C., 171
 Lonsdale, Lord, 58, 306
 Lorne, Lord, 368
 Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French, 171, 196; his reception through the South of France, 166; policy, 208; connection with the Duke of Coburg, 217; arbitrator of Europe, 248; secret intentions, 258; visit to England, 260; difficulties of his position, 283, 300; idleness, 287, 393; improved position, 297; absence from Paris, 299; attempt on his life, 330, 334, 351; interview with Cavour, 379, 406; denies treaty with Russia, 409; influence over the Emperor of Russia, 419; mode of life at Compiègne, 436, 444; appearance, 444; characteristics, 444; conversation with Lord Clarendon, 457
 Louise, Princess, at the fancy-dress ball at Claremont, 464
 Lowther, Hon. William, 149; appointed to Washington, 342
 Lucca, Duchess of, 234
 Lumley, Mr., manager of His Majesty's Theatre, 98, 104
 Lygon, Lady Georgina, her marriage, 302
 Lyndhurst, Lord, 51, 80, 306; his opposition to the Alien or Refugee Act, 335
 Magnus, Professor, 140
 Malaret, Mme., 407
 Malet, Lady, 430; at Cannes, 465
 Malmesbury, Lord, 342; Foreign Secretary, 405; his conversation with Lady Westmorland, 405; on the reasons for Garibaldi's departure, 459
 Manteuffel, Baron, Prussian Minister for Foreign Affairs, 195; retires, 349, 372; refusal of favours, 375
 Marie, Archduchess, her proposed marriage, 174, 177
 Marie Louise, Empress, 2
 Marienbad, 225
 Mario, 89, 92, 105, 155
 Matuscewitz, Count Signor, 46
 Mauley, Lord de, Lord-in-Waiting, 88
 Maynooth Bill, adjourned debate on, 60
 Mazzini, 169; takes refuge in London, 447; meeting with Garibaldi, 453
 Mecklenburg, Duchess Caroline of, 174
 Mecklenburg Schwerin, Grand Duke of, 174, 378 note
 Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Prince George of, at Charlottenburg, 194
 Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Grand Duke of, threatened with blindness, 294
 Melbourne, Lord, his friendship with Lady Burghersh, 32; on the Precedency Question, 50; illness and death, 94
 Mendelssohn, 103
 Messent, Miss, 65
 Metternich, Princesse Pauline, 262
 Metternich, Prince, 69; exiled in England, 114, 127; failure of his policy of repression, 127; his warning to the King of Prussia, 128; return to Vienna, 161; character, 161; admiration for Lady Westmorland, 215; his birthday, 263; at Königswart, 266; at Vienna, 273; on the conclusion of peace, 283, 286; the position of Louis Napoleon, 283; visit from Lady Westmorland, 304, 316; on the qualities and

- weakness of Napoleon I., 310 ; conversation with Lady Westmorland, 314-316 ; with Count Nesselrode, 316 ; death, 410 ; reputation, 415 ; letters from, 162, 163, 173, 183-185, 205, 250, 254-256, 263, 266, 271, 273, 283-285, 286, 309-311
- Metternich, Princess, her characteristics, 436
- Mexico, Archduchess Charlotte, Empress of, 144 note ; departure from London, 448
- Mexico, Archduke Maximilian, Emperor of, his marriage, 301 ; character, 448
- Meyendorff, Alexander, on the siege of Silistria, 216 ; killed at Sebastopol, 262
- Meyendorff, Mme., 190, 230 ; anxiety for her husband, 262 ; loss of a son, 278
- Meyer, Secretary to Prince Albert, 132
- Meyerbeer, G., 98, 103, 140 ; letters from, 104-107 ; on producing his 'Vielka,' 105 ; his 'Fackeltanz,' 106 ; 'L'Étoile du Nord,' 106 ; rehearsal of his composition, 431 ; admiration for the Princess Royal, 431 ; his death, 461
- Middleton, 48
- Milan, 379
- Milanols, sisters, 64
- Militia Bill, 163
- Minto, Lord, 79 ; his mission to Pope Pius IX., 128
- Modena, Duke of, reinstated, 379
- Molesworth, Lady, 342 ; her attempt to unite Lord Palmerston and Lord J. Russell, 342
- Monerat, Mme., 233
- Montagu, Miss, her marriage, 293
- Montalembert, Count, 'Monks in the West,' 345 note
- Montebello, battle at, 379
- Moore, 47
- Morehay Lawn, 247
- Morley, John, extract from his 'Life of Gladstone,' 455 note
- Mornington, Lady, her death, 157
- Moskowa, Prince de la, 354
- Municipal Reform Bill, 32
- Munster, Count, 362
- Music, Academy of, founded in London, 31 note
- Napier, Admiral Sir Charles, in command of the Baltic Fleet, 213
- Napier, Lord, 305
- Napier, General Sir William, death of his daughter, 308 ; suffering from rheumatism, 309
- Naples, 423 ; diplomatic difficulties at, 298
- Naples, King of, 44
- Napoleon I., Emperor, 4 ; his pride of birth, 4 ; qualities and weakness, 310
- Néale, Comtesse Pauline, 80 ; her career, 104 ; at Apethorpe, 295 ; on the illness of King Frederick William IV., 318-321 ; her shyness, 326, 350 ; admiration for Emperor Louis Napoleon, 351 ; on the reception of Princess Royal in Berlin, 354-356 ; impressions of her, 361 ; birthday, 362, 399 ; visit from the Princess of Prussia, 362, 398 ; grief at the death of Count Alvensleben, 365 ; on the departure of the King of Prussia for Italy, 369-372 ; on the death of Count Hatzfeldt, 381 ; rejoicings at the birth of Prince Frederick William, 382-385 ; first sight of the baby, 386 ; solicitude for Emperor Louis Napoleon, 389 ; present at the celebrations of the Prince of Prussia's birthday, 401 ; at the Princess Royal's first party, 402 ; on the characteristics of Baron Humboldt, 412 ; the Coronation festivities, 426 ; death, 469 ; letters from Lady Westmorland, 167, 176-179, 187-192, 198, 201-204, 237-239, 240, 241-243, 244-250, 256-258, 259-270, 272, 273, 302, 316-318, 324, 352-354, 356, 359, 366, 368, 390, 391, 408-411, 417-419, 423, 425, 427, 428, 430-445, 448, 449, 458-460, 461-464, 465-468 ; letters to Lady Westmorland, 318-323, 325-329, 350, 354-356, 357, 358-366, 367, 369-378, 380-390, 397-404, 411-417, 420, 421, 424, 426, 429, 468
- Nemours, Duc de, his daughter, 433
- Nemours, Duchess of, her death, 324
- Nesselrode, Count, at Peterwaldau, 18 ; his conversation with Prince Metternich, 316
- 'Nesselrode Memoirs,' extract from, 10 note
- Netherlands, Prince Frederick of the, 370
- Neuchâtel, Republic of, disturbance in, 300

- Neumann, Lady Augusta, 143
 Newcastle, Duke of, publication of his Life, 304
 Ney, Edgar, 354
 Norfolk, Duke of, Master of the Horse, 79
 Norreys, Lady, 84
 Norton, Mrs., 225
 Nugent, Count, 218
 Nugent, Mdle., her intimacy with the Empress Eugénie, 259; her *panier*, 259
 Nuneham, 89
 Nussdorff, 198, 202
 O'Sullivan, Comte, Belgian Minister at Vienna, 230, 262
 Oberhoff, 56
 Obrenovitch, Princess, 187, 264
 Ohsson, Mme. d', 204
 Olmütz, meeting of the Emperor of Russia and Austria at, 219
 Oregon boundary dispute, 74
 Orleanist Party, 183
 Orleans, Duchess of, 144
 Orloff wounded, 216
 Orsini plot, 330, 334, 351, 388
 Osborne, Lord Sidney, 328
 Ostend, 58, 59
 Oubril, Mme. de, 290
 Oultrement, Countess d', 143
 Owen, Mr. Thomas, 184
 Oxford, 441
 Palmella, M., 9
 Palmer, Mr., 342
 Palmerston, Lady, 65; her relations with Lady Westmorland, 87; at Windsor Castle, 96, 97
 Palmerston, Lord, in the House of Lords, 76; on retaining Lord Westmorland in office, 78, 81; at Windsor Castle, 96, 97; hostile attitude, 167 note; defeated on the Conspiracy Bill, 304, 359; his Alien or Refugee Act, 335; at Woburn Abbey, 344; his visit to Emperor Louis Napoleon, 345; death, 466
 'Panmure Papers,' publication of the, 304
 Paris, allied armies enter, 1; Council of War at, 276
 Paris, Comte de, 464
 Paskewitsch at Jassy, 220
 Paton, A. A., 'The Goth and the Hun,' 224
 Peace, prospects for, 276; proclaimed, 276
 Peel, General, 454
 Peel, Lady, 151
 Peel, Sir Robert, his Tamworth manifesto, 35; interview with the Duke of Wellington, 45, 91; repeal of the Corn Laws, 55; management of the Sugar Question, 59; admiration for Queen Victoria, 65; Irish Coercion Bill, 72; praise of Cobden, 72, 76; political position, 73; separation from the Conservative Party, 76; explanation of his praise of Cobden, 90; views on the Protectionist Party, 99; wish to conciliate, 101; fall from his horse, 150; death, 151; truthfulness, 408
 Pepinster, railway accident at, 148
 Perigord, Mme. Edmond de, 25
 Perponcher, Count, 385
 Perponcher, Comtesse Antoinette, 355
 Persigny, French Ambassador in England, 392, 407
 Pesth, 164, 423
 Peterwaldau, Castle of, 15, 18
 Phipps, Sir Charles, Equerry, 88
 Piedmont invaded by Austria, 379
 Pischek, 60
 Pius IX., Pope, mission to, 128 note
 Pole, Mrs., 7
 Ponsonby, Hon. Gerald, 147; his characteristics, 150; private secretary to Lord Clarendon, 150
 Ponsonby, Lord, 79, 86
 'Portfolio,' publication of, 46 note
 Portugal, King Pedro V. of, his marriage, 366
 Portuguese Question, 99
 Potocki, Count, 398
 Potsdam, 112; palace at, 414
 Pozzo di Borgo, Count, his career, 1; Russian Ambassador at Paris, 1; at Stockholm, 3; meeting with Mme. de Staël, 4; impressions of Sweden, 5; at St. Petersburg, 6; on the characteristics of Mme. de Staël, 7, 15; at Kalisch, 8; Carlsrona, 11; Stralsund, 12; friendship with Lady Burghersh, 13; account of his duties, 14; at Peterwaldau, 15; Paris, 17; on the report of his marriage, 32; letters from, 2-20, 32, 49
 Prague, 423; negotiations of, 18
 Pratt, Van, 59
 Precedency Question, 32, 50
 Prussia joins Russia, 7 note; opening of the first Diet, 108, 114

- Prussia, Prince Alexander of, 385
 Prussia, Princess Alexandrine, her birth, 378
 Prussia, Queen Augusta of, her coronation, 426; receives Lady Westmorland, 442; at Windsor, 443. See Prussia, Princess of
 Prussia, Queen Elizabeth of, at Schönbrunn, 177; receives Lady Westmorland, 177; devotion to her husband, 319, 371; appearance, 326; religious views, 349; accusations against, 369
 Prussia, Prince Frederick of, 363
 Prussia, Prince Frederick Charles, 354
 Prussia, King Frederick William IV. of, at Cologne, 54; his relations with the Prince of Prussia, 65; project of a Constitution, 66-68; artistic tastes, 103; characteristics, 116; mismanagement of the revolution in Berlin, 119; orders the Prince of Prussia to England, 120; warning from Prince Metternich, 128; dissolves the Second Chamber, 138; gives a gala theatre, 139; on the death of the Duke of Wellington, 165; his illness, 195, 304, 318-320; on the prospect of peace, 195; improved condition, 321, 388; mode of life, 325; trials of his illness, 328; departure for Italy, 369; piety, 371, 404; at Rome, 380
 Prussia, Prince Frederick William of, his betrothal, 285; marriage, 334, 349, 353; present at the funeral of the Prince Consort, 428; speech at the Royal Academy of Arts, 431; receives Princess Alexandra in London, 440
 Prussia, Prince Frederick William Victor Albert, his birth, 382; appearance, 387
 Prussia, Prince George of, 385
 Prussia, Princess Frederick William of. See Royal, Princess
 Prussia, Queen Louise of, 104; birth of her daughter Alexandrine, 378
 Prussia, Princess Louise of, 180; her confirmation, 264; marriage, 273, 286, 293. See Baden
 Prussia, Prince of, 55; takes refuge in England, 113, 131; at the opening of the first Prussian Diet, 115; appointed Governor of the Rhenish Provinces, 120; ordered to England, 120; meetings against his return, 121; character, 131; visits to Lady Westmorland, 149, 178; conversation with Schmerling, 149; appointed Regent, 304, 322, 349; illness of his brother, 319; Commander-in-Chief on the Rhine, 320; attack of influenza, 326; difficulties of his position, 326, 370, 374, 399; sprains his ankle, 360; character of his government, 374; celebrations of his birthday, 401; coronation, 426. See William I.
 Prussia, Princess of, 55; her wish to meet Queen Victoria, 62; at Windsor Castle, 96; at the opening of the first Diet, 114; return to Berlin, 139; her portrait, 140; on the death of her father, 179; the betrothal of her son, 285, 288; marriage of her daughter, 293; on the illness of the King, 323, 334; present at the marriage of her son, 353; her appearance, 353; visits Comtesse Pauline Neale, 362; her illness, 371; sufferings from the blow on her head, 409; coronation, 426; letters from, 179, 276-278, 285, 288, 293, 323, 333, 366. See Augusta, Queen
 Prussia, King William I. of, his coronation at Königsberg, 426; grief at the death of Prince Radziwill, 470
 Pruth, the, 218
 Pückler, Prince, 402
 Putbus, Princess, 428
Quarterly Review, article on the vindication of Lord Raglan, 304
 Rachel, Mlle., 80, 85; her appearance, 88
 Radziwill, Prince G., his death, 469
 Radziwill, Princess Louise, 412
Radical Parochial Association of St. Giles, extract of meeting, 40-42
 Raglan, Lady, her illness, 241; at Windsor Castle, 248; marriage of her son, 302
 Raglan, Lord, 9 note, 87; appointed Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea, 186, 191, 192; parting with his wife and daughters, 201; illness of his daughter

- Charlotte, 201; successes in the war, 242, 243; accusations against, 249; letter from Queen Victoria, 249; sufferings, 252; difficulties of his position, 260; death, 265, 267; honourable conduct, 282; vindication, 304
- Raglan, Richard, Lord, 269, 408; his marriage, 302; at Berlin, 366
- 'Ragusa, Duke of,' 310
- Raikes, Sir Thomas, his Memoirs, 390, 402
- Randell, Miss, 28
- Rauch, the sculptor, 103, 190; his death, 328
- Redern, Count, 196, 354
- Reed, Mme. de, her illness, 88
- Reform Bill, 346; difficulties resulting from, 37; amendment on the proposed, 396
- Reuss, Prince, 354
- Revue des deux Mondes*, article in, 218
- '*Revue Rétrospective*,' letters published in the, 132, 133
- Rhenish Provinces, 120, 136
- Rhine, the, 109
- Ricketts, Captain, 275
- Rocca, M. de, 20; letter from, 21-23; at Geneva, 22; death of his wife, 28; his son, 29
- Rochecotte, 34, 389
- Roebuck, Mr., his vote of censure on the Government, 249 note, 251 note
- Rossi, Mme., 89, 234. See Sontag
- Rosslyn, Lord, 48
- Royal, Princess, her betrothal, 285; marriage, 334, 349, 353; reception in Berlin, 354-356; at Charlottenburg, 361; takes possession of her new palace, 373; qualities, 374, 377; birth of a son, 379, 382; first party, 402; prevented from coming to England, 409; characteristics, 416; tact, 416, 417; grief at the death of her father, 429; present at the marriage of her brother, 441; establishes a hospital, 470
- Rudge, Mr., 98
- Rugen, island of, 110
- Russell, Arthur, his vote for the Conspiracy Bill, 337
- Russell, Lord John, 38; charged with the formation of a new Ministry, 72; relations with the Duke of Wellington, 75; hopes for the support of the Protectionist Party, 76; on the total repeal of the Corn Laws, 87; Plenipotentiary at the Vienna Conference, 237, 256; resignation, 251; present at the baptism of the Empress of Austria's daughter, 257; confidence of his party, 306; opposition to the Alien or Refugee Act, 335
- Russell, Lord Odo, appointed to go with Lord Napier to America, 305; Chargé d'Affaires at Rome, 345; advice from Lord Palmerston, 345
- Russell, Lady William, 313, 453
- Russell, Lord William, his death, 91
- Russia joined by Prussia, 7 note
- Russia, Emperor Alexander I. of, at Kalisch, 7 note, 8; gift to the Duke of Wellington, 18
- Russia, Emperor Alexander II. of, his coronation, 299
- Russia, Grand Duchess Helen of, 108
- Russia, Emperor Nicholas of, at Olmütz, 219; on the negotiations for peace, 227; wish for peace, 248; death, 256
- Russia, Empress of, 70
- Russians, reported retreat from Wallachia, 235; routed at the Battle of Alma, 240; number of wounded, 241; losses at Sebastopol, 262
- Rustchuck, 231; allied army at, 232
- Sadowa, Battle of, 447, 468
- Sagan, Dorothea, Duchesse de, 25 note, 32, 109, 280, 321; at the opening of the first Prussian Diet, 115
- Sainte-Beuve at Compiègne, 422
- Salamanca, Battle of, 10
- Sardinia, war against Austria, 379
- Sardou, M., at Compiègne, 422
- Savoy, Princess Clothilde of, her marriage, 388, 400
- Saxe-Weimar, Duke of, 179, 433
- Saxe-Weimar, Herman, Prince of, 433
- Scarborough, 465
- Schadow, his portrait, 432
- Schlegel, A. W., on the sufferings and death of Mme. de Staël, 26-30
- Schlenitz, M. de, 385

- Schleswig-Holstein War, 447, 448
 Schlick, General, 206; leaves Vienna for Galicia, 226; number of his army, 226
 Schmerling, President of the Frankfurt Assembly, 149
 Schoffgotsch, Count, 115
 Schönbrunn, 177
 Schreiber, Captain F., 147
 Schwartzberg, Prince Felix, 160
 Schwartzberg, Princess, 225, 262
 Schwerin, Grand Duke Mecklenburg, 89 note
 Sebastopol, investment of, 237, 242; fall of, 271
 'Secrets de la Monarchie Autrichienne,' publication of, 393
 Seymour, Sir H., appointed Ambassador at Vienna, 274
 Sharleston, inauguration of the school at, 435
 Shelley, Lady, 77
 Silesia, 15 note, 18
 Silistria, fortress of, 208; siege, 216, 217
 Simpheropol, 262
 Smith, Mr. Culling, his death, 175
 Smithett, Captain, 58
 Smock, the courier, 86
 Sneyd, Ralph, 457
 Solferino, defeat of the Austrians at, 417
 Solvyns, Mr., Secretary of Legation, 143
 Somerset, Hon. Charlotte, her illness, 201
 Somerset, Lady Fitzroy, 9; in Paris, 19; her appearance, 19
 Somerset, Lord Fitzroy, 9 note, 46. See Raglan
 Somerset, Hon. Katherine, 267
 Sontag, Henriette, 89 note; her appearance, 155
 Sophia, Princess, 95
 Sotomayor, 64
 Southampton, 155
 Spain, Queen Christina of, 388
 Spain, Queen Isabella of, dispute on the question of her marriage, 132
 Spencer, Lord, Chamberlain, 79
 Staël, Mme. de, 2, 183 note; her meeting with Count Pozzo at Stockholm, 4; characteristics, 7, 15; sympathy on the death of Lady Burghersh's baby, 23; sufferings and death, 26, 27; funeral, 28; letters from, 20, 23, 25
 Stanley, Miss Mary, 442
 Stanley, Dr., 441; his works, 442; travels in the Holy Land, 442; affection for the Prince of Wales, 442
 Stanley, Lord, 99; his speech at Lynn, 341
 Stansfeld, Mr., his intimacy with Mazzini, 455
 Stein, Baron de, 8
 Stewart, General, 11, 12
 Stockholm, 3; its position, 5; palace, 5
 Stockmar, Baron, 84
 Stolberg, Count, his death, 189
 Stolzenfels, 62, 63, 109
 Stralsund, 11, 12
 Stratford de Redcliffe, Lady, 268
 Stratford de Redcliffe, Lord, 207, 360
 Strathfieldsaye, 48
 Strelitz, 108
 Sugar Question, 59, 89
 Sussex, Duke of, 52
 Sutherland, Duchess of, Mistress of the Robes, 78
 Sweden, 3, 223; characteristics of the country, 5
 Sydenham, Colonel, 22
 Taglioni, 85; style of her dancing, 94
 Talleyrand, M. de, 26
 Talleyrand, Prince, Ambassador in London, 29, 31; his career, 31; qualities, 32; letters from, 34, 35, 49
 Tamworth Manifesto, 35 note
 Taschereau, M., publishes letters in the 'Revue Rétrospective,' 133
 Tavistock, Lord, 341; his infirm health, 341 note
 Teck, H.R.H. Duchess of, 244
 Teleki, Count, 457 note
 Teleki, Countess, 457; her abuse of Garibaldi, 458
 Temple, Sir W., 95
 Thiers, M. de, his 'History of the Consulate and Empire,' 300, 310
 Thomson, Archbishop and Mrs., 465
 Thuringian Hills, 54, 56
 Tilsit, 1
 Toplitz, Treaty, signed at, 16 note
 Torgau, 6
 Trieste, 245
 Tryon, Admiral Sir George, 247 note

- Tryon, Captain, his death, 247
 Tuscany, Duke of, reinstated, 379
 Twiss, Sir Travers, 271
 Typhus, epidemic of, at Simpheropol, 262
- Unruh, Mr., President of the German Assembly, 136
 Usedom, Baron, appointed to negotiate the treaty with Denmark, 211
- Valençay, 34
 Varna, 222
 Venetia, subject to Austria, 379
 Vera Cruz, 449
 Verviers, 149
 Victor Emmanuel, King, his annoyance at the reception of Garibaldi in London, 451
 Victoria, Princess, her visit to Walmer Castle, 42
 Victoria, Queen, her first visit to Germany, 55; change in her views towards Sir R. Peel, 59; conversation with Lady Westmorland, 61-63, 129-131, 152-155; her wish to see the Princess of Prussia, 62; at the Isle of Wight, 65; on forming a new Government, 72; her wish to retain Lord Westmorland in office, 77; letter of thanks to Lord Aberdeen, 79; mode of spending her evenings at Windsor Castle, 96; relations with Lord Palmerston, 98; her children, 98; views on the plan of a United Germany, 129; grief at the death of Sir R. Peel, 152; birth of Prince Arthur, 154; birth of Prince Leopold, 173; receives Lord Burghersh at Balmoral, 243; admiration for Lord Raglan, 248; letter to him, 249; death of her step-brother, 302; death of Prince Consort, 428; her receptions, 463; dress, 464
 Vienna, disturbances in, 113; characteristics of the Society, 160; rejoicings on the recovery of the Emperor, 170; Conference at, 237
 Villefranche, Peace of, 408, 420
 Villiers, Lady Clementina, 325
 Villiers, Lady Sarah, her marriage, 180 note. See Esterhazy
 Virginia Water, 97
- Vistula, 7
 Voss, Countess, 378
- Waldstein, Mme., 225
 Wales, Prince of, his visit to Berlin, 376; height, 418; marriage, 422, 440; visit to Vienna, 430; grief at the loss of his tutor, 434; reception of Princess Alexandra, 439; characteristics, 442
 Wales, Princess of, her marriage, 422, 440; appearance, 441
 Walewski, Count, his influence on the Conspiracy Bill, 330
 Wallachia, Russians prepare to evacuate, 218; reported retreat from, 235
 Walmer Castle, 31, 39, 42
 Walpole, Mr., disagrees with the proposed Reform Bill, 397
 Warsaw, 8, 149
 Waterloo, Battle of, 17
 Webster, Henry, 275
 Wellesley, Lady Anne, 175 note
 Wellesley, Dr. Gerald, his marriage, 293
 Wellesley, Marquis, his death, 55
 Wellington, Duchess of, 312
 Wellington, Duke of, 10; at Paris, 18; gift from the Emperor Alexander, 18; entertainments, 25; confidential terms with Lady Burghersh, 32; visits to her, 37, 45; on the difficulties resulting from the Reform Bill, 37; interview with Peel, 45; his policy of waiting, 45; views on the Precedency Question, 50-52; relations with Lord J. Russell, 75; meeting with Peel, 91; at Windsor Castle, 96; on Peel's wish to conciliate, 101; death, 111, 161, 164; funeral, 111; present at the marriage of Lord Burghersh, 145
 Wentworth, 423
 Werther, Baron, 383
 Westmorland, Lady, at Berlin, 54, 114, 193; grief at the death of her uncle, 55; at Coburg, 56; at Laeken, 58-60; dines at the Palace, 61; conversations with Queen Victoria, 61-63, 129-131, 152-155; meeting with Bunsen, 65-70; on the change of Ministry, 72, 359; visits to the Duke of Wellington, 80, 85, 101; her letter to Lord Palmerston on

Lord Westmorland's remaining at Berlin, 82; relations with Lady Palmerston, 87; on the damage caused by a storm, 93; at Windsor Castle, 96; conversation with Sir R. Peel, 98-100; life in Berlin, 103; friends, 103; death of her son Ernest, 109; recalled to England on the death of her son George, 113, 122; on the opening of the first Prussian Diet, 114; her visit to Claremont, 114, 126; description of the revolution in Berlin, 119-121; at Apethorpe, 122, 144; conversation with Baron Bunsen, 123-126; with Prince Metternich, 127, 314-316; on the condition of affairs in Germany, 135-139; entertains the Congress of Princes, 139; at a gala theatre, 139; her portrait, 140; on the trial at Hanau, 140-142; at the marriage of her son Ernest, 144-146; at Cambridge, 146; in a railway accident, 148; visit from the Prince of Prussia, 149, 178; conversation with Prince Albert, 154; return of her son Francis, 155; death of her mother, 157; grief at the death of the Duke of Wellington, 161; at Vienna, 162, 198, 237; received by the Queen of Prussia, 177; return to England, 186, 237; illness, 186, 212, 245; entertainments, 187, 190; distress at the appointment of Lord Raglan to command the troops in the Crimea, 191-193; dress for the wedding of the Emperor of Austria, 199; present at the reception of the Empress, 202; at Dover, 206; Brighton, 216; in London, 226; at the baths at Ischl, 227; on the Battle of Alma, 240; visit from her son Francis, 245; grief at the death of Lord Raglan, 265, 267; at Woburn Abbey, 302; her visit to Prince Metternich, 304, 316; on the marriage of Princess Royal, 352; improvements at Apethorpe, 367; on the birth of Prince Frederick William of Prussia, 390; conversation with Lord Malmesbury, 405; on the death of Prince Metternich, 419; death of her husband, 422; illness of her son Francis, 422; at Compiègne, 422,

436, 444; Wentworth, 423; present at the inauguration of the school at Charleston, 435; visit to the Grove, 437; on Princess Alexandra's procession through London, 438-440; at Oxford, 441; impressions of Emperor Louis Napoleon, 444; last years of her life, 447; on the reception and departure of Garibaldi, 449-461; at Folkestone, 461; Scarborough, 465; grief at the death of King Leopold, 466

Westmorland, Adelaide, Lady, at Compiègne, 436

Westmorland, John, Lord, tenth Earl of, his death, 54

Westmorland, John, Lord, eleventh Earl of, appointed Minister at Berlin, 54; management of affairs, 69; reconciles the King of Hanover and the Duke of Brunswick, 69; continues at the Court of Berlin, 81; moved to Vienna, 160; at Pesth, 164; on the condition of affairs in the Crimea, 209-224; anxiety about his wife, 212; negotiations with Buol and Bourquenay, 212, 226-229; at Olmütz, 219; on the proposed reforms, 219; opinion of Russia's reply to the negotiations for peace, 227; on the Crimean Expedition, 228; present at the Conference, 232; applies for leave, 237; return to England, 237; resigns his post, 237, 272; present at the baptism of the Empress of Austria's daughter, 257; at Apethorpe, 274; Special Envoy to Brussels, 276; opinion of Dr. Croly's sermon, 279; refused acceptance of King Leopold's decoration, 289; present at the debate on the Crimea, 311; proposed tour abroad, 313; portrait, 314; death, 422; letters from, 60, 164, 206-236, 274, 278-280, 289, 311-314

White-Melville, Lady Catherine, death of her daughter, 328 note

Wildaner, Mme., 107

William IV., King, his treatment of his Ministers, 37

Willoughby, Lady, 423

Wimbledon, 422

Wimpfen, Count, 443

Windsor Castle, 96

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>Wing, Rev. W., Rector of Stibbing-
ton, 147, 275, 279
Witzleben, his sketches, 97
Woburn Abbey, 302
Wood, Charles, Chancellor of the
Exchequer, 72
Worcester, Lady, her appearance,
19
Wrangel, General, 123, 461
Württemberg, King of, 433</p> | <p>Yarmouth, 8
Yonge, Miss, 'Heartsease,' 262
York, Archbishop Harcourt of, 60,
89
Yorke, Mr., 275

Zastrow, 354
Zichy, Melaine, Comtesse, 187;
Grande Maitresse to the Arch-
duchess Charlotte, 448</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

THE END

